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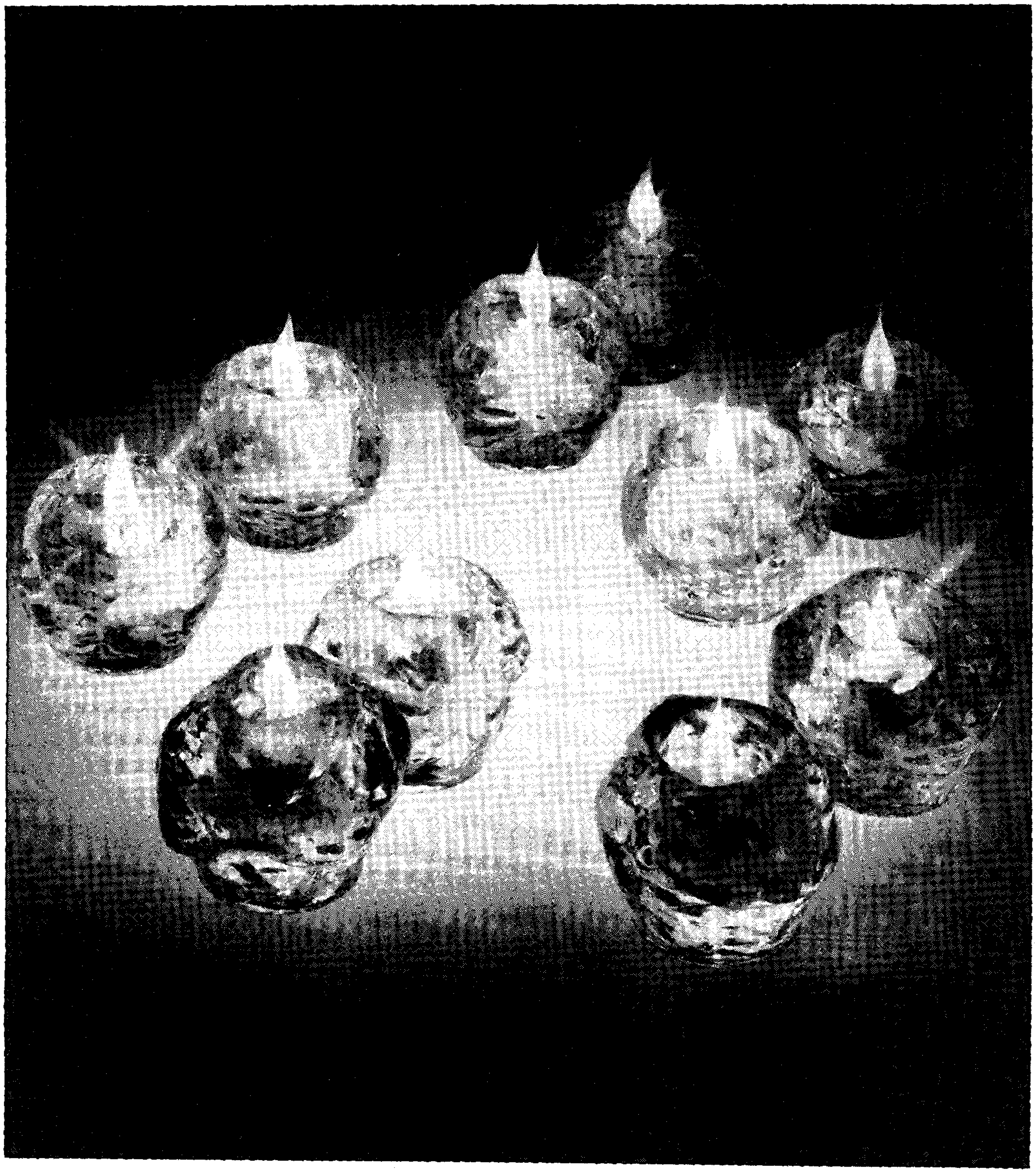

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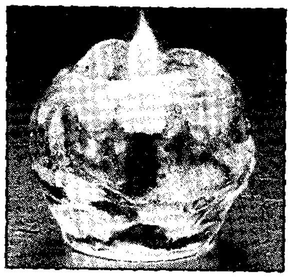

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of *Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 24.* There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Amen Corner—A musical about the material miseries and spiritual triumphs of a woman preacher, well played by Rhetta Hughes. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

American Buffalo—James O'Neill played "The Count of Monte Cristo" for many decades, and Al Pacino is likely to do the same with David Mamet's harsh comedy about grifters in the lower depths of Chicago. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/7/83.) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Baby with the Bathwater—Christopher Durang is, line by line, one of the funniest satirists around. The target, this time, is parents. They are played by Christine Estabrook and W. H. Macy; Keith Reddin is their put-upon offspring; and Kate McGregor-Stewart and Leslie Geraci appear in multiple roles. All of them perform to perfection under the clever direction of Jerry Zaks. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays, *except Thanksgiving,* at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. *Special performance Monday, Nov. 21,* at 8.)

Beckett Plays—Three brief plays by Samuel Beckett. The haunting "Catastrophe," in which David Warrilow gives a silent, eloquent performance, first appeared in this magazine. Alan Schneider is the impeccable director. Alvin Epstein exchanges roles with Mr. Warrilow in alternate weeks. (6/27/83) (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Becoming Garcia—A play by Tato Laveria about a middle-class Hispanic family on the lower East Side. Opens Thursday, Nov. 17, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 4. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Blue Plate Special—The country music of Harris Wheeler and the presence of Gretchen Cryer (as a grandmother!) should be more than enough for an evening's entertainment. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 27.)

Brighton Beach Memoirs—Neil Simon's new and reputedly autobiographical comedy. (4/11/83) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

La Cage aux Folles—A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical, starring George Hearn and Gene Barry. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. Everybody else in New York intends to see the show, so why not you? (9/5/83) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Company—Frederick Neumann in a return engagement of the monologue adapted by him and Honora Fergusson from Samuel Beckett's narrative work. With music by Philip Glass. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Saturdays, *except Thanksgiving,* at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 4.)

Doonesbury—Garry Trudeau wrote the book and lyrics for this musical based on his comic strip. Elizabeth Swados composed the music. The director is Jacques Levy. Previews through Saturday, Nov. 19. Opens officially on Monday, Nov. 21. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays and *Thanksgiving,* at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; *special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 2.*)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of Meredith Willson's 1957 musical **the music man** is the second in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 20. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Fool for Love—Sam Shepard's play is as near a miracle as makes no matter—mysterious, funny, and beautiful. It is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Will Patton and Kathy Whitton Baker have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (6/6/83) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays, *except Thanksgiving,* at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

FunHouse—Eric Bogosian in a one-man show. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Jewish Gypsy—Mary Soreanu in a Yiddish musical, with English narration. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 921-9442. Wednesdays at 8 and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

The Killing of Sister George—An adequate revival of Frank Marcus's cheesy play about a lesbian actress whose part on a British soap opera is cancelled. Aideen O'Kelly does well enough in the title role, and Tandy Cronyn is good as her simpering lover. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Last of the Knucklemen—A play by John Powers, with Kevin O'Connor. (11/7/83) (American Theatre for Actors, 314 W. 54th St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Leftovers—This evening, composed of the improvisations by three fat women—on diets, daydreams about food and sex, and related

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DRAWINGS: *Gahan Wilson, David Pascal, Sam Gross, Al Ross, William Steig, Lee Lorenz, Michael Maslin, Warren Miller, Ed Fisher, Robert Mankoff, William Hamilton, Charles Addams, Richard Cline, Donald Reilly, Jack Ziegler, Dean Vietor, Mike Twohy, Stan Hunt, Roz Chast, Frank Modell, James Stevenson*

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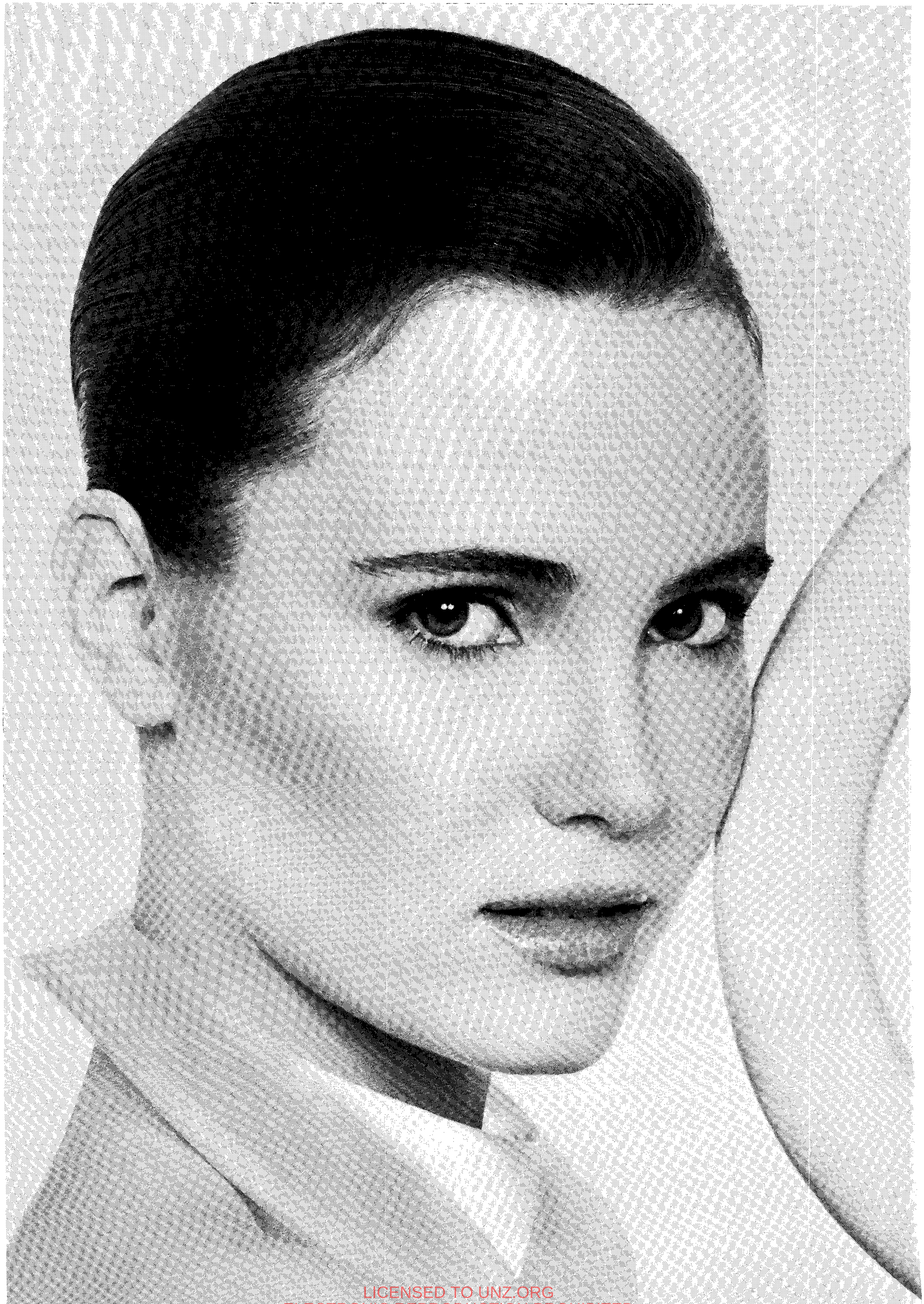

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subjects—is a bore, but Marcia Kimmell, the fattest of the women, is a talented actress. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Nov. 20: Sigmund Romberg's **THE STUDENT PRINCE**. . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, Nov. 23: Franz Lehár's **THE MERRY WIDOW**. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 2.)

Marilyn an American Fable—Alyson Reed portrays Marilyn Monroe in a musical with a book by Patricia Michaels and music and lyrics by Jeanne Napoli, Doug Frank, Gary Portnoy, Beth Lawrence, and Norman Thalheimer. Staged by Kenny Ortega. Previews through Saturday, Nov. 19. Opens officially on Sunday, Nov. 20. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Nightly at 8; opening-night curtain at 6. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Master Builder—A moribund revival. (10/24/83) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

My One and Only—Tommy Tune and Twiggy make a pair of delightful lovers in a musical whose book, by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer, succeeds in embracing half a dozen classic Gershwin songs. An irresistible show. (5/9/83) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

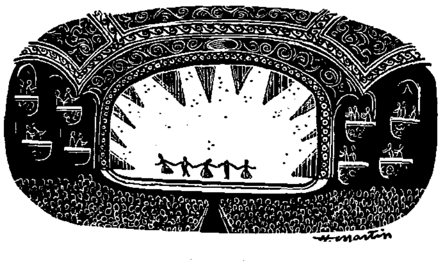
'Night, Mother—A faultlessly written play by Marsha Norman, starring Kathy Bates and Anne Pitoniak. The subject matter is grim—a young woman's determination to commit suicide—but one is often amused as well as touched by the family verities that Miss Norman manages to bring to light as if for the first time. Tom Moore directed. (4/11/83) On Tuesday, Nov. 22, there will be two sign-language interpreters for deaf patrons; tickets for seats in a special reserved section may be obtained by calling 221-1103 (voice) or 719-4537 (TTY). (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 3.)

On Your Toes—A hit musical of 1936 that deserves to remain a hit, thanks to the music of Richard Rodgers, the lyrics of Lorenz Hart, the choreography of George Balanchine, and the direction by George Abbott, who also helped write the book. This production stars Galina Panova and Lara Teeter. (3/14/83) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Nov. 20.)

The Philanthropist—A stylish and spirited revival of Christopher Hampton's satire—a spinoff (and reversal) of Molière's "The Misanthrope." David McCallum gives a strong performance in the title role, and he is very ably supported by Glenne Headly and Anthony Heald, among others. (10/24/83) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 20.)

Quartermaine's Terms—The title character of Simon Gray's funny, sad comedy is a teacher whom loneliness has made even more bubble-brained than God did. Lee Richardson plays the leading role, and he is well supported by Roy Poole, Caroline Lagerfelt, and Colin Stinton. Kenneth Frankel directed. (3/7/83) (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Ridiculous Theatrical Company—Presenting Charles Ludlam's **GALAS**. (One Sheridan Square. 691-2271. Wednesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Special performance Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 8.)



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Secret Honor*The Last Testament of Richard M. Nixon—A play by Donald Freed and Arnold M. Stone, with Philip Baker Hall in the leading role. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

Sound and Beauty—A pair of one-acters by the extremely gifted young playwright David Henry Hwang. The first of them is a fantasy, based on a novel by Yasunari Kawabata; the second is a satire about an Oriental warrior who sees himself in more heroic terms than does the unfortunate woman he falls in love with. John Lone, who directed both plays, is very good as the lead in the second. With Victor Wong, Ching Valdes, and Natsuko Ohama. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Taking My Turn—A buoyant musical with Margaret Whiting, Marni Nixon, Tiger Haynes, Victor Griffin, Cissy Houston, Ted Thurston, and Mace Barrett, all of them noted singers and dancers who are presumed to be old but whose performances refute that presumption at every turn. The very good songs were written by Will Holt (lyrics) and Gary William Friedman (score). Robert H. Livingston was the able director. (6/20/83) (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 2.)

Tallulah—Helen Gallagher has the title role and Russell Nype plays Congressman Bankhead in this musical by Tony Lang (book), Arthur Siegel (music), and Mae Richard (lyrics). (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 2.)

To Gillian on Her 37th Birthday—A play by Michael Brady. (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. 247-4982. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 2.)

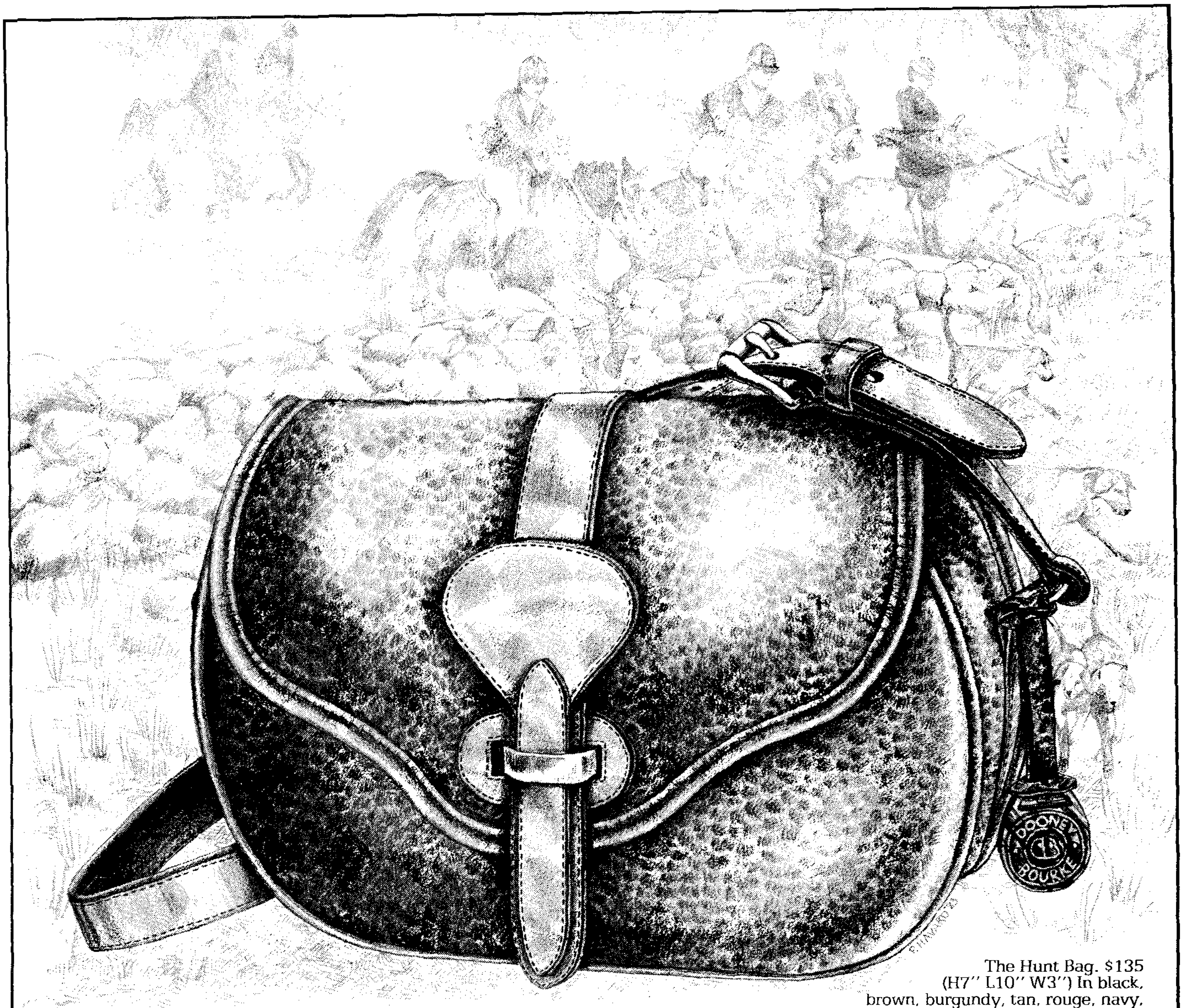
La Tragédie de Carmen—An adaptation of the Georges Bizet opera, by composer Marius Constant, playwright Jean-Claude Carrière, and director Peter Brook. It was originally seen in Paris two seasons ago. In French. Preview Wednesday, Nov. 16. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 17. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 787-6868. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Trial of Adam Clayton Powell, Jr.—A play by Billy Graham. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 20.)

You Can't Take It with You—The happily slapdash comedy that George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart wrote in the middle nineteen-thirties seems as hilarious as ever. Directed by Ellis Rabb, with a rambunctious cast headed by Eddie Albert and Eva Gabor. (4/18/83) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 3.)

Zorba—The Life Force, embodied by Anthony Quinn, makes this otherwise dour musical about life in a Cretan village worth paying attention to. Also in the cast are Lila Kedrova and Robert Westenberg. Music by John Kander, lyrics by Fred Ebb, book by Joseph Stein. (10/24/83) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 3.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Michael Bennett's whiz-bang and totally synthetic musical about show biz. The breeze is terrific. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,800 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 3.) . . . **GREATER TUNA:** Ron Lee Savin and Michael Jeter portray twenty citizens (m. and f.) of the third-smallest town in Texas, in a play that is as broad as a cartoon but is also sharp and satiric and frequently funny. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Nov. 25, at 8; Saturdays and Friday, Nov. 25, at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **NINE:** A musical version of Fellini's "8½," with charming music and lyrics by Maury Yeston, a stunning set by Lawrence Miller, and sensationally attractive costumes by William Ivey Long, but the book (by Arthur Kopit) is an embarrassing antifeminist tract. Sergio Franchi is the star. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU** and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 2.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein, which star Jonathan Hadary as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Phillip Astor substitutes for Mr. Hadary at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25.) . . . **TRUE WEST:** Sam Shepard's comedy about two rival brothers in California, which was given an unsatisfactory production originally, has now been transformed by the clowning of Dennis Quaid and Randy Quaid. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25.)

MISCELLANY

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY '84—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

SERIOUS BIZNESS—This little show, written by Jennifer Allen, David Babcock, Winnie Holzman, and Don Perman, and performed by Mr. Babcock, Jill Larson, Mr. Perman, and Nealla Spano, is as witty and humorous as anything in town. (O'Neals', 147 W. 43rd St. 869-4200. Tuesdays through Thursdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11. Matinées Wednesdays at 5:30; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 3.)

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—The annual Christmas show with, of course, the Rockettes, will open Friday, Nov. 18, and run through Wednesday, Jan. 4. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Friday, Nov. 18, at 7:30; Saturday, Nov. 19, at 11, 2:30, and 7:30; Sunday, Nov. 20, at 12:30 and 4; Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 22-23, at 11 and 2:30; Thanksgiving at 2:30 and 7:30; and *Friday and Saturday, Nov. 25-26*, at 11, 2:30, and 7:30.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, Nov. 16: "Raymonda Variations," "Duo Concertant," "Tarantella," and "I'm Old Fashioned." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, Nov. 17-18; Sunday matinée, Nov. 20; and Wednesday evening, Nov. 23: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 19: "Concerto Barocco," "I'm Old Fashioned," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 19: "Raymonda Variations," "Symphony in Three Movements," and "I'm Old Fashioned." (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 477-4720.) . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 20: "Raymonda Variations," "Calcium Light Night," "Duo Concertant," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 22: "Raymonda Variations," "Duo Concertant," "Other Dances," and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 24: "Ballet d'Isoline," "Episodes," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 25: "Symphony in Three Movements," "Calcium Light Night," "Other Dances," and "Glass Pieces." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 26: "Concerto Barocco," "Calcium Light Night," "Duo Concertant," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 26: "Concerto Barocco," "I'm Old Fashioned," and "The Concert." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Feb. 19.)

BALLET NUEVO MUNDO DE CARACAS—Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 8: "Five Tangos," "Encounter," "Birds of Paradise," and "New Dawn." . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 17, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 20, at 3: "Five Tangos," "Apollo and Daphne," "People, Heroes, . . . Oh Nature!," and "Spiral." . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 18, at 8: "Quicksilver," "Poeme," "Birds of Paradise," and "New Dawn." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 19, at 2: "Five Tangos," "Apollo and Daphne," "Llantos Perdidos," and "New Dawn." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8: "Quicksilver," "Rave," "Llantos Perdidos," and "Spiral." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

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BALLET FOLKLORICO OF MEXICO—A five-day engagement by this company of fifty-five dancers, singers, and musicians. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 7; Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 8; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 25-26, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Nov. 27, at 3.)

ELEO POMARE DANCE COMPANY—Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 8: "Transfigured Night," "Roots," "Ritual Echo," "Orbweb," "Pearl Fisher," and "Las Desenamoradas." . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 17, at 8: "Roots," "Local Stops on a Full Moon," "Cantos," "Ritual Echo," and "Radiance of the Dark." . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 18, at 8: "Transfigured Night," "Lament for Visionaries," "Missa Luba," "Roots," and "Radiance of the Dark." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 19, at 2: "Cantos," "Transfigured Night," "Missa Luba," "Orbweb," and "Local Stops on a Full Moon." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8: "Roots," "Back to Bach," "Hopper," "Pearl Fisher," and "Las Desenamoradas." . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 20, at 2: "Hopper," "Missa Luba," "Cantos," "Ritual Echo," "Back to Bach," and "Local Stops on a Full Moon." . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 20, at 7:30: "Roots," "Pearl Fisher," "Orbweb," "Radiance of the Dark," "Lament for Visionaries," and "Las Desenamoradas." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

RIVERSIDE DANCE FESTIVAL—Performances by two companies. **SATORU SHIMAZAKI:** Wednesday, Nov. 16, and Friday, Nov. 18, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 20, at 2. . . . **ANNA SOKOLOW'S PLAYERS PROJECT:** Wednesday, Nov. 23, and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 25-26, at 8. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

SAMUL-NORI—A program of traditional Korean folk drumming and dance. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. 288-6400. Friday through Sunday, Nov. 18-20, at 8.)

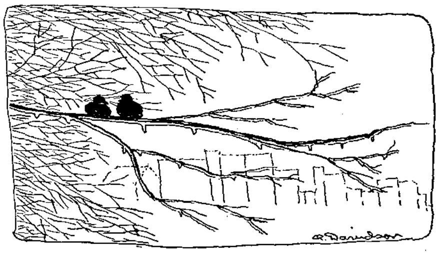
CATHERINE MAPP—With Sheila Jordan, Harvie Swartz, and Erik Friedlander in a program of dance and jazz. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Sunday, Nov. 20, at 7. For tickets, call 924-5026.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**STEVE ROSS** is at the piano, singing vintage American popular tunes in the Oak Room Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty and in the Rose Room Sundays from five-thirty. Dining.

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 18-19, the **HAL GALPER** trio will be aboard, and on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 25-26, pianist **JAKI BYARD** will drop by with *his* trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.



BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** has returned to this club to sing in her small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concert-style (sh-h-h!) sets Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight-thirty.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club, with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. Two fiery tenor-sax soloists, **JOHNNY GRIFFIN** and **EDDIE (LOCKJAW) DAVIS,** co-pilot a quintet here through Sunday, Nov. 20; Monday, Nov. 21, will belong to Carol Wardach and Carol Harris; and starting Tuesday, Nov. 22, the **LIONEL HAMPTON BIG BAND** will take over the bandstand. Sets begin after nine-thirty. And trumpeter **TED CURSON** leads after-hours (way past two in the morning) jam sessions on Fridays and Saturdays.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied lineup: Wednesday, Nov. 16, country rockers **CHRIS HILLMAN, BERNIE LEADON, AL PERKINS,** and **JERRY SCHIFF;** Thursday, Nov. 17, Firefall and Phil Garland; Friday, Nov. 18, Texas blues singer and guitarist **JOHNNY COPELAND** and drummer **RONALD SHANNON JACKSON** and his out-there funk band, **THE DECODING SOCIETY;** Saturday, Nov. 19, the Waitresses; Wednesday, Nov. 23, Roots Radics and the Itals; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 25-26, singer-songwriter **LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III** and Shawn Colvin. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A sophisticated New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some very good musicians. Pianist **JOHN HICKS** and bassist **MICKEY BASS** play duets through Saturday, Nov. 19; Sunday, Nov. 20, will belong to pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY;** and on Monday, Nov. 21, pianist **RICHIE BEIRACH** will come in with bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ.** Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

BROADWAY JOE'S, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—Pianist **JIMMY LYON,** who works until ten at the Waldorf at a sumptuous Louis XVI Steinway that belonged to Cole Porter, performs after ten-thirty in this theatre-district bar and restaurant at a teeny, white pocket-size Kawai that sounds pretty darn good. Mr. Lyon can be heard on Fridays and Saturdays.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The exuberant **BOBBY SHORT** is back in action in the Café Carlyle with his sidekicks, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT.** Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . ¶ Pianist **BARBARA CARROLL** is at work in the Bemelmans Bar from nine every night but Sunday.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS,** a delicate, elegantly swinging piano soloist given to playing short, abbreviated sets, works here nightly, except Sundays, from eight to midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, Nov. 16, Chris Bond, Muse, and the I.C.B.M.'s; Thursday, Nov. 17, Arms Akimbo, the Cucumbers, Health Hen, and the Transformers; Friday, Nov. 18, Flipper, Live Skull, and the Cornflakes; Saturday, Nov. 19, Moot, Leap of Faith, the Executive Slacks, and Play By Numbers; and Tuesday, Nov. 22, the Planets and BMR. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

CLUB JISCO, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—Formerly called the Jazzmania Society (but what's in a name?), this comfortable loft club features jazz (both live and recorded) to dance to. Thursdays are the property of the **HERMAN ANGEL SEXTET** and its guest soloists. On Friday and Saturday, Nov. 18-19, **HILTON RUIZ,** an energetic bop and Latin-flavored pianist, will head up his combo. Live music from about ten. Closed Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 24-26.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-

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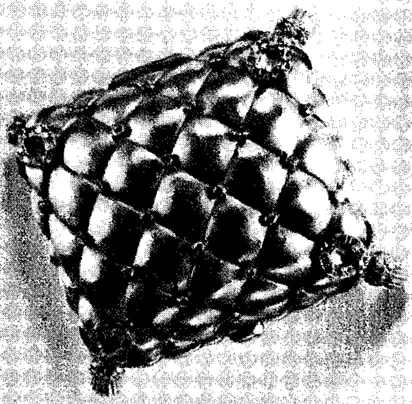

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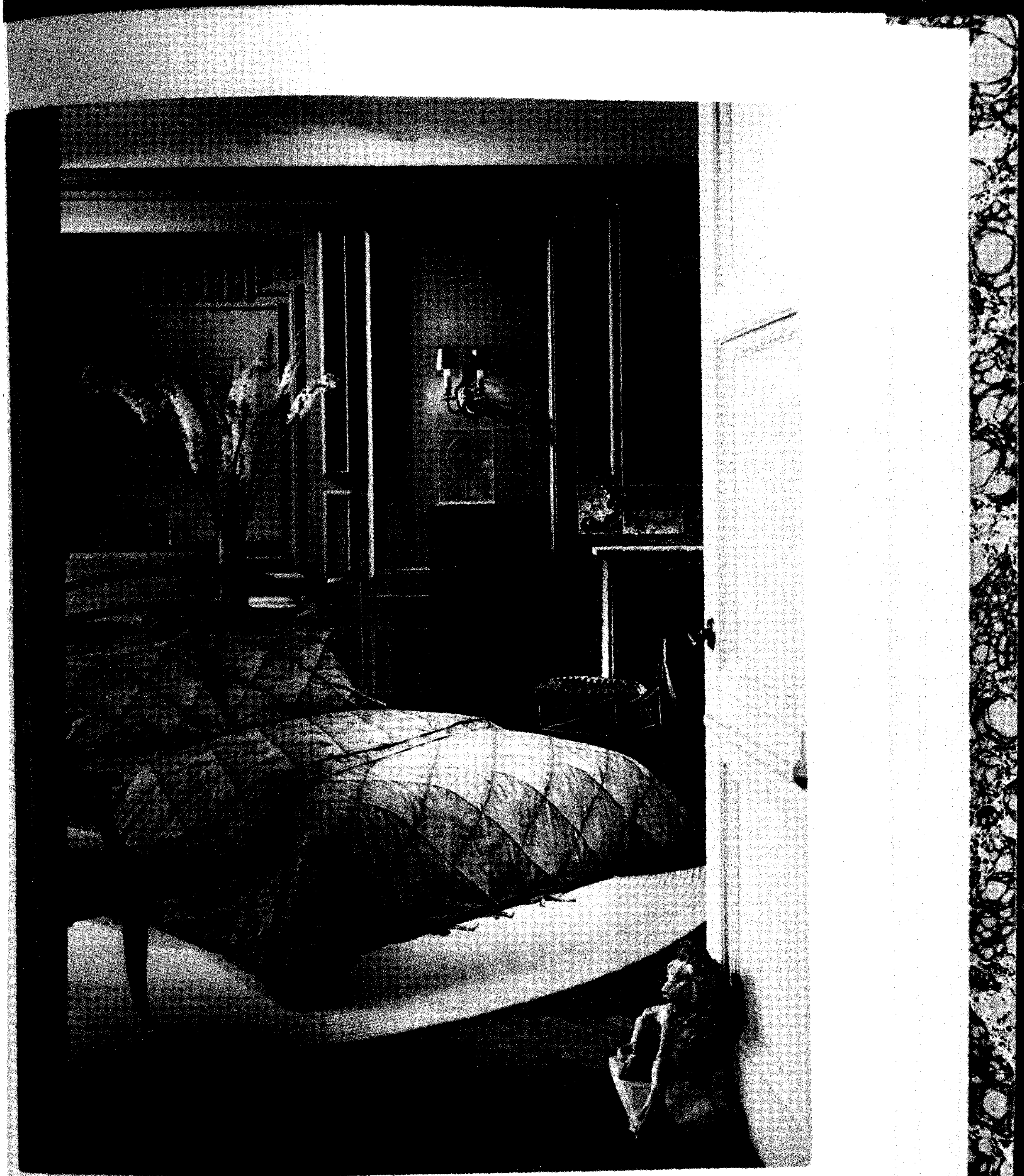

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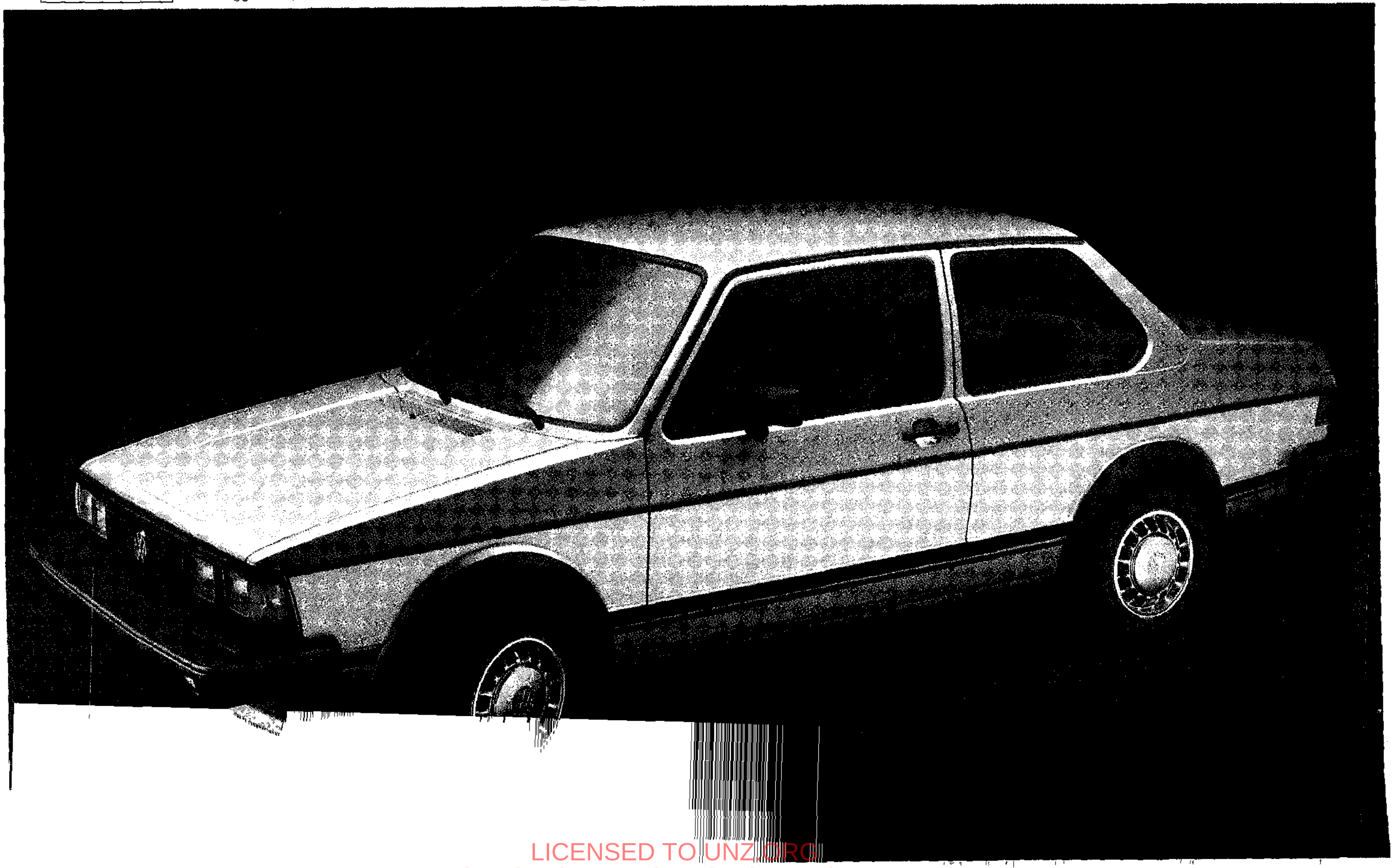

4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER,** who sings the blues, chants the blues, talks the blues, and writes the blues, performs Wednesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty. Laura Theodore sings Sundays through Tuesdays at nine and eleven-fifteen, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven-thirty. Dining.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Plaid-flannel-shirt heaven: Wednesday, Nov. 16, at eight and ten, Joe and Antoinette McKenna; Saturday, Nov. 19, at nine, Joe Val & the New England Bluegrass Boys; and Saturday, Nov. 26, the Neon Valley Boys.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The tradition-minded house sextet goes to work at eight-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Sunday, Nov. 20, the Widespread Jazz Orchestra will be on hand. On Mondays, soprano saxophonist **BOB WILBER** and his band, **THE BECHET LEGACY,** have the floor; on Wednesdays the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet is here from five-thirty to eight-thirty; and on Fridays from five-thirty to eight-thirty the Jay Leonhart–Danny D'Imperio quartet can be heard. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—An absolutely first-rate, six-part assembly—**ART FARMER** on flugelhorn, tenor saxophonist **BENNY GOLSON** (who doesn't perform in New York too often but whose wonderfully lush compositions "I Remember Clifford," "Out of the Past," and others are heard everywhere), trombonist **CURTIS FULLER,** drummer **ALBERT (TOOTIE) HEATH,** pianist **MICKEY TUCKER,** and bassist **RUFUS REID**—will be onstage through Sunday, Nov. 20. The group, the Jazztet All-Stars, is a recreation of the out-of-the-past Farmer-Golson Jazztet of the late fifties and early sixties. On Tuesday, Nov. 22, pianist **MC COY TYNER** will bring in his band. The first set begins at nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Thursday, Nov. 17, Gamble Rogers and David Mallett; Friday, Nov. 18, Edwina Lee Tyler and A Piece of the World; Saturday, Nov. 19, the Washington Squares; Sunday, Nov. 20, Jane Brucker; Wednesday, Nov. 23, the 3 O'Clock, the Vipers, and the Malkotians; Friday, Nov. 25, Frank Maya; and Saturday, Nov. 26, the Bermuda Triangle. Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine every night but Wednesday, when the music starts at ten, and Monday, which is hootenanny night and begins about eight.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, echoing, soundstage-size space to hear music in. The roster: pianist **HUGH LAWSON** through Thursday, Nov. 17; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 18-19, singer Val Eley; Sunday through Thursday, Nov. 20-24, Patricia Barber and Michael Arnopol; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 25-26, singer **CARMEN LUNDY.** Music Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist Matt McErlean's trio can be heard Wednesdays through Sundays; Mondays Baba Motta works with bassist John Belzaguy; and on Tuesdays **CHUCK WAYNE,** whose guitar solos are still bebop fast, leads a trio. All these groups begin at about ten. Sundays from five to ten belong to Baba Motta, and Loumell Morgan plays piano the same hours Mondays through Fridays.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) **RAY BRYANT** is at the dining-room grand until Saturday, Nov. 19; on Tuesday, Nov. 22, stride stylist **JUDY CARMICHAEL** will take charge. Keith MacDonald is at the keyboard on Sundays, and Mondays belong to **DICK HYMAN.** Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Five Dixieland players and trumpeter Spanky Davis hit it Tuesdays through Saturdays; on Mondays trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads them. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs

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another group of musical archivists from eight until two. Closed Thanksgiving.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bustling corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded—but, fortunately, crowded with good listeners. They're listening to fine piano-bass duos: **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and **RON CARTER** through Saturday, Nov. 19; **BILLY TAYLOR** and **VICTOR GASKIN** beginning Tuesday, Nov. 22; and **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA,** who show up every Sunday and Monday. Music from about ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's, where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. Wednesday, Nov. 16, the **OZARK MOUNTAIN DAREDEVILS** and Susan Sexton & the Sizzlers; Thursday, Nov. 17, **HAROLD MELVIN & THE BLUE NOTES;** and Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 22-23, Chicago-blues musicians **BUDDY GUY & JUNIOR WELLS** and Karen Kraft. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

LUSH LIFE, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A nice, comfortable, unpretentious jazz club. Guitarist **JOHN ABERCROMBIE** and saxophonist **JOE FARRELL** share a quartet through Sunday, Nov. 20; Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 22-23, have been set aside for singer **CARMEN LUNDY;** and on Thursday, Nov. 24, **JOE LEE WILSON,** the bluesy, gutbucket jazz singer (who ought to be famous), will begin a four-night visit. Sets begin at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty, midnight, and two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Mondays.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Jonathan Schwartz, disc jockey, novelist, singer, and son (Arthur's), is present Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. In the Bird Cage Room, one will find comic **MORT SAHL,** newspaper in hand, Tuesdays through Saturdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Thursday, Nov. 17, Mario Rivera & the Salsa Refugees; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 18-19, soul and gospel singer **CISSY HOUSTON;** Monday, Nov. 21, Ivy Ray; Tuesday, Nov. 22, Harvey Brooks; Wednesday, Nov. 23, Rahmlee; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 25-26, drummer and patriarch **ART BLAKEY** and his Class of '83 **JAZZ MESSENGERS.** Music from ten until two. Dining. Closed Thanksgiving.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, formerly just-folkies club, but now you can hear occasional jazz and large helpings of rock. The current roster: Wednesday, Nov. 16, George Theiss, Animation, and the Action Faction; Thursday, Nov. 17, Earth Music, Line Drive, and the Fat Shadows; Friday, Nov. 18, the Searchers and the Sorrows; Saturday, Nov. 19, the Searchers and the Smithereens; Sunday, Nov. 20, Rob Stoner; Monday, Nov. 21, F.D.Q., Squeaky Clean, and Thom Morlan and the Reactions; Wednesday, Nov. 23, Stevie & the Riffs, the

Bachelors of Art, and the Next; Thursday, Nov. 24, the Uptown Atomics and Freddy & the Flinttones; Friday, Nov. 25, Elayne Boosler and Marci & Michael; and Saturday, Nov. 26, Elayne Boosler and the School Girls. Shows start at ten and twelve-thirty weeknights and at nine on Sundays. Dining and dancing.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

PEPPERMINT LOUNGE, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—Rock and roll into the night. Friday, Nov. 18, ESG; Friday, Nov. 25, Translator. Wednesdays and Thursdays are in the hands of the resident d.j.s and v.j.s. Live music from after eleven-thirty. Closed Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 16-17.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor where **SY OLIVER** leads his bounce septet Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays and Thanksgiving from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday and Thanksgiving, when it begins at seven. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—The rock-and-roll roster: Wednesday, Nov. 16, Chaz Jankel; Thursday, Nov. 17, **B.B. KING;** Friday and Saturday, Nov. 18-19, Nick Heyward; Monday through Wednesday, Nov. 21-23, the **B-52'S;** Thursday, Nov. 24, the Jo-Boxers; Friday, Nov. 25, Huey Lewis & the News; and Saturday, Nov. 26, Kissing the Pink. Shows usually begin after midnight. Dancing.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz and jazz-rock on the second floor. The players: Wednesday, Nov. 16, Susan Winder; Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 17-19, drummer **BOB MOSES;** Sunday, Nov. 20, the School Girls; Monday, Nov. 21, Ed Palermo's big band; Tuesday, Nov. 22, the Road Scholars; Wednesday, Nov. 23, Ross Levinson & Plan "B;" and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 25-26, saxophonist **JEAN FINEBERG,** trumpeter **ELLEN SEELING,** and their funk band, **DEUCE.** Music from ten.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Sambas and other musical sounds from Rio, Bahia, Salvador, and the jungle. On weekends, patrons can become percussionists: they are given previously emptied and mysteriously resealed Brahma beer (it's Brazilian, of course) cans partway filled with rice and tantalizingly shakable. The roster: Wednesday, Nov. 16, singer **ASTRUD GILBERTO;** Thursday, Nov. 17, the **AFRICAN CONNECTION;** Friday, Nov. 18, Brazuca; Tuesday, Nov. 22, saxophonist **OLIVER LAKE;** Wednesday, Nov. 23, Frank Ferrucci; Friday, Nov. 25, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND,** and on Saturdays, **PÉ-DE-BOI.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays, Mondays, and Thanksgiving.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. The **NEW YORK JAZZ QUARTET**—pianist **ROLAND HANNA,** flutist and saxophonist **FRANK WESS,** bassist **GEORGE MRAZ,** and drummer **BILLY HART**—perform sparkling New York jazz through Saturday, Nov. 19; on Tuesday, Nov. 22, earthy cornettist **NAT ADDERLEY** will bring in a crackling hard-bop quintet that will feature **SONNY FORTUNE** on alto sax. Sundays belong to **HOWARD JOHNSON'S GRAVITY,** which consists of five tubas, piano, bass, drums, and occasional penny whistle. On ballads the ensemble has a pretty, full, rich sound, and on bluesy numbers it simply cuts loose. Did you ever hear a tuba fly? Mondays are given over to a big band led by tenor saxophonist-composer **DAVID MURRAY,** whose bands tend to be all-out, let-'em-rip aggregations. Mr. Murray said recently, "For the last two years, all the bands, even the

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

avant-garde bands, have started to swing. . . . It's like during the Depression—Count Basie saved a lot of people. He was able to keep them happy by swinging." Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—**CHARLES BROWN,** the smoothy R. & B. singer and red-hot piano pounder can be heard Thursdays through Saturdays. Mondays through Wednesdays are turned over to Buster Poindexter & the Banshees of Blue. Music after nine. Closed Thanksgiving.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the big downstairs room, Mondays after nine are salsa nights: on Monday, Nov. 21, **HECTOR LA VOE** and **JOSÉ ALBERTO** will share the stage along with guest jazz soloist, saxophonist **SONNY FORTUNE.** Friday and Saturday, Nov. 18-19, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, silken tenor saxophonist **STAN GETZ** will play with his quartet. . . . ¶ Music on the Terrace, from nine, is handled by **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** Wednesdays through Saturdays. And, in addition, each Tuesday is graced by jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN.**

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world. Pianist **BARRY HARRIS** and tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN** co-lead a hard-bop quartet through Sunday, Nov. 20; on Tuesday, Nov. 22, thunderbolt drummer **ELVIN JONES** will descend on the place with his quintet. The **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** supplies Monday-night music. Music from ten.

Village West, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A nice bar with tile floors, a pressed-tin ceiling, a bandstand bounded by a brass rail, and a hairpin turn (which leads to the dining room). Pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN** works with bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS** through Sunday, Nov. 20; on Tuesday, Nov. 22, **DAVE FRISHBERG,** singer, pianist, and kooky songwriter, will move in. Shows at nine and eleven Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays; and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. No music Mondays.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. The pianists: Wednesday, Nov. 16, Esther Blue; Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 17-20, Susan Chin; Monday through Wednesday, Nov. 21-23, Hank Johnson; and Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 24-27, Tom Charlap. Music begins at eight-thirty. Dining.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-and-bebop music admirers and players. Django's Music, a hot-jazz outfit, performs through Saturday, Nov. 19. Music from nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A speakeasy in the twenties, Reno Sweeney in the seventies, this ground-floor town-house space is now a SoHo-sleek and spacious bar and restaurant with a musical passageway between them. The musicians you'll find there: singer-pianist **NINA SHELDON** and bassist **CECIL MC BEE** through Saturday, Nov. 19; pianist **NORMAN SIMMONS** and bassist **LISLE ATKINSON** on Sunday, Nov. 20; and pianist **JOHN HICKS** and bassist **RAY DRUMMOND** beginning Monday, Nov. 21. Music every night but Thanksgiving from eight.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Genesis—Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 17-18, at 8.

Joan Baez—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 18-19, at 8.

Abdullah Ibrahim and **Sphere**—In a tribute to Thelonious Monk. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, Nov. 18, at 8.)

Phyllis Hyman—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Friday, Nov. 18, at 8:30.

Hubert Laws—With Bob James and the David Sanborn Group. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

Jane Ira Bloom & Mighty Lights—Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 9.

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Barry Harris Trio—With C-Sharpe. (Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 244-0997. Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 23-26, at 10, 11:30, and 1.)

Don McLean—With the Jordanaires. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 8.)

Ella Fitzgerald, Count Basie, and Oscar Peterson—With Joe Pass. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, Nov. 25, at 7 and 10:30.)

The Kinks—With Huey Lewis & the News. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Nov. 25, at 8.)

Benefit Concerts—Eddie Gomez, Jeremy Steig, Janet Lawson, the Abbey Lincoln quartet, and others performing on behalf of House the Homeless. (Synod Hall, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 110th St. Friday, Nov. 18, at 8. For information about tickets, call 226-7802.) . . . ¶ Pete Seeger and Jane Sapp, accompanied by a sign-language interpreter, in a concert benefitting the Highlander Center of Tennessee. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 26, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Robert Baribeau / Rosamond Berg—Abstract paintings incorporating the artist's dream house. / Boxes in which tiny cloth sacks, neatly tied up, are arranged in multiple rows. Through Dec. 3. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Hannelore Baron—Small antique boxes and boxes made of found components are filled with delicate monoprints and collaged materials. Through Dec. 3. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Open Mondays.)

Romare Bearden—Oil paintings incorporating elements of collage. Through Dec. 17. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Stanley Boxer / Alfred H. Maurer (1868-1932)—Abstract marble sculptures. Through Nov. 30. / Close to seventy paintings by an American modernist. Through Dec. 30. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Paul Brach—Paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Steinbaum, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

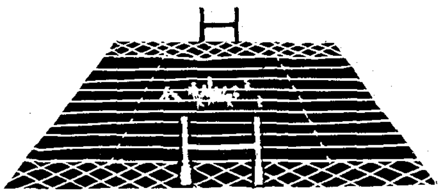
C. K. Chatterton (1880-1973)—A retrospective of paintings and works on paper which includes oils of Ogunquit, Maine, where the artist spent his summers. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Edwin Dickinson (1891-1978)—Several of his penetrating self-portraits are included in a retrospective of paintings and works on paper. Through Nov. 30. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Otto Dix (1891-1969)—Paintings and drawings. Through Feb. 25. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

Guy Pène du Bois (1884-1958) / **Carl Holty** (1900-73)—Paintings of the *haut monde* in the thirties and early forties but looking just as *haut* now as they did then. Through Dec. 3. / Works on paper, among them hard-edge abstractions in tempera and gouache. Through Wednesday, Nov. 23. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Elizabeth Egbert—A room-size geometric sculpture whose spiral form was constructed from slats of red oak. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)



Yun Gee (1906-63)—Paintings from the twenties and thirties which are linked stylistically with Synchromism. Through Dec. 10. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

Philip Grausman—Stylized portrait heads in pewter, aluminum, and bronze. Through Wednesday, Nov. 23. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Michael Heizer—Seven new sculptures (five of them very big), and eight large-scale drawings in a variety of mediums. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

David Hockney—Impressions of America in paintings and drawings from the sixties and seventies. Through Dec. 10. (Beadleston, 60 E. 91st St. Open Mondays.)

Rolf Iseli—Recent works. Through Dec. 3. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Paul Jenkins—Hard-edge abstractions in brilliant colors. Through Dec. 3. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Morton Kaish—Views from the artist's Manhattan studio, flower still-lifes, and other paintings. Through Dec. 3. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Michael Mazur—Wetland flowers and other vegetation depicted in seven-foot-tall monotypes—probably the largest ever made—some of them worked over with pastels. Through Nov. 30. (Mathes, in a new location at 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Picasso (1881-1973)—Two shows of works drawn from the collection of Marina Ruiz Picasso (drawings at Paul Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St., through Dec. 3; and prints at the Brooklyn Museum), and a third exhibit highlighting the artist (thirteen oils and a bronze) but also representing a number of his peers—Braque, Léger, Archipenko, and others—at Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.; through Dec. 23.

George Rickey—Kinetic sculptures from the past three decades, including one new large-scale piece set up in the adjacent sculpture garden. Through Dec. 24. (Davidson, 43 E. 78th St.)

Antonio Segui—Paintings of Paris, with a caricature of the artist prominent in every one. Through Dec. 10. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Group Shows—At the **COLNAGHI,** 26 E. 80th St.: Still-life and hunting paintings by European artists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Through Nov. 30. . . . ¶ Another room at this gallery has watercolors and drawings from the nineteenth century. Through Dec. 20. (Open Mondays.) . . . **DAVIS & LANGDALE,** 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Drawings and watercolors by English artists John Constable, Thomas Rowlandson, and others. Through Nov. 30. . . . **ELKON,** 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings and sculptures by some of this century's more formidable artists, among them Picasso, Miró, Balthus, and Giacometti. Through Wednesday, Nov. 23. . . . **NOORTMAN & BROD,** 1020 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Drawings and watercolors—primarily landscapes and figures—by eighteenth- and nineteenth-century English artists (Turner among them) and nineteenth-century French artists (Harpignies). Through Dec. 20. (Open Mondays.) . . . **SAIDENBERG,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: An early Feininger watercolor is included in a show of recently acquired works. Through Dec. 15. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Jake Berthot—Paintings and etchings. Through Dec. 8. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Elena Borstein—Paintings of the Aegean Coast. Through Dec. 3. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Brad Davis—Landscapes and riverscapes. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Stuart Davis (1894-1964)—Early, pre-abstract paintings dated 1913-19. Through Dec. 23. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ A couple of Davis's later, more familiar works, and paintings in styles related to his (by Lichtenstein and Sugarman, for instance), are on view at the downtown Washburn gallery, 113 Greene St.

José de Rivera—Abstract stainless-steel and bronze sculptures with revolving bases.

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Through Dec. 1. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Martin Disler—Paintings, drawings, and etchings. Through Dec. 3. (Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Joellyn Duesberry—Landscapes, chiefly of wetlands in Dutchess County and of Mount Desert in Maine. Through Nov. 30. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

John Ferren (1905-70)—Paintings from the thirties and fifties by an abstract colorist. Through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Barry Flanagan—Huge, frolicsome rabbits done in bronze and a life-size horse inspired by the San Marco originals are among the works by this British sculptor. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Richard Francisco / Richard Nonas—Abstract watercolors with strips of wood glued on in low relief. / Sculptures in wood and metal, plus some drawings. Through Dec. 10. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

Arnold Friedman (1882-1946) / **Abraham Walkowitz** (1878-1965)—Portraits of family and friends from the twenties. / Works on paper. Through Dec. 17. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Elisabeth Frink—Works by this British sculptor, including colossal bronzes of stern visages as impassive as the Easter Island monoliths. Through Jan. 5. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Sonia Gechtoff—New works. Through Dec. 31. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Stephen Greene—Recent Expressionist paintings. Through Dec. 10. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

William Hogarth (1697-1764)—A retrospective of prints. Through Dec. 30. (Donson, now located at 24 W. 57th St.)

Yvonne Jacquette / George Negroponte—Colored drawings of scenes observed from great heights—the Brooklyn Bridge at night, for instance. / Abstract paintings. Through Friday, Nov. 25. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Christopher James—Watercolors and photographs. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Donald Judd—Early works, mostly, including paintings that show his bent toward sculpture, and the first box piece he ever constructed. Through Dec. 3. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Terence LaNoue—Large, dense abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Peter Loftus—Recent landscapes of the coastline of Northern California. Through Nov. 30. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Leo Manso—Collage paintings. Through Dec. 3. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

Paula Modersohn-Becker (1876-1907)—A hundred paintings, drawings, and prints by a German modernist. Through Jan. 7. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Ben Frank Moss—Paintings and drawings, primarily of landscapes on the coast of Washington State. Through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Rodrigo Moynihan / Heinrich Kühn (1866-1944)—Studio still-lifes and self-portraits. / Photographs. Through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Richard Pousette-Dart—New, brilliantly colored abstractions. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

David Reed / Richard Devore—Six new abstract paintings / Abstract ceramic works. Through Dec. 10. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Tony Robbin / Richards Jarden—Geometric patterns painted on canvases to which corresponding designs in welded steel are added. / Collages and colored-wax reliefs by an artist who says that his work describes television. Through Nov. 30. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Jonathan Santlofer—More shaped-canvas paintings, a number of them inspired by Grand Kabuki performances. Through Dec. 10. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

Jason Schoener—Paintings of Greek ruins and fishing boats, Scottish hills, Swiss alps, and so on. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Steven Singer—Large, droll, nicely simplified figures cut out of heavy steel plate. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Michael Steiner / Kenneth Noland—Openwork abstract bronzes. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. / Painted monotypes. Through Dec. 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Andrew Tavarelli—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Haber Theodore, in a new location at 24 W. 57th St.)

Tom Wesselmann—The Great American Nude has all but disappeared in this two-gallery show of new paintings, but suggestive clues to her presence—a breast here, the curve of a leg there—done in cutout metal, give the imagination enough to work on. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays. . . . ¶ Sander, a recently opened gallery at 51 Greene St.)

James McNeill Whistler (1834-1903)—Forty etchings and drypoints of Venice in the eighteen-eighties. Through Nov. 30. (Wunderlich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **FRENCH,** 41 W. 57th St.: Cityscapes interpreted by seventeen realist painters, among them Matthew Daub (New York), Peter Poskas (Waterbury), and Linda Etcoff (Boston). Through Saturday, Nov. 19. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL ART GALLERIES,** 24 W. 57th St.: An exhibit documenting the connection between the idealized portraits of women by American artists active between 1880 and 1917 (John White Alexander, Edward August Bell) and the prints of Whistler and *Ukiyo-e* artists. Through Dec. 30. (Open Mondays.) . . . **KENNEDY,** 40 W. 57th St.: The years 1770-1922 bracket this show of sixty paintings, largely landscapes and portraits, by such Americans as John Singleton Copley, Elihu Vedder, and William Merritt Chase. Through Dec. 30.

Sculpture—An eclectic grouping of twenty pieces—for instance, a Noguchi bronze, a Julio González head in iron, and an ancient Egyptian red-granite relief of Queen Hatshepsut. Through Friday, Nov. 25. (Herstand, a new gallery at 24 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Robert Beauchamp / Joseph Piccillo—New paintings, in which the artist creates his own brand of Neo-Expressionism. / Meticulously rendered charcoal drawings, many based on turn-of-the-century photographs. Through Dec. 7. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St.)

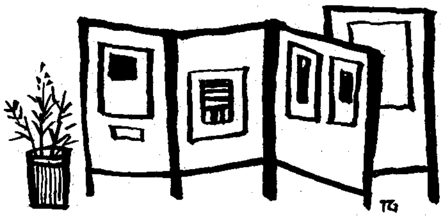
Ross Bleckner—New abstract paintings, predominantly black. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Jonathan Borofsky—A circuslike installation in which thirteen lumpen figures, made of wood and larger than life, stand around chattering (literally, via audio devices fixed to their chins) and gawking at the artist's other new works, which include several big paintings and a kinetic ballerina with a sad clown's face. Through Dec. 3. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

James Brown—Large canvases given over to primitive figures evolved from tribal art—American Indian, African, and Oceanian. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Sari Dienes—Cigar-box constructions, assemblages, and wall sculptures, the latter a series called Magic Breastplates. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Laddie John Dill / Michael Lucero—Large abstract paintings in which cement and glass shards are among the mediums used. / Ceramic heads stacked together, totem-pole style, and painted with landscapes and other decorations. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)



Nancy Dwyer—Stylized drawings of contemporary figures done for the most part in cutout aluminum set on various backgrounds—carpeting, for instance. Through Dec. 3. (Semaphore, 462 West Broadway.)

Audrey Flack—Two related exhibits: Outsize Photo-Realist portraits—of herself and of a guru named Baba—plus the usual outsize studies of beads and trinkets, and a series of dashed-off watercolors at Meisel, 141 Prince St. (through Saturday, Nov. 26), and paintings and drawings dated 1953-68 at Armstrong, a new gallery at 50 W. 57th St. (through Dec. 3).

Samia Halaby and Suzanne McClelland—Abstract paintings—overlapping geometrical forms in bright colors by the former and studies in texture by the latter. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (22 Wooster Gallery. Opens at noon.)

Jenny Holzer—Messages (broadly didactic) spelled out on big Times Square-style electronic signs, which dominate a show that also includes paintings and plaques. Through Dec. 1. (Gladstone, 152 Wooster St.)

Arata Isozaki—Architectural drawings, many of them devoted to the forthcoming Museum of Contemporary Art, in Los Angeles. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Esman, 121 Spring St.)

Alain Kirili—Forged-iron sculptures, the majority of them slim upright shafts. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Bonnier, 420 West Broadway.)

Fay Lansner—Big black-and-white drawings by an artist whose inspiration derives from Matisse. Through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

Li-Lan / Hai Knafo—Paintings that are oversize, trompe-l'oeil representations of sheets of legal-pad paper, ledgers, etc. / Collages made with United States currency, folded like origami. Through Dec. 3. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Mimmo Paladino—Large oil paintings that are filled with primitive Italian religious symbols and executed with apparent sincerity. There are also sculptures. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Milo Reice—Large narrative paintings portraying Titania and Bottom, for instance, or Hamlet and poor Yorick's skull, or Orpheus and Eurydice. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Beatrice Riese / Martin Schreiber—Pattern paintings organized on a grid. / Color-band paintings. Through Nov. 27. (Pleiades, 164 Mercer St. Open Sundays.)

Al Ross / David R. Huchthausen—Collages by a regular contributor to *The New Yorker.* / Glass sculptures. Through Nov. 27. (Heller, 71 Greene St. Closed Tuesdays; opens Sundays at noon.)

Lila Ryan—Abstract sculptures in wood, metal, and stone. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (14 Sculptors, 164 Mercer St. Open Sundays.)

Judith Shahn—Recent paintings, drawings, and silk screens by an artist whose work frequently appears in this magazine. Through Nov. 27. (Morningstar, 164 Mercer St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 3 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

Robert Smithson (1938-73)—Rough drawings, some in color, by this influential Conceptualist. Through Nov. 30. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Helen Soreff / Pat Colville—Abstract drawings in a variety of mediums. Through Dec. 23. / Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

Philip Wofford—Recent abstract paintings. Through Dec. 14. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

James Wolfe—Abstract steel sculptures and works on paper. Through Dec. 10. (Stephen Rosenberg, 115 Wooster St. Opens at 1.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts.: Sixty-eight artists are represented by paintings, sculptures, installations, photographs, and video. William Wiley, Lynda Benglis, William Wegman, Nancy Arlen, and Brice Marden, among others. Through Nov. 27. Except on Wednesdays after 5, admission is $2.50. (Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Group Shows—At the **castelli,** 420 West Broadway: Drawings and models of architectural follies, ranging from pleasure domes to private prisons, by nineteen architects, among them Michael Graves, Arata Isozaki, and Frank Gehry. Through Saturday, Nov. 19. . . . **the drawing center,** 137 Greene St.: Works either on or of paper by eight new artists. Daisy Craddock and Rodrigo Shopis are a couple of them. Through Dec. 29. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **nosei,** 100 Prince St.: Sculptures by David Deutsch, Neil Jenney, and Keith Sonnier, and paintings by Robert Mangold. Through Nov. 29.

OTHER GALLERIES

Jane Dickson—The night scene on Eighth Avenue in the low Forties, depicted in oil-stick on black-painted canvas by a young woman who lives in the neighborhood. Through Dec. 10. (Delahunty, 291 Church St., two blocks below Canal St.)

Edward Gorey—A retrospective of drawings, lots of them. Through Nov. 30. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St. Open Mondays.)

Shigeko Kubota—Video sculpture, in which, for instance, small louvred windows open on a television screen showing a snowfall, or a midget TV set is fastened to the spokes of a Duchampesque bicycle wheel. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (White Columns, 325 Spring St., at Greenwich St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

Alfred Leslie—A cross-country road trip led to these landscapes done with varying shades of black watercolor on white paper. Through Dec. 3. (Oil & Steel, 157 Chambers St.)

Alex McFarlane—Carved-graphite sculptures and reliefs with architectural implications. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St.)

George Peck—Richly colored abstract paintings, many of which seem to have a whirling motion. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Stoler, 13 White St.)

Joseph Stella (1877-1946)—More than thirty-five works on paper, representing the full range of his styles. Through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Visual Arts Museum, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30; Saturdays, 9 to 4.)

Group Show—The Grey Art Gallery at New York University has chosen from its permanent collection a group of paintings and works on paper (mostly) by twentieth-century artists. Included on the predominantly American roster are Milton Avery, Agnes Martin, Robert Rauschenberg, and Rosemarie Castoro. Through Dec. 10. (Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5. The gallery will close on Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 6:30, and will be closed Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 24-26.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Allan Chasanoff—Photographs of still-life compositions, which were altered by painted-in trompe-l'oeil effects. Through Friday, Nov. 25. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Michael Halsband—Photographs of the Rolling Stones on tour. Through Nov. 30. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

N. Jay Jaffe / Bob Willoughby—Black-and-white photographs. / Portraits of celebrities, generally taken on movie sets. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

André Kertész—Distortion photographs taken by the artist fifty years ago for the French magazine *Le Sourire.* Through Dec. 17. (Pace-MacGill, a new gallery at 11 E. 57th St.)

Grace Knowlton—Platinum prints that present further refinements of her subject—corners. Through Dec. 10. (Harder, 37 W. 57th St.)

Les Levine—A variety of works, dated 1979-83, including five photo-intaglio etchings of a single cornflake photographed and enlarged a hundred times. Through Dec. 11. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

Ralph Eugene Meatyard (1925-72)—Fifty vintage surreal prints. Through Dec. 17. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon; open Tuesday evenings until 7.)

Eliot Porter—Photographs of China. Through Dec. 3. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Cindy Sherman—Huge color photographs of the artist, who has more faces than Lon Chaney had. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Shonna Valeska—Photographic portraits of ballerinas who worked with Balanchine. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **light,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Color photographs taken during the forties for the Farm Security Administration by Marion Post Wolcott, Russell Lee, Jack Delano, and John Vachon; lost for more than thirty years, the original transparencies were used to produce these dye-transfer prints. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. . . . **marlborough,** 40 W. 57th St.: Surrealist photographs by seven contemporary artists, including Mac Adams, Sarah Charlesworth, and Laurie Simmons. Through Nov. 29. (Open Mondays.) . . . **schomburg center,** 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St.: "14 Photographers," a show with ten times that many works, which are either allegorical (Albert Chong, Jon Thomas) or documentary (Marilyn Nance, Jeanne Moutoussamy-Ashe). Starts Thursday, Nov. 17. (Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Édouard Manet retrospective. Through Nov. 27. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the paintings and works on paper of J. Alden Weir, a late-nineteenth-century painter and exponent of Impressionism. Through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ Twentieth-century paintings from the collection of Baron Thyssen-Bornemisza; among the seventy-five works are ten newly acquired ones, including an O'Keeffe and a Mondrian. Through Nov. 27. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 18 W. 54th St.—A hundred drawings that are eminent examples of all the major artistic movements from Post-Impressionism to the abstract figurative styles of the fifties and of the museum's collection as well. Seurat, Ernst, Dali, Pollock, Diebenkorn, others. Through Jan. 3. . . . **photography:** Frank Gohlke's prints showing the region affected by the eruption of Mt. St. Helens. Through Nov. 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings—except Thanksgiving, when it will close at 5—until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show of paintings, drawings, sculptures, and photographs by eleven artists from around the country who have been chosen to represent "New Perspectives in American Art." Through Nov. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The Morris Graves retrospective contains more than a hundred paintings, sculptures, and drawings done from 1935 to the present. Through Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Dennis Oppenheim's autobiographical 1976 installation, "Lecture #1," is set up in the lobby gallery as a theatrical vignette in which the main character is a survivor of a conspiracy to wipe out the avant-garde art world. Through Jan. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of prints from the past two years by American artists Robert Longo, Laurie Anderson, Helen Frankenthaler, and many others. Through Jan. 22. . . . ¶ More than two hundred and fifty prints by Picasso from the collection of Marina Ruiz Picasso, none of which have been exhibited in public before. Starts Friday, Nov. 18. . . . ¶ Prints by Dürer from the museum's collection. (Open Wednesdays

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—African textiles and their traditional manufacture constitute an exhibit that comes, for the most part, from the British Museum. Clothing, decorative cloth, puppets, looms, etc. Through Dec. 4. (Open daily except Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Paintings and drawings by close to threescore artists (Robert Longo, Ed Paschke, and Susan Rothenberg among them) have been mounted in the annual Childe Hassam and Eugene Speicher Purchase Fund show; some of the works will be bought by the Academy/Institute and donated to museums. . . . ¶ A memorial exhibition of paintings by Ilya Bolotowsky and Jack Tworkov, and sculptures by Theodore Roszak and José de Creeft. Both shows through Dec. 18. (Open daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 4.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A group of ornamental silver objects (many of them overlaid with a thin coat of gold) created by European goldsmiths during the Renaissance and after. From the Schroder Collection of Great Britain. Through Jan. 22. . . . ¶ "Frank Lloyd Wright and the Prairie School," an exhibit examining the evolution of that style, as well as the results of Wright's collaborations with artists and other architects in designing, furnishing, and embellishing such structures as the Robie house, Midway Gardens, and the Imperial Hotel. Drawings, photographs, sculptures, furniture, decorative glass, and silverware. Through Dec. 31. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of a hundred drawings and watercolors of flowers which date from the sixteenth to the eighteenth centuries; most of the painters of these botanical studies were either Dutch, French, or German. From the Fitzwilliam Museum of Great Britain. Starts Thursday, Nov. 17. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—An exhibition of paintings of New York City by two dozen contemporary artists, among them Rackstraw Downes, Yan Hsia, Philip Sherrod, and Anna Goth Werner. . . . ¶ The Metropolitan Opera's hundredth birthday is the occasion for a tribute that is centered on memorabilia from productions held when the company resided on Broadway (such as a Worth gown designed for "La Traviata"). (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Seventy-two portraits of artist-members provide a survey of the academy's collection and, by extension, of portrait styles since 1826. Asher Durand, Thomas Eakins, Andrew Wyeth, and others. Through Dec. 31. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A display of books, maps, manuscripts, and newspapers given to the society by its founder, John Pintard, a nineteenth-century bibliophile. Of particular note is a copy of the first printed map of New York City. Through Jan. 29. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A Berg Collection exhibit, arranged chronologically, of more than forty poems in their original manuscript forms, including T. S. Eliot's "The Waste Land" (with corrections by Ezra Pound) and other classics, by Byron, Whitman, and Samuel Francis Smith (you should know this one by heart). (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

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New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—An exhibit fêting the Metropolitan Opera in its hundredth year. Among the close to a thousand items (primarily from the Met's own collections) are thirty-five costumes (such as Caruso's from "Pagliacci"), pieces of scenery, props, letters, contracts, and sketches. (Open daily except Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Tuesdays, 10 to 6; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—More than fifty abstract paintings from the nineteen-seventies by Jack Whitten. (Open daily except Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.—Yvonne Meier (dance and performance), Thursday, Nov. 17, at 8:30; five poets reading their translations of French poetry by writers associated with the Cubist movement, Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 8:30. . . . ¶ A show of videotapes, photographs, and books by Peter D'Agostino. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. . . . ¶ A two-part exhibit of books illustrated by Cubists and of Cubist prints, plus related materials. Through Dec. 3. (The books are here; the prints are on view at Aldis Browne, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

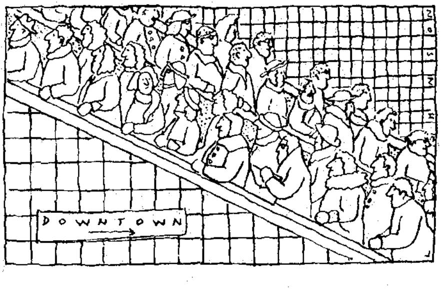
The Kitchen, 59 Wooster St. 925-3615.—Paul Howard-Proveaux (music), Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 8:30; a screening of Robert Ashley's television film "Perfect Lives," Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8:30; Perry Hoberman (performance), Friday and Saturday, Nov. 25-26, at 8:30.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Nov. 16: "Don Giovanni," with Edda Moser, Carol Neblett, James Morris, and Paul Plishka; conducted by Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 17: "La Traviata," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Dano Raffanti, and Cornell MacNeil; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 18: A new production of Verdi's "Ernani," with Leona Mitchell, Luciano Pavarotti, Sherrill Milnes, and Ruggero Raimondi; James Levine. (A benefit performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 19: "Peter Grimes," with Elisabeth Söderström, Geraldine Decker, Jon Vickers, and Thomas Stewart; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 19: "Don Giovanni," with Edda Moser, Carol Neblett, James Morris, and Paul Plishka; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Nov. 21: "Ernani," with Leona Mitchell, Luciano Pavarotti, Sherrill Milnes, and Ruggero Raimondi; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 22: "Don Giovanni," with Margarita Castro-Alberty, Carol Neblett, James Morris, and Paul Plishka; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 23: "La Traviata," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Dano Raffanti, and Cornell MacNeil; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 24: "Ernani," with Leona Mitchell, Luciano Pavarotti, Sherrill Milnes, and Ruggero Raimondi; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 25: "Dialogues of the Carmelites," with Frederica von Stade, Johanna Meier, William Lewis, and Jerome Hines; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 26: "Don Giovanni," with Margarita Castro-Alberty, Carol Neblett, James Morris, and Paul Plishka; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 26: "La Traviata," with Rosario Andrade, Dano Raffanti, and Cornell MacNeil; John Pritchard. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)



Opera Ensemble of New York—Ruth Bierhoff conducting the final performances of two one-act operas based on stories by Anton Chekhov: "The Scarf," by Lee Hoiby, and "The Boor," by Dominick Argento. Staged by John J. D. Sheehan. (Lillie Blake School Theatre, 45 E. 81st St. Wednesday, Nov. 16, and Friday, Nov. 18, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 20, at 3. For information about tickets, call 288-1485.)

Amato Opera Company—Verdi's "Aida." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 18-19, and Saturday, Nov. 26, at 7:30, and Sunday, Nov. 27, at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Klaus Tennstedt conducting an all-Richard Strauss program on Thursday, Nov. 17, at 8 (a nonsubscription performance); Friday and Saturday, Nov. 18-19, at 8; and Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 7:30 (all with Philip Myers, horn). . . . ¶ Andrew Davis conducting a varied program on Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 8; Friday, Nov. 25, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 26, at 8; and Tuesday, Nov. 29, at 7:30 (all with Cho-Liang Lin, violin).

Warsaw Philharmonic Orchestra—Kazimierz Kord conducting, with Claudio Arrau, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 8.)

American Chamber Orchestra—Charles Barker conducting a program of baroque music. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-2200. Friday, Nov. 18, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Daniel Varsano, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting a program of baroque music, with Maurice André, trumpet, and Syoko Aki, violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Nov. 26, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 27, at 3.)

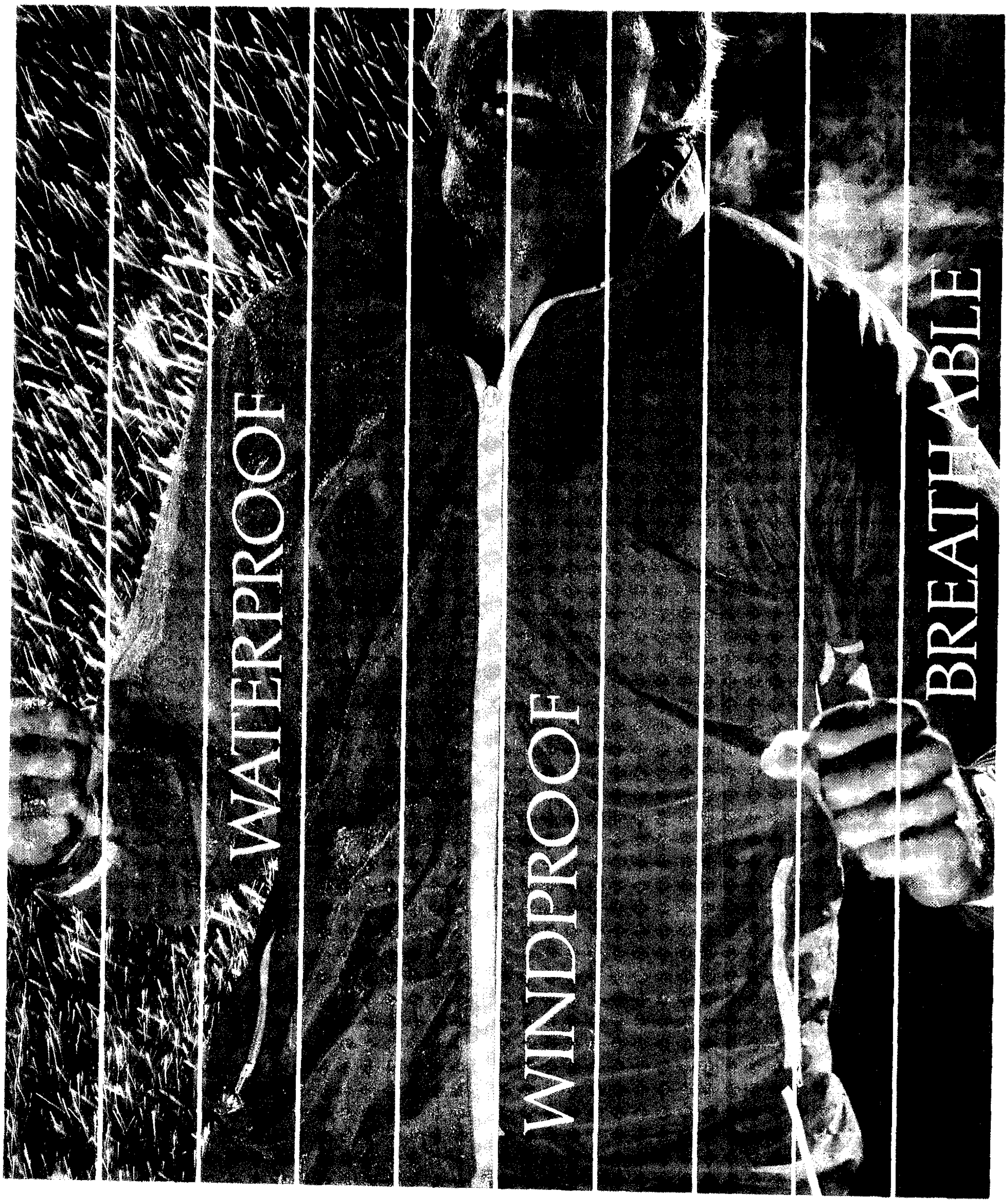
Oratorio Society of New York—Lyndon Woodside directing. (Great Hall, Cooper Union Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Nov. 18, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Collegiate Chorale—Robert Bass directing, with vocal soloists. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing the first in a series of four concerts devoted to Renaissance and twentieth-century music. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 865-7035.)

Musica Sacra—Richard Westenburg directing the first in a series of five concerts, this one with Nan Nall, soprano; Jeffrey Dooley, countertenor; Wilbur Pauley, bass; and others. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, Nov. 21, at 7:30.)

Cor Meibion de Cymru—A Welsh male choir, in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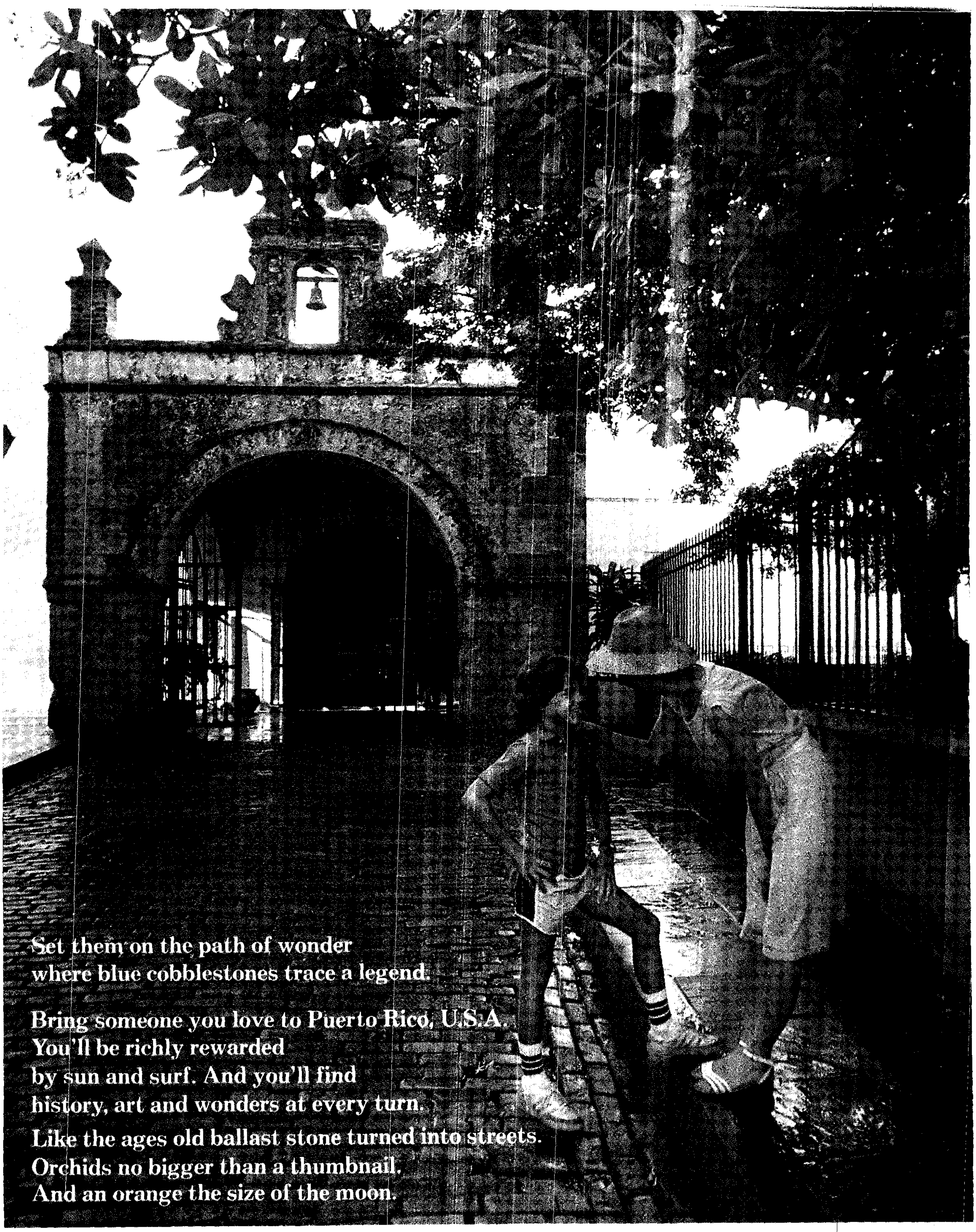

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

its first appearance here. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Friday, Nov. 25, at 8. For information about tickets, call 690-2977.)

RECITALS

Ani Kavafian and Ida Kavafian—A program of music mostly for two violins. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 17, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—The first in a series of four concerts, this one an all-Rameau program, honoring the three-hundredth anniversary of his birth. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 17, at 8, and a repeat performance on Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—The first in a series of three concerts, this one performed by Yuzuko Horigome and Todd Phillips, violin; Steven Tenenbom, viola; and Judith Serkin and Peter Wiley, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Nov. 17, at 8.)

Dorian Wind Quintet—Chamber music. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Thursday, Nov. 17, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

New York New Music Ensemble—With Jerry Grossman, cello, and Mineko Yajima, violin/viola. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Nov. 17, at 8.)

Louis Bagger—Harpischord. (Hubbard Recital Hall, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave. at 122nd St. Friday, Nov. 18, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Mozartean Players—The first in a series of three concerts of chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Nov. 18, at 8.)

Judith Mendenhall—Flute, with assisting artists. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 2:30.)

New York Philomusica Chamber Ensemble—With Abbey Simon, piano, in an all-Beethoven program of music for wind instruments. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 3.)

Alexander Schneider, Laurence Lesser, and Lee Luvisi—Violin, cello, and piano (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680. . . . ¶ Same program; New School, 66 W. 12th St. 741-5689. Sunday, Nov. 20, at 2.)

Amati String Quartet—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

Bella Davidovich—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 20, at 3.)

Alicia de Larrocha—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Nov. 20, at 3.)

Andrew Rangell—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Nov. 20, at 3.)

Parnassus—A program of contemporary music, with Gregory Mercer, tenor. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Nov. 20, at 3.)

Music Before 1800—A program of vocal and instrumental music of Italy, performed by Badinage, with Cheryl Bensman, soprano, and Myron Lutzke, baroque cello. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, Nov. 20, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Salvatore Accardo, James Buswell, and Bruno Giuranna, all violin; Kim Kashkashian, viola; and Leslie Parnas and Nathaniel Rosen, cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 20, at 5, and Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 21-22, at 7:30.)

Ana Maria Trenchi de Bottazzi—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

Boston Conservatory Chamber Players—The first in a series of three concerts. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

Claudette Peterson—Soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Nov. 20, at 8:30.)

Elif and Bedii Aran—Duo-piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

Daniel Waitzman—Flute, in an all-Bach program, with John Ostendorf, bass-baritone; Louise Schulman, violin; Edward Brewer, harpsichord; and Myron Lutzke, cello. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Monday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

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Gita Karasik—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

Jessye Norman—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 8.)

Yuval Waldman—Violin, with Cathy Waldman piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 8.)

Julian Bream—Classical guitarist. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 8.)

Group for Contemporary Music—A program of music by Thomas Barker, Joel Feigin, Aaron Kernis, Glenn Lieberman, and Joseph Ness. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 8.)

Arnold Steinhardt and Victor Steinhardt—Violin and piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Next Wave Festival—The third in a series of four productions at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, which combine music, theatre, and visual effects: Final performances of THE GOSPEL AT COLONUS, performed by Morgan Freeman, the Institutional Radio Choir, the J. D. Steele Singers, and others. (30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 16-19, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 20, at 2 and 7.)

New York State New Music Network—A series of six concerts reflecting the diversity in today's music. Friday, Nov. 18, at 8: Ursula Oppens and Muhal Richard Abrams. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 19, at 3: The Group for Contemporary Music. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 19, at 7: The Harmonic Choir and Steve Reich & Musicians. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 20, at 2: David Van Tieghem. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 20, at 4: *The New Music Consort*. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 20, at 8: The World Saxophone Quartet. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. For information about tickets, call 360-3557.)

Wall-to-Wall Baroque—A free twelve-hour marathon with, among others, Paula Robison, flute; Ani Kavafian, violin; Lilian Kallir, piano; the Concert Royal; and the New Amsterdam Singers. Amateur instrumentalists will be invited to participate in the grand finale, an open reading of Handel's Music for the *Royal Fireworks and his Water Music*, conducted by Kenneth Cooper, at 9. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Saturday, Nov. 19, from 11 to 11.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Nov. 19, at 7:35: Knicks vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 8:05: Knicks vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 26, at 7:35: Knicks vs. Cleveland.

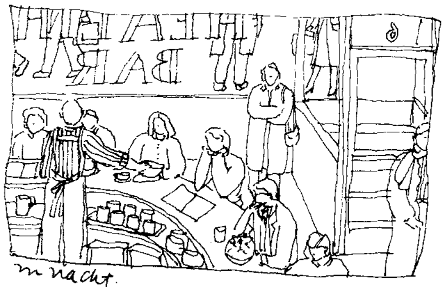
College Football—Saturday, Nov. 19: Boston College vs. Holy Cross, at Harvard Stadium, at 1. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Columbia, at Providence, at 1. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Dartmouth, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Cornell, at Princeton, at 1. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Temple, at Piscataway, at 1. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Harvard, at New Haven, at 1.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles. (Philadelphia. Sunday, Nov. 20.) . . . ¶ Jets vs. New Orleans Saints. (New Orleans. Monday, Nov. 21.)

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Washington Capitals, Wednesday, Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Quebec Nordiques, Sunday, Nov. 20. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Buffalo Sabres, Wednesday, Nov. 23. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Washington Capitals, Saturday, Nov. 19, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Quebec Nordiques, Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Saturday, Nov. 26, at 7:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05. Post time will be 11 A.M. on Thanksgiving Day. The Ladies Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 19; the Queens County Handicap, Thursday, Nov. 24; and the Nashua, Saturday, Nov. 26. . . . MEADOWLANDS: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 31. Post time will be 10:30 A.M. on Thanksgiving Day. The Meadowlands Cup, Thursday, Nov. 17. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Friday, Dec. 9. Post time will be 10:30 A.M. on Thanksgiving Day.

Squash Racquets—Chivas Regal Open—Women's quarterfinals, Saturday, Nov. 19, at 10 and noon. . . . ¶ Men's quarterfinals, Saturday, Nov. 19, at 2 and 4:30. . . . ¶ Women's semifinals, Sunday, Nov. 20, at 10 A.M. . . . ¶ Men's semifinals, Sunday, Nov. 20, at noon. . . . ¶ Women's finals, Sunday, Nov. 20, at 3. . . . ¶ Men's finals, Sunday, Nov. 20, at 6. (Uptown Racquet Club, 151 E. 86th St. For information about tickets, call 860-8630.)



ET ALIA

Poetry Readings—John Ashbery and W.S. Merwin reading from their own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

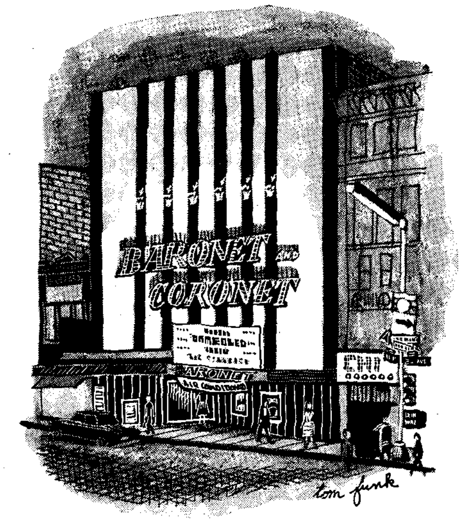
Flower Shows—*The annual* Chrysanthemum Show in the Conservatory of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden. (1000 Washington Ave. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 4; Saturdays, Sundays, and Thanksgiving Day, 11 to 4. Through Nov. 27.) . . . ¶ An exhibition of Japanese chrysanthemums in the Enid A. Haupt Conservatory at the New York Botanical Garden. (Bronx Park. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5; Sundays, 10 to 7. Through Nov. 27.)

National Postage Stamp Show—The thirty-fifth annual exhibit will *incorporate showings* by sixty-three countries. First-day issues will be put on sale on the first three days of the show. (Madison Square Garden Exposition Rotunda, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. Thursday, Nov. 17, noon to 7; Friday, Nov. 18, from 11 to 8; Saturday, Nov. 19, from 10 to 6; and Sunday, Nov. 20, from 11 to 5.)

Auctions—At SOTHEBY'S, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9:30 to 5.) Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 7: Impressionist and modern paintings and sculptures. Admission by ticket only; for information, call 794-3098. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 17, at 10:15: Impressionist and modern drawings and watercolors. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 17, at 2: Impressionist and modern paintings and sculptures. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 18, at 10:15 and 2: Art Nouveau and Art Deco. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 19, at 10:15: Austrian works of art. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 19, at 2: Art Nouveau and Art Deco. . . . CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 2: Impressionist and modern paintings and sculptures. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 18, at 10: Americana and Canadiana books and manuscripts. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 10: French and other Continental furniture, together with objects of art, tapestries, and sculptures. . . . PHILLIPS, 406 E. 79th St. Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 11: Old Master paintings and drawings. (Exhibition hours: Saturday, Nov. 19, from 10 to 5; Sunday, Nov. 20, from noon to 5; and Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 21-22, from 10 to 5.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 28.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
"Susana" (1951; directed by Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Never Cry Wolf" (Carroll Ballard), with Charles Martin Smith.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th (533-9292)
Through Nov. 17: "The Draughtsman's Contract" (†); and "Baby, It's You" (John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano.
From Nov. 18: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Educating Rita" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"The Right Stuff" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Richard Pryor Here and Now" (Pryor), a concert film.
Theatre 2: "The Big Chill" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 17: "The Dead Zone" (David Cronenberg), with Christopher Walken and Brooke Adams. From Nov. 18: "Amityville 3-D" (Richard Fleischer), with Tony Roberts and Candy Clark.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Deal of the Century" (William Friedkin), with Chevy Chase and Sigourney Weaver.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Nov. 19: "I Am the Cheese" (Robert Jiras), with Robert Wagner and Hope Lange.
From Nov. 20: "Heat and Dust" (James Ivory), with Julie Christie and Shashi Kapoor.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Nov. 21: "The Osterman Weekend" (Sam Peckinpah), with Rutger Hauer and John Hurt.
From Nov. 22: "Beyond Reasonable Doubt" (John Laing), with David Hemmings and John Hargreaves.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Nov. 17: "All the Right Moves" (Michael Chapman), with Tom Cruise and Craig T. Nelson.
From Nov. 18: "A Night in Heaven" (John Avildsen), with Lesley Ann Warren and Christopher Atkins.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Carmen" (Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 22: "Zelig" (†). From Nov. 23: "Of Unknown Origin" (George P. Cosmatos), with Peter Weller and Jennifer Dale.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Testament" (Lynne Littman), with Jane Alexander and William Devane.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 22: "Heart Like a Wheel" (†). From Nov. 23: "Terms of Endearment" (James L. Brooks), with Debra Winger and Shirley MacLaine.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Star 80" (Bob Fosse), with Mariel Hemingway and Eric Roberts.
Theatre 2: "Educating Rita" (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Never Cry Wolf" (Carroll Ballard), with Charles Martin Smith.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 17: "Deal of the Century" (William Friedkin), with Chevy Chase and Sigourney Weaver. From Nov. 18: "Sleepaway Camp."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Right Stuff" (†).

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 17: "Under Fire" (†). From Nov. 18: "Nate and Hayes" (Ferdinand Fairfax), with Tommy Lee Jones.
Theatre 2: "The Big Chill" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Return of Martin Guerre" (Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Nov. 17: "Rumble Fish" (Francis Coppola), with Matt Dillon and Mickey Rourke.
From Nov. 18: "A Christmas Story" (Bob Clark), with Melinda Dillon and Darren McGavin.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Nov. 17: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975; Terry Gilliam and Terry Jones), with Graham Chapman; and "The Secret Policeman's Other Ball" (1982), a series of comedy skits.
Nov. 18-22: "All the Right Moves" (Michael Chapman), with Tom Cruise and Craig T. Nelson.
From Nov. 23: "Heart Like a Wheel"(†).

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Nov. 17: "Young Warriors" (Lawrence D. Foldes), with Ernest Borgnine and Richard Roundtree.
From Nov. 18: "Sleepaway Camp."

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Richard Pryor Here and Now" (Pryor), a concert film.
Theatre 2: "The Dead Zone" (David Cronenberg), with Christopher Walken and Brooke Adams.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Nov. 17: "The Osterman Weekend" (Sam Peckinpah), with Rutger Hauer and John Hurt.
From Nov. 18: "A Night in Heaven" (John Avildsen), with Lesley Ann Warren and Christopher Atkins.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 22: "All the Right Moves" (Michael Chapman), with Tom Cruise and Craig T. Nelson. From Nov. 23: "Of Unknown Origin" (George P. Cosmatos), with Peter Weller and Jennifer Dale.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 22: "Born in Flames" (directed by Lizzie Borden). From Nov. 23: "Rockaby" (1982; D. A. Pennebaker and Chris Hegedus), a documentary with Billie Whitelaw and Alan Schneider; and "Joe Chaikin Going On" (Steven Gomer), a documentary with Chaikin, Sam Shepard, and Ronnie Gilbert.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 17: "Querelle" (1983; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Brad Davis, Franco Nero, and Jeanne Moreau; and "Circle of Deceit" (1982; Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with Bruno Ganz and Hanna Schygulla. Nov. 18-19: "Kings of the Road" (1976; Wim Wenders; in German), with Rudiger Vogeler and Hanns Zischler. Nov. 20: "Parsifal" (†). Nov. 21: "Too Early, Too Late" (1982), "En Rachachant" (1982), and "Every Revolution Is a Roll of the Dice" (1978), three films in German, directed by Jean-Marie Straub and Danièle Huillet. Nov. 22: "Germany in Autumn" (1977; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German); and "Sisters, or the Balance of Happiness" (1982; Margarethe von Trotta; in German), with Jutte Lampe and Gudrun Gabriel. Nov. 23-24: "Montenegro" (1981; Dusan Makavejev), with Susan Anspach and Erland Josephson; and "Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000" (†). Nov. 25-26: "La Commare Secca" ("The Grim Reaper;" 1962; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian); and "Before the Revolution" (†).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Liquid Sky" (Slava Tsukerman).
Theatre 2: "The Big Chill" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Return of Martin Guerre" (Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 17: "Koyaanisqatsi" (Godfrey Reggio). From Nov. 18: "A Christmas Story" (Bob Clark), with Melinda Dillon and Darren McGavin.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 19: "Zelig" (†). From Nov. 20: "Heat and Dust" (James Ivory), with Julie Christie and Shashi Kapoor.
Theatre 2: "Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey.
Theatre 3: "Rear Window."
Theatre 4: "Return of the Secaucus 7" (1980; John Sayles).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Nov. 17: A week-long program of fourteen new Spanish films.
From Nov. 18: "A Christmas Story" (Bob Clark), with Melinda Dillon and Darren McGavin.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Nov. 17: Theatre closed.
From Nov. 18: "Yentl" (Barbra Streisand), with Streisand and Mandy Patinkin.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Testament" (Lynne Littman), with Jane Alexander and William Devane.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Nov. 16: "Purple Haze" (David Burton Morris), with Peter Nelson and Chuck McQuary.
From Nov. 17: "Koyaanisqatsi" (Godfrey Reggio).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Nov. 19: "Heat and Dust" (James Ivory), with Julie Christie and Shashi Kapoor.
From Nov. 20: "La Balance" (Bob Swaim; in French), with Nathalie Baye and Philippe Léotard.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Star 80" (Bob Fosse), with Mariel Hemingway and Eric Roberts.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Big Chill" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Theatre 1: "Boat People" (Ann Hui; in Chinese), with Lam.
Theatre 2: "Danton" (†).
Theatre 3: "Pauline at the Beach" (†).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey.
Theatre 2: "Passion" (Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Isabelle Huppert and Hanna Schygulla.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 22: "Monkey Grip" (Ken Cameron; an Australian film). From Nov. 23: "Return Engagement" (Alan Rudolph).
Theatre 2: "Experience Preferred . . . But Not Essential" (Peter Duffell).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery.
Theatre 2: "Never Cry Wolf" (Carroll Ballard), with Charles Martin Smith.
Theatre 3: "The Big Chill" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 17: "Fanny and Alexander" (†). From Nov. 18: "A Christmas Story" (Bob Clark), with Melinda Dillon and Darren McGavin.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "Deal of the Century" (William Friedkin), with Chevy Chase and Sigourney Weaver.
Theatre 2: "Educating Rita" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 19: "Zelig" (†) and "A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy" (†). From Nov. 20: "Heat and Dust" (James Ivory), with Julie Christie and Shashi Kapoor.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 22: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975; Terry Gilliam and Terry Jones), with Graham Chapman; and "The Secret Policeman's Other Ball" (1982), a series of comedy skits. From Nov. 23: "The Dead Zone" (David Cronenberg), with Christopher Walken and Brooke Adams; and "Scanners" (1981; David Cronenberg), with Jennifer O'Neill, Stephen Lack, and Patrick McGoohan.
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 17: "Young Warriors" (Lawrence D. Foldes), with Ernest Borgnine and Richard Roundtree. From Nov. 18: "Sleepaway Camp."
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 22: "Return of the Secaucus 7" *(1980; John Sayles).* From Nov. 23: "Richard Pryor Here and Now" (Pryor), a concert film; and "The Toy" (Richard Donner), with Richard Pryor and Jackie Gleason.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Never Say Never Again" (directed by Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery.
Theatre 2: "All the Right Moves" (Michael Chapman), with Tom Cruise and Craig T. Nelson.
Theatre 3: "Risky Business" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 17: "The Lonely Lady" (Peter Sasdy), with Pia Zadora. From Nov. 18: "A Night in Heaven" (John Avildsen), with Lesley Ann Warren and Christopher Atkins.
Theatre 5: Through Nov. 22: "Revenge of the Ninja" (Sam Firstenberg), with Sho Kosugi. From Nov. 23: "The Osterman Weekend" (Sam Peckinpah), with Rutger Hauer and John Hurt.
Theatre 6: Through Nov. 22: "Going Berserk" (David Steinberg), with John Candy. From Nov. 23: "Under Fire" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Nov. 17: "Trading Places" (†).
From Nov. 18: "Nate and Hayes" (Ferdinand Fairfax), with Tommy Lee Jones.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 17: "City of the Walking Dead." From Nov. 18: "The Dead Zone" (David Cronenberg), with Christopher Walken and Brooke Adams.
Theatre 3: "Flashdance" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 22: "Staying Alive" (†). From Nov. 23: "Wild Style" (Charlie Ahearn).

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Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Through Nov. 20: "Under Fire" (†).
Nov. 21-22: Theatre closed.
From Nov. 23: "Terms of Endearment" (James L. Brooks), with Debra Winger and Shirley MacLaine.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 17: "The Dead Zone" (David Cronenberg), with Christopher Walken and Brooke Adams. From Nov. 18: "Amityville 3-D" (Richard Fleischer), with Tony Roberts and Candy Clark.
Theatre 2: "Richard Pryor Here and Now" (Pryor), a concert film.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Nov. 22: "The Invincible One."
From Nov. 23: "Kung-Fu Instructor."

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
Through Nov. 17: "Beyond the Limit" (John MacKenzie), with Richard Gere and Michael Caine.
From Nov. 18: A program of fourteen new Spanish films.

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: "Young Warriors" (Lawrence D. Foldes), with Ernest Borgnine and Richard Roundtree.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 17: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975; Terry Gilliam and Terry Jones), with Graham Chapman; and "The Secret Policeman's Other Ball" (1982), a series of comedy skits. From Nov. 18: "Sleepaway Camp."

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Seven Doors of Death."
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 22: "The Osterman Weekend" (Sam Peckinpah), with Rutger Hauer and John Hurt. From Nov. 23: "Fire and Ice" (Ralph Bakshi), an animated film.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "The Right Stuff" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 17: "Deal of the Century" (William Friedkin), with Chevy Chase and Sigourney Weaver. From Nov. 18: "The Big Score."

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays and Tuesdays.)
"In the Realm of the Senses" (1977; directed by Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese).

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Through Nov. 22: "Streamers" (1983; Robert Altman), with Matthew Modine.
From Nov. 23: "Hillary's Blues."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Through Nov. 17: A week-long program of Yugoslav films.
From Nov. 18: "Vassa" (1983; Gleb Panfilov; in Russian).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Nov. 17: "Wanda Whips Wall Street" and "Consenting Adults," both X-rated films.
Nov. 18-19: "King of Hearts" (1967; Philippe de Broca; in French and English), with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold; and "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort.
Nov. 20-22: "La Cage aux Folles" (1979; Edouard Molinaro; in French), with Ugo Tognazzi, Michel Serrault, and Michel Galabru; and "Victor/Victoria" (1982; Blake Edwards), with Julie Andrews, James Garner, Robert Preston, Lesley Ann Warren, and Alex Karras.
Nov. 23-24: "Wild Strawberries" (1957; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Victor Sjöström, Ingrid Thulin, and Gunnar Björnstrand; and "The Seventh Seal" (1956; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Bibi Andersson, and Nils Poppe.
From Nov. 25: "Barry Lyndon" (1975; Stanley Kubrick), with Ryan O'Neal and Marisa Berenson.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Nov. 16: "Forbidden Planet" (1956; Fred M. Wilcox), with Walter Pidgeon, Anne Francis, and Leslie Nielsen; and "The 5,000 Fingers of Dr. T." (1953; Roy Rowland), with Peter Lind Hayes, Mary Healy, Hans Conried, and Tommy Rettig.
Nov. 17: "The Member of the Wedding" (1952; Fred Zinnemann), with Ethel Waters and Julie Harris; and "The Marrying Kind" (1952; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday and Aldo Ray.
Nov. 18-19: "There's No Business Like Show Business" (1954; Walter Lang), with Ethel Merman, Donald O'Connor, Dan Dailey, Marilyn Monroe, Johnnie Ray, and Mitzi Gaynor; and "Singin' in the Rain" (1952; Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen), with Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, Jean Hagen, and Millard Mitchell.
Nov. 20: "The African Queen" (1951; John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn; and "The Caine Mutiny" (1954; Edward Dmytryk), with Humphrey Bogart, José Ferrer, Van Johnson, Fred MacMurray, and Robert Francis.
Nov. 21: "The Asphalt Jungle" (1950; John Huston), with Sterling Hayden, Jean Hagen, Louis Calhern, and Sam Jaffe; and "The Bad and the Beautiful" (1953; Vincente Minnelli), with Lana Turner, Kirk Douglas, Dick Powell, and Gloria Grahame.
Nov. 22: "On the Beach" (†); and "I Want to Live!" (1958; Robert Wise), with Susan Hayward and Simon Oakland.
Nov. 23: "Peyton Place" (1957; Mark Robson), with Lana Turner, Hope Lange, and Arthur Kennedy; and "Bonjour Tristesse" (1958; Otto Preminger), with Deborah Kerr, David Niven, and Jean Seberg.
Nov. 24: "Rock Around the Clock" (†); and "Blackboard Jungle" (1955; Richard Brooks), with Glenn Ford, Anne Francis, and Louis Calhern.
Nov. 25-26: "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955; Nicholas Ray), with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, and Nick Adams; and "The Wild One" (1954; Laslo Benedek), with Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Nov. 16: "The Big Country" (1958; William Wyler), with Gregory Peck, Jean Simmons, Charlton Heston, and Carroll Baker; and "Duel in the Sun" (1946; King Vidor), with Jennifer Jones, Gregory Peck, Joseph Cotten, and Charles Bickford.
Nov. 17-19: "Interiors" (1978), "Manhattan" (1979), and "Annie Hall" (1977), all films directed by, and with, Woody Allen.
Nov. 20-21: "The Boys in the Band" (1970;

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William Friedkin), with Frederick Combs; and "Something for Everyone" (1970; Harold Prince), with Angela Lansbury and Michael York.

Nov. 22-23: "The Night of the Shooting Stars" (1983; Paolo and Vittorio Taviani; in Italian), with Omero Antonutti; and "L'Etoile du Nord" (1983; Pierre Granier-Deferre; in French), with Simone Signoret and Philippe Noiret.

Nov. 24-26: "Excalibur" (†); and "Altered States" (1980; Ken Russell), with William Hurt, Bob Balaban, Charles Haid, and Blair Brown.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through Nov. 17: "Myra Breckinridge" (1970; Michael Sarne), with Mae West, John Huston, and Raquel Welch; and "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls" (1970; Russ Meyer).

Nov. 18-19: "Tender Mercies" (1983; Bruce Beresford), with Robert Duvall, Tess Harper, Ellen Barkin, and Betty Buckley; and "Local Hero" (1983; Bill Forsyth), with Peter Riegert, Denis Lawson, and Burt Lancaster.

Nov. 20: "The Bridge on the River Kwai" (1957; David Lean), with William Holden, Alec Guinness, Jack Hawkins, and Sessue Hayakawa; and "The Guns of Navarone" (1961; J. Lee Thompson), with Gregory Peck, David Niven, and Anthony Quinn.

Nov. 21-22: "Emmanuelle" (1974; Just Jaeckin; in French), with Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny; and "The Story of O" (1975; Just Jaeckin; in French).

Nov. 23-24: "Hello, Dolly!" (†) and "Funny Girl" (†).

Nov. 25-26: "Tootsie" (1982; Sydney Pollack), with Dustin Hoffman, Jessica Lange, and Teri Garr; and "Some Like It Hot" (†).

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Nov. 16: "WR—Mysteries of the Organism" (1971) and "Innocence Unprotected" (1968), both Yugoslav films, directed by Dusan Makavejev.

Nov. 17: "The Roaring Twenties" (1939; Raoul Walsh), with James Cagney and Humphrey Bogart; and "Ragtime" (1981; Miloš Forman), with James Cagney and Howard E. Rollins, Jr.

Nov. 18: "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955; Nicholas Ray), with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, and Nick Adams; and "Badlands" (1973; Terrence Malick), with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek.

Nov. 19: "Stroszek" (1977; Werner Herzog; in German and English), with Bruno S. and Eva Mattes; and "Woyzeck" (1979; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski and Eva Mattes.

Nov. 20: "Napoléon" (1927; Abel Gance; a French silent film), with Albert Dieudonné.

Nov. 21: "An Autumn Afternoon" (1962; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese); and "A Geisha" (1953; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese).

Nov. 22: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" (1975; Miloš Forman), with Jack Nicholson, Louise Fletcher, and Will Sampson; and "The Magnificent Ambersons" (†).

Nov. 23: "1900" (1977; Bernardo Bertolucci), with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu; and "Before the Revolution" (†).

Nov. 24: "Yankee Doodle Dandy" (†); and "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (1935; Max Reinhardt and William Dieterle), with James Cagney and Mickey Rooney.

Nov. 25: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "Being There" (1979; Hal Ashby), with Peter Sellers, Shirley MacLaine, Melvyn Douglas, and Jack Warden.

Nov. 26: "Blow-Up" (1966; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings; and "L'Avventura" (1959; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Monica Vitti, Gabriele Ferzetti, and Léa Massari.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Nov. 16: "Brief Encounter" (1946; David Lean), with Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard; and "To Paris with Love" (1955; Robert Hamer), with Alec Guinness and Odile Versois.

Nov. 17-19: "The Detective" (1954; Robert Hamer), with Alec Guinness, Joan Greenwood, Peter Finch, and Cecil Parker; and "Murder at the Gallop" (1963; George Pollock), with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Miss Marple.

Nov. 20-21: "Hobson's Choice" (†) and "Oliver Twist" (†).

Nov. 22-23: "Séance on a Wet Afternoon" (†) and "Providence" (†).

Nov. 24-26: "The Importance of Being Earnest" (1952; Anthony Asquith), with Michael Redgrave, Joan Greenwood, Edith Evans, and Margaret Rutherford; and "I Know Where I'm Going" (1945; Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger), with Wendy Hiller and Roger Livesey.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Nov. 16: "Fight, Zatoichi, Fight" (1964; Kenji Misumi; in Japanese); and "Hoodlum Soldier Deserts Again" (1966; in Japanese).

Nov. 17: "The Big Red One" (1980; Samuel Fuller), with Lee Marvin and Mark Hamill; and "Fixed Bayonets" (1951; Samuel Fuller), with Richard Basehart, Gene Evans, and Michael O'Shea.

Nov. 18-19: "In for Treatment" (1981; Erik van Zuylen and Marja Kok); and "Time Stands Still" (1982; Péter Gothár; in Hungarian).

Nov. 20: "That Obscure Object of Desire" (1977; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina; and "Cría!" (†).

Nov. 21: "The Tin Star" (1957; Anthony Mann), with Henry Fonda, Anthony Perkins, and Betsy Palmer; "Thunderhoof" (1948; Phil Karlson), with Preston Foster; and "The Tall Men" (1955; Raoul Walsh), with Clark Gable, Jane Russell, and Robert Ryan.

Nov. 22: "The French Lieutenant's Woman" (1981; Karel Reisz), with Meryl Streep and Jeremy Irons; and "Joseph Andrews" (†).

Nov. 23: "Sword of Justice, Part II" (1972; Yasuzo Masumura; in Japanese); and "Akumyo: Notorious Dragon" (1974; in Japanese).

Nov. 24: "Bizarre, Bizarre" (†); and "Under the Roofs of Paris" (1930; René Clair; in French), with Albert Préjean.

Nov. 25-26: "The Quiet Duel" (1949; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune; and "Rashomon" (1951; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune, Machiko Kyo, Masayuki Mori, and Takashi Shimura.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Nov. 16: "The Great Dictator" (1940), directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin; and "A Woman of Paris" (1923; Charlie Chaplin; a silent film), with Edna Purviance, Adolphe Menjou, and Carl Miller.

Nov. 17: "*The Stars Look Down*" (1939; Carol Reed), with Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, and Emlyn Williams; and "Kipps" (1941; Carol Reed), with Diana Wynyard, Michael Redgrave, Phyllis Calvert, and Max Adrian.

Nov. 18-19: "Notorious" (1946; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern; and "Spellbound" (1945; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Michael Chekhov, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll.

Nov. 20: "Zorba the Greek" (1964; Michael Cacoyannis), with Anthony Quinn and Alan Bates; and "La Strada" (1954; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina.

Nov. 21: "La Bête Humaine" (†); and "La Grande Illusion" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio.

Nov. 22: "The Tenant" (†); and "Knife in the Water" (1962; Roman Polanski; in Polish).

Nov. 23: "The Country Girl" (†); and "To Catch a Thief" (1955; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Grace Kelly, Jessie Royce Landis, Charles Vanel, and Brigitte Auber.

Nov. 24-25: "Private Lives" (†) and "Design for Living" (†).

From Nov. 26: "The Thin Man" (†) and "After the Thin Man" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium II, 18 W. 54th St. (708-9490)—Nov. 17 at 2:45: "Der Mond Ist Nur a Nackerte Kugel" (1980; directed by Jörg Graser; in German, with English subtitles), with Elisabeth Stepanek and Sigfrit Steiner. . . . ¶ Nov. 17 at 6 and Nov. 18 at 2:45: A program of the early works of Charles R. Bowers. . . . ¶ Nov. 18 at 6: Program I of "The Best of Annecy '83." . . . ¶ Nov. 19 at noon: "The Toll Gate" (1920; Lambert Hillyer; a silent film), with William S. Hart and Anna Q. Nilsson. . . . ¶ Nov. 19 at 2:30: Program I of "The Best of Annecy '83." . . . ¶ Nov. 19 at 5: Program II of "The Best of Annecy '83." . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at noon: "The Toll Gate." . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at 2:30: Program II of "The Best of Annecy '83." . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at 5: A program of the early works of Charles R. Bowers. . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 2: "Toilette" (1979; Friederike Pezold; a German film, with no dialogue). . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 6: A program by Kathy Rose, who will be present. . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 6: "Children of Violence" (1982; William Jersey). . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 2:30: "Fünf Letzte Tage" (1982; Percy Adlon; in German, with English subtitles), with Irm Hermann and Lena Stolze. . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 2:30: "Bella Donna" (1983; Peter Keglevic; in German, with English subtitles), with Brigitte Horney, Erland Josephson, and Krystyna Janda. . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 6: "Die Macht der Gefühle" (1983; Alexander Kluge; in German, with English subtitles), with Hannelore Hoger, Alexandra Kluge, and Edgar Boehlke. . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at noon: "The Prisoner of Zenda" (1937; John Cromwell), with Ronald Colman, Madeleine Carroll, Mary Astor, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Raymond Massey, and David Niven. . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 2:30: "Die Macht der Gefühle." . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 5: "Fünf Letzte Tage." (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

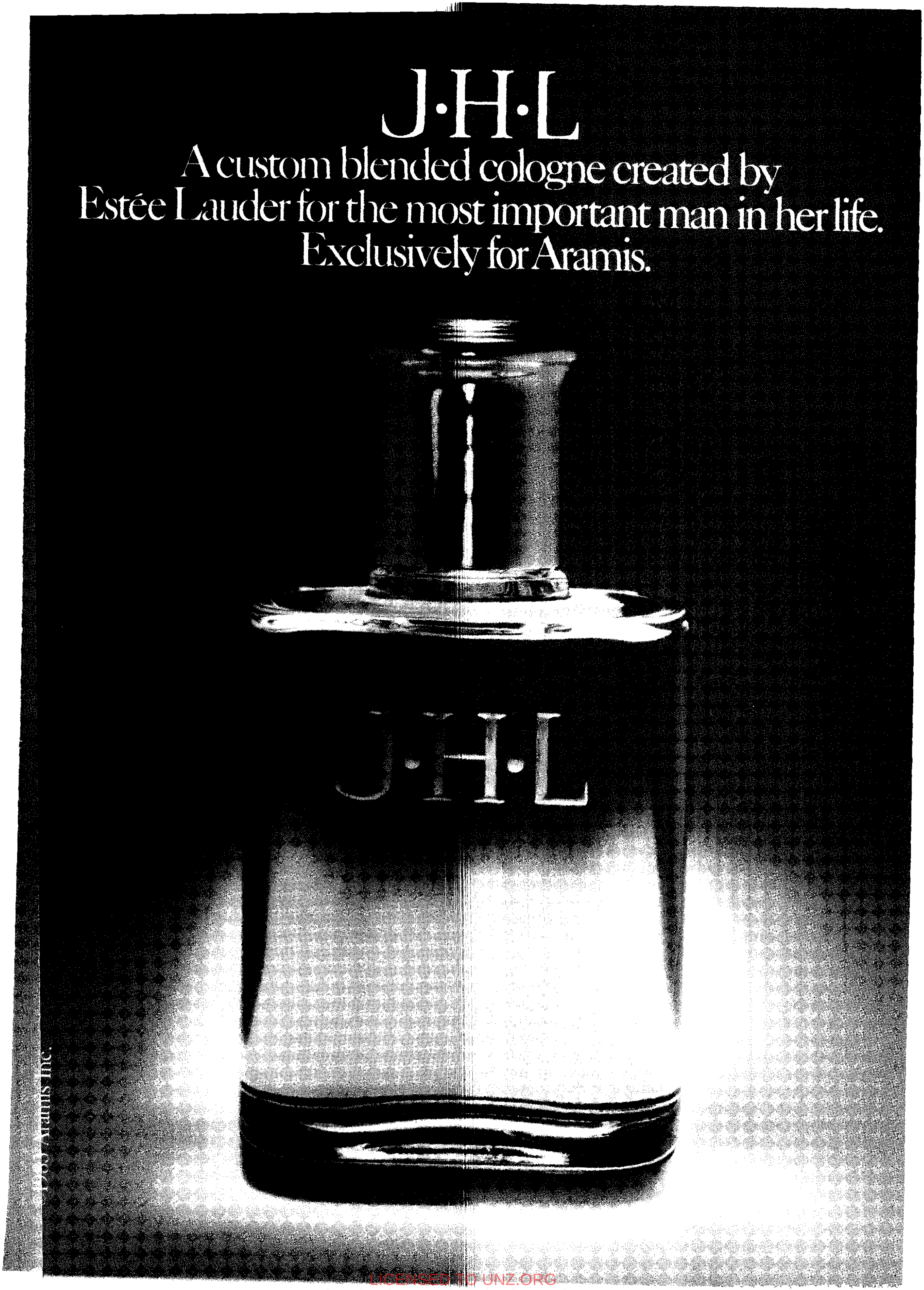
Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—"Primarily Speaking" (1981-83), an audiovisual environment by Gary Hill. Continuous showings from noon to 6 (Tuesday evenings until 8.) Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

After the Thin Man (1936)—The second in the "Thin Man" series, starring William Powell and Myrna Loy as Nick and Nora Charles, is moderately entertaining. In it, Elissa Landi (who has peculiarly *mushy, ladylike diction*) is in distress because she has lost her husband (Alan Marshall) to Penny Singleton. There are a couple of murders, and Asta's mate has puppies. The cast includes James Stewart, Joseph Calleia, Sam Levene, and Jessie Ralph. W. S. Van Dyke directed, and the screenplay is by Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Nov. 26.)

Before the Revolution (1964)—A sweepingly romantic movie about a young man's rebellion against bourgeois life and his disillusion with Communism, set in Parma and written and directed by Bernardo Bertolucci at the astonishing age of twenty-two. He captures what has rarely been seen on the screen—the extravagance and poetry of youthful ardor. The hero Fabrizio discovers that he is not single-minded enough to be a revolutionary, that he is too deeply involved in the beauty of life as it is *before* the revolution. He has "a nostalgia for the present." (The characters of Fabrizio and his young aunt Gina are loosely derived from Stendhal's "The Charterhouse of Parma.") With Francesco Barilli, Adriana Asti, Allen Midgette, and Morando Morandini; cinematography by Aldo Scavarda; music by Gino Paoli and Ennio Morricone. This was Bertolucci's second feature; his first was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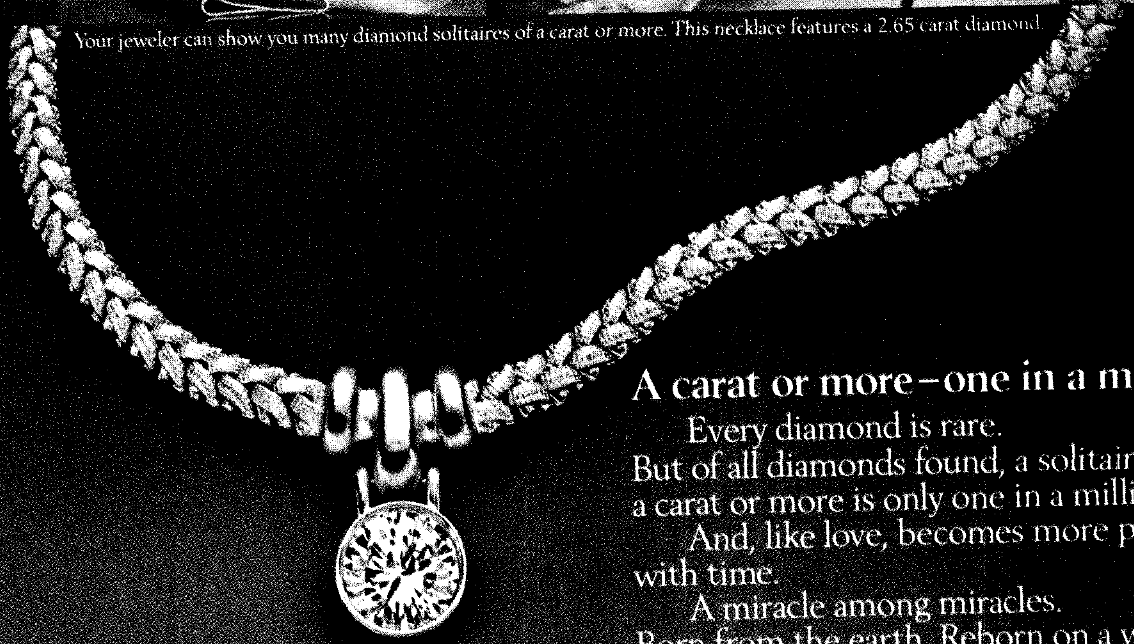

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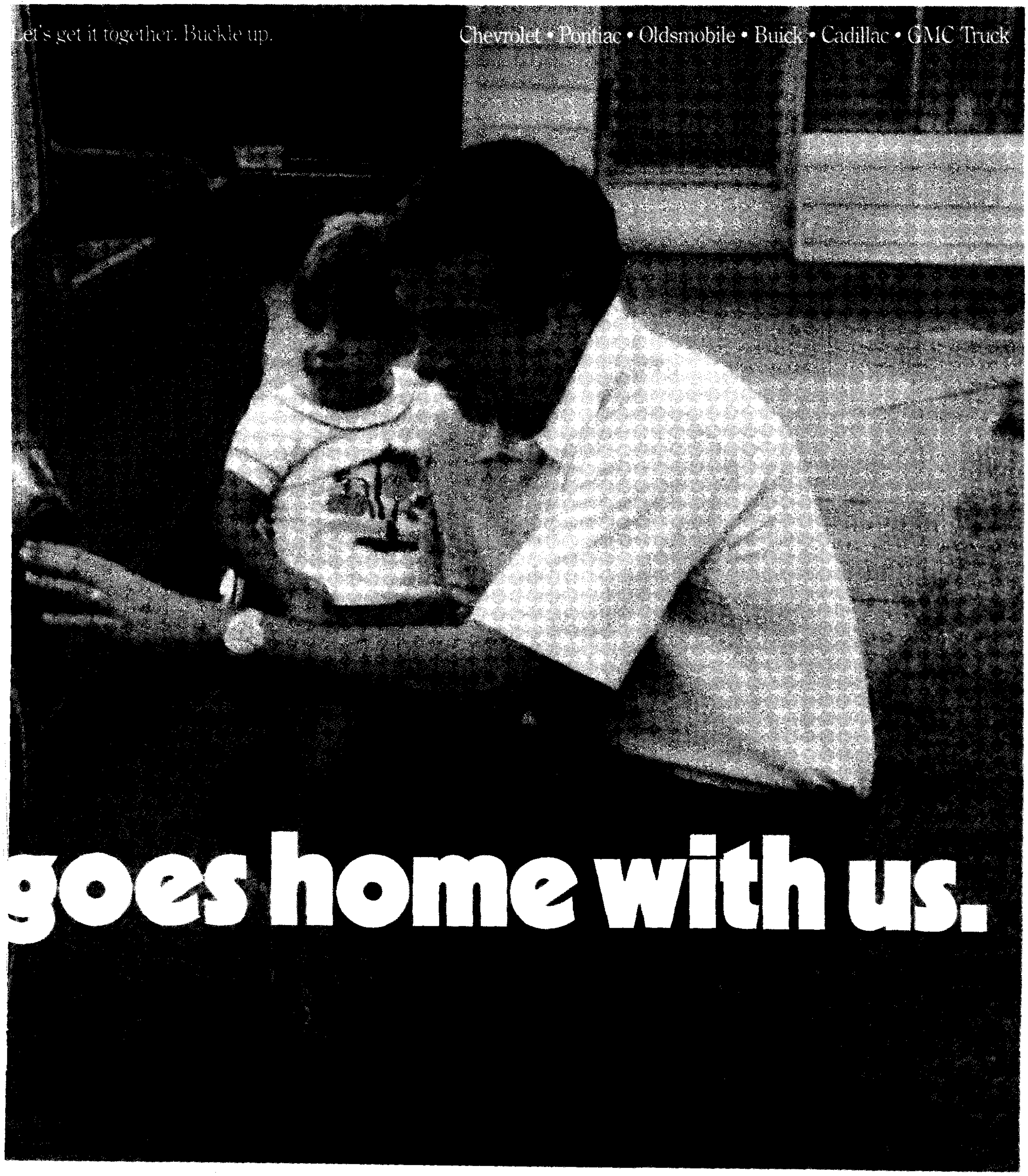
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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"La Commare Secca" ("The Grim Reaper"). In Italian. (Metro Cinema; Nov. 23. . . . ¶ Film Forum; Nov. 25-26.)

La Bête Humaine (1938)—Jean Renoir's version of the Zola novel, transferred from the Second Empire to the thirties, has a memorable beginning, with Jean Gabin driving the express train on the run from Le Havre to Paris. The train sequences, which are superb—realistic yet poetic—were shot on location and include views of the Gare Saint-Lazare in Paris in 1938. The film has marvellous atmosphere and a fine cast (Simone Simon, Carette, Fernand Ledoux, Blanchette Brunoy, Renoir himself), but the material, which involves brutal, uncontrollable passion seen in a social framework, turns oppressive, and at times Gabin is a lump. (Remade in Hollywood in 1954 as "Human Desire," directed by Fritz Lang, with Glenn Ford and Gloria Grahame.) In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 21.)

The Big Chill—An amiable, slick comedy that's ostensibly about how the late-sixties campus activists have adjusted to becoming the kind of people they used to insult—but it isn't really political. Directed by Lawrence Kasdan, who wrote the script with Barbara Benedek, it's set in South Carolina, where a group of seven former friends from the University of Michigan gather for the funeral of Alex, the campus radical who brought them together. The friends bury the sixties (which Alex symbolizes) and then dredge them up to talk about during the weekend. The movie may pretend to be about "life," but it's really about being clever (even the title tells you that), and about the fun of ensemble acting. Jeff Goldblum, William Hurt, and Kevin Kline do some of their best work here; Tom Berenger, Glenn Close, Mary Kay Place, and JoBeth Williams do remarkably well with what they've got to work with. And Meg Tilly, who plays Alex's young girlfriend, is an extraordinarily lovely presence. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/17/83.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Waverly, Loews Paramount, and Loews 83rd Quad.)

Bizarre, Bizarre (1937)—Dadaist frivolity, with sequences that one giggles over happily for years. Jacques Prévert wrote and Marcel Carné directed this romantic, satirical comedy, set in Edwardian England, about the English mania for detective fiction. Jean-Louis Barrault is the detective-story reader who decides to commit his own perfect crime by murdering the author (Michel Simon). With Françoise Rosay as Barrault's inamorata (he gathers a bouquet for her by stealing the boutonnières of men who have been clobbered in the Limehouse alleys); Louis Jouvet as a clergyman; and Jean-Pierre Aumont as a lovesick milkman. A memorable, deadpan dinner conversation about a duck à l'orange is the source of the American title. In French. (Thalia; Nov. 24.)

The Country Girl (1954)—This rather odd movie, derived from a Clifford Odets play, features the least broken-down of actors, Bing Crosby, as a broken-down actor—a weak-willed, alcoholic heel who lives on the strength of his wife, Grace Kelly. William Holden is the Broadway director who misinterprets the tangle of dependencies and tries to free the husband from the wife. Rather inexplicably, this sadomasochistic morass was one of the biggest box-office hits of its year, and, somewhat inexplicably also, Academy Awards were presented to Grace Kelly as Best Actress and to the director-writer, George Seaton, for his uneven and incoherent screenplay. The film has virtues, however—Holden's performance, good backstage dialogue, and Anthony Ross in a small role. With Gene Reynolds; songs by Ira Gershwin and Harold Arlen. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 23.)

Cría! (1977)—A moving Spanish film, set in Madrid, with Ana Torrent as a grave nine-year-old called Ana. Her mother and her adult self are both played with great beauty by Geraldine Chaplin. Carlos Saura directed, and wrote the screenplay himself. Surrounded by deaths—of her mother, of her father (discovered by her in bed with her mother's best friend), of her guinea pig—the child has a delicate sense of play; there is a marvellous scene in which she and her sisters dress up and make up and talk as they imagine grown-ups do when alone together. In Spanish. (Thalia; Nov. 20.)

Danton—Andrzej Wajda and his screenwriter, Jean-Claude Carrière, make Robespierre (Wojciech Pszoniak) into a sociopath who soaks his bed with sweat and cringes if a woman touches him, and Danton (Gérard Depardieu) into a slob and a libertine and a lush who in the end would rather be executed than executioner, and defies the Terror he helped to theorize. In France, where the movie was partially financed by the Socialist government, right and left divided over whether Wajda had a correct appreciation of the French Revolution, not over whether it was a good film or a bad one. By any reasonable standard, "Danton" is terrible. In French. (2/28/83; under Letter from Europe.) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Design for Living (1933)—Noël Coward's famous play, filmed by Ernst Lubitsch, with a screenplay by Ben Hecht. Though Hecht swore that he had deleted all but one of Coward's actual lines, the Coward temperament is intact. Gary Cooper is not right for Coward's part, but Fredric March and Miriam Hopkins muster some of the freebooting stylishness. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 24-25.)

The Draughtsman's Contract—Set on an English estate in the summer of 1694, this formalist tease by the writer-director Peter Greenaway is a fantasia of conceits about perspective, and about the relationship between the artist, his art, and the world. It's also a victimization fantasy: the draughtsman (Anthony Higgins), a lover of landscape, is attacked and destroyed by those who love only property. The film is mannered and idiosyncratic; the speeches are so arch and twitty they seem to be pitched higher than a dog whistle. For Greenaway, a movie is a set of theorems to be demonstrated by tableaux. His mind may be active but his camera is dead. With Janet Suzman and Anne Louise Lambert. (8/22/83) (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 17.)

Educating Rita—It's no more than a two-character play—a duet—"opened up" a bit for the screen, but the lines have surprise and wit. Michael Caine plays a dispirited, burned-out slob of a college professor who tries to conceal his mediocrity by carrying on as if he were Dylan Thomas. Rita, played by Julie Walters, is a street-smart young hairdresser in Liverpool who signs up for literature tutorials in the Open University and is assigned to him. She wants the education that he, with his doctorate and his fancy turns of speech, has decided is worthless. Julie Walters' performance may be too "set" for the camera (she played the role on the London stage), but her inflections are funny in unexpected ways. Rita is Julie Walters' role in the way that Billie Dawn in "Born Yesterday" was Judy Holliday's role. The material isn't sustained—Rita, like Billie Dawn, is inevitably less entertaining after she's transformed—but Caine gives a master film actor's performance. You can see the professor's impotence in his pink-rimmed, blurry eyes; he's crumbling from within. Caine lets nothing get between you and the character. You don't observe his acting; you just experience the character's emotions. You feel his smirking terror. Directed by Lewis Gilbert; Willy Russell adapted his own play. (11/14/83) (Gramercy, Cinema II, and New Yorker.)

Excalibur (1981)—John Boorman's retelling of the Arthurian legends is a serious, R-rated fairy tale. Boorman plunges into the Dark Ages, smiting us with raging battles, balls of flame, mists of dragon's breath, knights with horns and tusks jutting out of their armored heads, and battle-axes that hack off limbs, which seem to ricochet off the armor. The dialogue is pedantic, we hardly have a chance to meet the characters before they're off and running, and the whole film is soaked in Jung, but it has its own crazy integrity. The imagery is impassioned and has a hypnotic quality. The film is like Flaubert's more exotic fantasies—one lush, enraptured scene after another. As Merlin, Nicol Williamson (who affects a touch of the Gaelic and makes wonderful lilting and growling sounds) is the presiding spirit; he stands in for Jung, and he informs us of the meaning of what we're seeing. The film spans three generations—first Uther Pendragon and his feuding with the other Celtic lords, then his son Arthur's reign, with the Knights of the Round Table gathered at Camelot, and finally, the challenge to Arthur's power by *his* son, the demonic Mordred. The characters aren't scaled heroically enough for the myths built on their adventures, so we don't experience the elation that we have come to expect at the end of a heroic story, but the film gives us a different kind of elation. It's as if Boorman were guiding us down a magic corridor and kept parting the curtains in front of us. With Nigel Terry as Arthur, Paul Geoffrey as Perceval, Cherie Lunghi as hot little Guenevere, Helen Mirren as Morgana, and Nicholas Clay as Lancelot. Script by Rosco Pallenberg and Boorman; cinematography by Alex Thompson; production design by Anthony Pratt; Trevor Jones prepared the score (which uses themes from Wagner and Carl Orff's "Carmina Burana") and conducted it. Made in Ireland. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Nov. 24-26.)

Fanny and Alexander—Ingmar Bergman's festive and full-bodied dream play—a vision of family life as a gifted boy might have perfected it—replacing his strict family (Bergman's father was a clergyman) with a generous-hearted theatrical clan. In what Bergman says is his final movie, his obsessions are turned into stories, and he tells them to us—he makes us a beribboned present of his Freudian-gothic dream world. The movie is scaled big; it runs for three hours and ten minutes, and its lovingly placed warm gingerbreading is enormously enjoyable. But the conventionality of the thinking in the film is rather shocking. It's as if Bergman's neuroses had been tormenting him for so long that he cut them off and went sprinting back to Vic-

torian health and domesticity. In Swedish. (6/13/83) (Loews 83rd Quad; through Nov. 17.)

Flashdance—A lulling, narcotizing musical, it sells the kind of romantic story that was laughed off the screen thirty years ago and then made a comeback with "Rocky I, II, and III." The heroine (dewy-eyed face and darling smile by Jennifer Beals, dancing by Marine Jahan) is a welder by day and a dancer in a bar at night. And she has a dream, in which she's a ballerina. The music throughout is synthesizer pop; basically the movie is a series of rock videos. The dancing doesn't go the way a body goes; the dancing goes the way an eggbeater goes. With Richard Colon, one of a group of black "breakers" who do the only real dancing in the movie. Directed by Adrian Lyne, from a script by Tom Hedley and Joe Eszterhas. (6/27/83) (Embassy.)

Funny Girl (1968)—A bravura performance by Barbra Streisand. As Fanny Brice, she has the wittiest comic inflections since the comediennes of the thirties; she makes her written dialogue sound like inspired improvisation. As the shady gambler Nicky Arnstein, phlegmatic Omar Sharif appears to be some sort of visiting royalty, with a pained professional smile to put the common people at their ease. But Streisand's triumphant talent rides right over the film's weaknesses. William Wyler directed, with musical sequences staged by Herbert Ross. With Walter Pidgeon, Kay Medford, and Anne Francis. Screenplay by Isobel Lennart, from her play; songs by Jule Styne and Bob Merrill; production design by Gene Callahan. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Nov. 23-24.)

Heart Like a Wheel—A friendly movie with a cold center, this biographical film is about what it cost the drag racer Shirley Muldowney—who has won the National Hot Rod Association World Championship three times—to win out over men in what was previously considered the domain of macho daredevils. Hoyt Axton plays Shirley's earthy and congenial father, the honky-tonk singer Tex Roque, who has gusto in his canny eyes and grinning face; Leo Rossi plays the mechanic-husband who tools up the cars she races; and Beau Bridges brings his marvellous radiance to the role of the impulsive, rowdy Connie Kalitta, who becomes Shirley's partner. Beau Bridges' Connie, who lives on his instincts, makes sense as a drag racer; Shirley doesn't. Bonnie Bedelia, who plays Shirley from sixteen to forty, gives a tightly controlled starring performance; she's compelling and she brings to the role a dry and precise irony. But her Shirley is a planner and a pusher who thinks everything out—the thrill sport of drag racing is a fulfillment of nothing visible in her character. Directed by Jonathan Kaplan from a script by Ken Friedman, the movie has a B-picture sensibility. It has plenty of action sequences (of the kind that action-film enthusiasts call "existential" and "cinematic"), and it avoids dramatic climaxes (of the kind that these enthusiasts disparage as "theatrical"). And this can make a movie seem honest and authentically American—none of your highbrow stuff. Shirley's hardness is presented simply as what happens to a woman who bucks a sexist society, and the movie expects us to sympathize with her bitterness about not getting the recognition that women in more genteel sports do. When Shirley staggers out of a crash in flames, and her son (Anthony Edwards) runs out to her and looks into her charred helmet, the scene exposes the superficiality of most of the film's treatment of her determination to be the fastest hot-rodder of them all. With Paul Bartel, Dean Paul Martin, and Dick Miller. (11/14/83) (Coronet; through Nov. 22. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting Nov. 23.)

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Hello, Dolly! (1970)—The whole archaic big-musical circus here surrounds a Happening—Barbra Streisand—and it's all worth seeing in order to see her. Directed by Gene Kelly. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Nov. 23-24.)

Hobson's Choice (1953)—Charles Laughton is superbly vulgar in this whack at the backside of Victorianism. He makes a great vaudeville turn out of the role of an egocentric scoundrel, the prosperous bootmaker who doesn't want to part with his three marriageable daughters because they are too useful as unpaid labor. As the oldest daughter, the spinster in spite of herself, Brenda de Banzie is so right that when she marries her father's best workman and puts belching, drunken old Dad out of business, one feels the good old-fashioned impulse to applaud. John Mills is the fortunate young man whom she overpowers. David Lean directed this English comedy, based on the Harold Brighouse play. Cinematography by Jack Hildyard. (Regency; Nov. 20-21.)

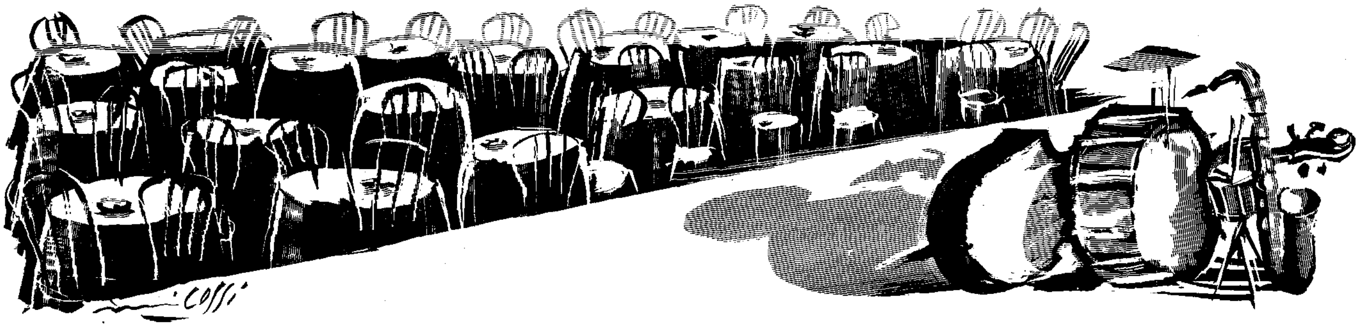
Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000 (1976)—A whirling political comedy about the seventies' lunatic fringe of people in their twenties and thirties, each with his own answers to the problems of society. This film, a play of ideas with the laconic irony of Renoir's "Boudu Saved from Drowning" and Buñuel's "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie," stays suspended in the air, spinning—a marvellous toy, weightless yet precise and controlled. The director, Alain Tanner, and his co-writer, John Berger, are willing to entertain possibilities for social rebirth even if they're cracked or pickled. It's a romantic, mystic, utopian comedy—an Easter fable, with a dialectical bunny. Set in Geneva (the birthplace of Rousseau); with Miou-Miou, Jean-Luc Bideau, and Raymond Bussières. In French. (Film Forum; Nov. 23-24.)

Joseph Andrews (1978)—Tony Richardson, who made a fine and lively film of Fielding's "Tom Jones," directed an equally spirited version of Fielding's "Joseph Andrews" fifteen years later. It is spring in England; this is a very English film—lyric and debonair and cheeky and wild. Ann-Margret plays Lady Booby, a luscious upstart whose dress and manner are copied by her splendidly slipshod maid, Mrs. Slipslop (Beryl Reid). John Gielgud plays a doctor who makes no distinction between the well and the dead in his search for a patient. Michael Hordern, in a wig that makes him look like a King Charles spaniel that has just come out of the wet, plays a parson. Everything is blithe, exact, and eager, floating along without weight, as in Fielding's novel. (Thalia; Nov. 22.)

The Magnificent Ambersons (1942)—Orson Welles' second film has greater depth than "Citizen Kane," though it doesn't have the driving force that might have held it together. Working from the Booth Tarkington novel, Welles achieved some great sequences of family life—intense, harrowing squabbles. Tim Holt plays the arrogant, mother-fixated son who falls from the American aristocracy to the working class; Dolores Costello, the fragile blond beauty of the silent era, is his soft, yielding mother; and as the nervous, bitter hysterical-spinster aunt, Agnes Moorehead is uncannily powerful, in a hyper-realistic way. (It's a classic performance.) With the amazing old Richard Bennett as the family patriarch, Joseph Cotten, Anne Baxter, and Ray Collins. The film wasn't completed in the form that Welles originally intended, and there are pictorial effects that seem scaled for a much fuller work, but even in this truncated form it's astonishing and memorable. Cinematography by Stanley Cortez; edited by Robert Wise. (Metro Cinema; Nov. 22.)

A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy (1982)—Woody Allen's overrefined reworking of Bergman's "Smiles of a Summer Night;" it has a meticulous art atmosphere and Mendelssohn on track. This time, it's an American weekend in the country, early in the century, and Woody Allen is the host; he works on Wall Street but dabbles in inventions—small, winged contraptions for flying, and mystical devices such as a "spirit ball" for getting through to the other, unseen world. Mary Steenburgen plays his wife, and the guests are José Ferrer, a pompous genius professor who is a freethinker in sexual matters but is contemptuous of psychic research; Mia Farrow, the prof's glamorous young fiancée; Tony Roberts, a lecherous doctor; and Julie Hagerty as a nurse who's the most trusting and gullible of all human creatures, and is avid for sex (she's the best thing in the movie). The group is rather amusing, but the talk seems somnambulistic and nothing really develops. Woody Allen is trying to please, but his heart isn't in it, and his talent isn't, either. He is so much a man of our time that his comedy seems denatured in this classy, period setting. (7/26/82) (Olympia Quad; through Nov. 19.)

Oliver Twist (1948)—In the person of Alec Guinness, Fagin the Viper, the corrupter of youth, has a sly, depraved charm. David Lean directed this phantasmagoric version of the Dickens novel right after he did "Great Expectations" (that was Guinness's first film; this is his second), but it ran into some troubles over here: Fagin, the master pickpocket, is Jewish, and pressure groups objected to such a low Jewish character; with seven minutes of offending closeups and profiles plucked, a somewhat assimilated Fagin was allowed to enter the country in 1951. In a later period, the film would probably have been protested by gay activists as well, because Fagin comes across as a malignant old homosexual. The book is, of course, an attack on cruelty, and the movie in its fidelity is sometimes cruel to the audience, especially in the terrifying scene when Bill Sikes (Robert Newton) murders Nancy (Kay Walsh) because she tried to help Oliver, while his dog scratches at the door, and in the sequence when Sikes has Oliver in his clutches. With John Howard Davies as Oliver, Francis L. Sullivan as Bumble, Anthony Newley as the Artful Dodger, and Diana Dors, Kathleen Harrison, Henry Stephenson, Mary Clare, Ivor Barnard, and Peter Bull. Screenplay by Lean and Stanley Haynes; production design by John Bryan;



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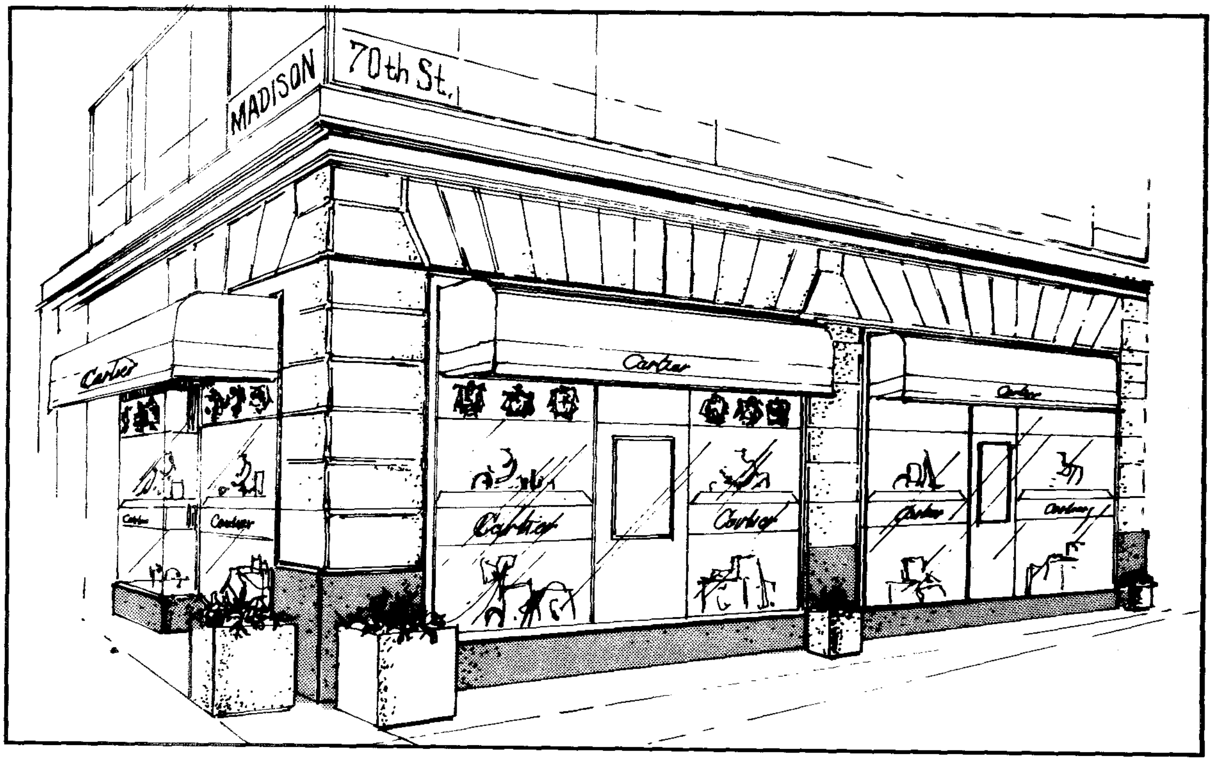

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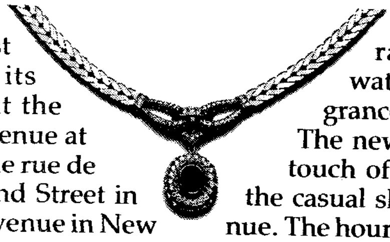

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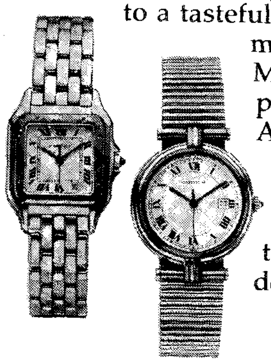

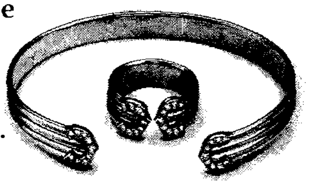

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music by Arnold Bax; cinematography by Guy Green; camera operator, Oswald Morris. (Regency; Nov. 20-21.)

On the Beach (1959)—Linus Pauling was quoted as saying, "It may be that some years from now we can look back and say that 'On the Beach' is the movie that saved the world." The greatest ability of the director, Stanley Kramer, may have been for eliciting fatuous endorsements from eminent people. This cautionary tale brings together a group of stars and puts them on the littoral of Australia, to await the lethal hydrogen-bomb cloud that has wiped out the rest of the world's population. Gregory Peck plays the commander of an American submarine with his customary relentless dignity, even when he's cuddling up with Ava Gardner, a lovable wildflower "who has lived too hard and drunk too much." Anthony Perkins, one of the submarine officers, gangles, and wrestles, wet-eyed, with the problem of whether to give suicide pills to his wife (Donna Anderson) and child; Fred Astaire is a civilian scientist who explains the disaster by saying that somebody has pulled a boner. Somebody has; his initials are S. K. Adapted from the Nevil Shute novel by John Paxton; cinematography by Giuseppe Rotunno and Daniel Fapp; music by Ernest Gold. (8th St. Playhouse; Nov. 22.)

Parsifal—Hans-Jürgen Syberberg's film is a rich and beautiful production—thoughtful, inventive, and very ambitious. The musical performance is of high distinction. The visual imagery is arresting, resonant, and colorful; it embraces and presents those abundant, varied elements from which Wagner's most profound opera was distilled—his life, his reading, his thinking, his passions, his response to art and nature, his earlier compositions. With two young Swiss, Michael Kutter and Karin Krick, in the dual role of Parsifal (the singing is by the Dresden tenor Reiner Goldberg); Edith Clever as Kundry (sung by Yvonne Minton); Robert Lloyd singing and enacting Gurnemanz; and Aage Haugland as Klingsor. The Swiss conductor Armin Jordan, an outstanding Wagnerian, also plays Amfortas (the role is sung by Wolfgang Schone). The Monte Carlo Philharmonic plays with great breadth and beauty of tone and subtlety of solo inflection, and the Prague Philharmonic Choir's singing is firm and full. In German. (2/21/83; under Musical Events.) (Film Forum; Nov. 20.)

Pauline at the Beach—The writer-director Eric Rohmer contrasts the belle of the beach, the voluptuous blond divorcée Marion (Arielle Dombasle), with her dark-eyed fifteen-year-old cousin Pauline (Amanda Langlet). Rohmer has an amazing gift for finding (or creating) actors who embody the tiny, precise psychological observations that he wants to make, and, with the help of the cinematographer Nestor Almendros, he establishes a loose, summery atmosphere that the characters fit right into. But he offers a tedious message ("A wagging tongue bites itself"), and he can't resist setting up the little girl as our moral instructor. The six characters involved in the bedroom-farce misunderstandings include a suave, fortyish stud (Féodor Atkine); a handsome young windsurfer (Pascal Greggory), who's a ninny; and a girl (Rosette) who sells candy on the beach. In French. (9/5/83) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Private Lives (1931)—Early talkie attempt at glittering theatrical sophistication, and somehow, in its own terms, it works. This M-G-M version of the Noël Coward play was made soon after the play came out, and perhaps the play's style and excitement carries the cast along. Norma Shearer isn't so bad, and Robert Montgomery is very, very good. It was a dazzling success. A performance of the play was filmed so that the stars, the director, Sidney Franklin, and a raft of adaptors would get the idea; that may explain Franklin's showing a little zip, for a change, and Shearer's acting halfway human. With Reginald Denny, Una Merkel, and, in a role added in the film, Jean Hersholt. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 24-25.)

Providence (1977)—Alain Resnais, working in English, directed this intricately planned Freudian-puzzle movie, mostly set inside the mind of a dying writer (John Gielgud). Alone at night, in pain, the elderly writer drunkenly plots a novel about the members of his family (Dirk Bogarde, Ellen Burstyn, David Warner, Elaine Stritch). The effect of the pearl-gray tones and the swift, smooth cutting is peculiarly fastidious and static; you feel as if the movie, with all its technique and culture, were going to dry up and blow away. With a longer death scene than Camille's, Gielgud is the only one who looks alive. He's lean and wiry, turkey-faced, a tough old bird; he bounces through his bitchy role, savoring every mean syllable. David Mercer wrote the script, which is impossibly elocutionary. Gielgud delivers himself of flourishes like "How darkness creeps into the blood—darkness, the chill obsidian fingers." No doubt Mercer intended this writer's thoughts to have an edge of florid fatuity. But when Bogarde—a barrister—is asked (by his mistress) how he and his wife live, he answers, "In a state of unacknowledged mutual exhaustion, behind which we scream silently." Is this, too, only part of the old man's second-rate novel? Some people have a surprising tolerance for this sort of thing; the movie is widely regarded as a masterpiece, and it was chosen as the greatest film of the seventies by an international jury of critics. Music by Miklós Rózsa. (Regency; Nov. 22-23.)

The Right Stuff—Based on Tom Wolfe's 1979 book, this often satirical epic—a reënactment of the early years of the space program (1947-63)—gives off a pleasurable hum. The writer-director Philip Kaufman is working on a broad canvas and it excites him. The movie contrasts Chuck Yeager (Sam Shepard) and the other early test pilots who risk their lives in secrecy with the seven publicly acclaimed astronauts who replace the chimps that were sent up in the first American space capsules. The movie is more than a little skewed: it's Kaufman's—and Tom Wolfe's—dreamy vision of the nonchalant Yeager and a past that never was set against a comic view of the modern hype-bound world. With Dennis Quaid, Ed Harris, Fred Ward, Scott Glenn, Pamela Reed, Veronica Cartwright, Jeff Goldblum, Barbara Hershey, Mary Jo Deschanel, Kim Stanley, Brigadier General Chuck Yeager as a bartender, Donald Moffat as Lyndon Johnson, and Robert Beer as Eisenhower. Cinematography by Caleb Deschanel; special visual effects by Jordan Belson. (10/17/83) (Bay Cinema, Beekman, and R.K.O. Century Warner Twin.)

Risky Business—The high-school-boy hero (Tom Cruise) is equally worried about what college he'll get into and when and how he'll make out with a girl. When his parents go off on a week's vacation and he's left alone, he phones for the services of a call girl named Lana (Rebecca De Mornay). Up until her arrival, he is desperate, horny, and ingratiating. But once Lana glides in, the picture shifts into an enamelled dreamtime; it gets a vacuous soft-core porno look, and everything is dark and slightly unreal. The boy grows up sexually, and financially, too, when the purringly seductive Lana turns him into a pimp and his home into a bordello. There's a stale cuteness in the idea; it's like a George Bernard Shaw play rewritten for a cast of ducks and geese. Directing his first feature, the screenwriter Paul Brickman is overdeliberate, and his control is so tight that there are no incidental pleasures—there's nothing but the one thin situation. With jangling electronic mood music by Tangerine Dream. (9/5/83) (Criterion Theatres.)

Rock Around the Clock (1956)—Fifties rock, in one of those blatantly cheerful cheapies that Sam Katzman produced. With Bill Haley and His Comets, The Platters, Johnny Johnston, Freddie Bell and His Bellboys, etc. Fred F. Sears directed. (8th St. Playhouse; Nov. 24.)

Séance on a Wet Afternoon (1964)—In London, a nutty medium and her craven husband carry out a particularly repellent kidnapping and are, thank goodness, foiled. Kim Stanley is the medium, and Richard Attenborough is the husband, and they both give remarkable performances. Directed by Bryan Forbes. (Regency; Nov. 22-23.)

Some Like It Hot (1959)—A comedy set in the Prohibition era, with transvestism, impotence, role confusion, and borderline inversion—and all hilariously innocent, though always on the brink of really disastrous double-entendre. Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon are the musicians who witness the St. Valentine's Day Massacre and then hide out from the mobsters by disguising themselves as women and joining an all-girl band. Marilyn Monroe and Joe E. Brown are their somewhat confused love partners. Curtis demonstrates a gift for parody with an imitation of Cary Grant (which he went on doing for years afterward), and Lemmon is demoniacally funny—he really gives in to women's clothes, and begins to think of himself as a sexy girl. Monroe gives perhaps her most characteristic performance, which means that she's both charming and embarrassing; Brown is inspired, the way he was years before in Max Reinhardt's movie of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," when he made some of us weep from laughter. With George Raft, Pat O'Brien, Nehemiah Persoff, Mike Mazurki, Tom Kennedy, George E. Stone, and, on the soundtrack, Matty Malneck's orchestra, with Art Pepper, Shelly Manne, Barney Kessel, and Leroy Vinegar. Directed (unevenly) by Billy Wilder, who also collaborated on the screenplay with I. A. L. Diamond. For collectors of useless movie memorabilia: in one of the earlier versions of this material, a German musical film, the orchestra girls were called the Alpine Violets. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Nov. 25-26.)

Staying Alive—Ludicrous. As producer-writer-director, Sylvester Stallone turns everything into a fight, and this sequel to John Badham's "Saturday Night Fever," with John Travolta once again playing the dancer Tony Manero, seems designed to pound the audience into submission. Stallone doesn't bother much with characters, scenes, or dialogue. He just puts the newly muscle-plated Travolta in front of the cameras, covers him with what looks like oil slick, and goes for the whambams. The film gives the audience such a pounding that if it weren't for the final two minutes of Travolta on the street, moving to the theme music from "Saturday Night Fever," people might not have the strength to crawl out of the theatre. With Cynthia Rhodes, Finola Hughes, and Julie Bovasso, who has a couple of remarkable scenes as Tony's mother. (8/22/83) (Embassy; through Nov. 22.)

The Tenant (1976)—Directed by Roman Polanski, written by Gérard Brach and Polanski, with Polanski himself as the hero. His name is Trelkovsky, and he's a small-boned, easily wounded Pole who lives in Paris. One feels that he has only a lease on his own identity: it seems no longer his property. We see it being made available to the artistry of drag; even his gender seems a matter of rental. This is no piece of whimsy and shock; it is a serious, exact film about the ache of exile. Photographed by Sven Nykvist. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 22.)

The Thin Man (1934)—Directed by the whirlwind W. S. Van Dyke, the Dashiell Hammett detective novel took only sixteen days to film, and the result was one of the most popular pictures of its era. New audiences aren't likely to find it as sparkling as the public did then, because new audiences aren't fed up, as that public was, with what the picture broke away from. It started a new cycle in screen entertainment (as well as a "Thin Man" series, and, later, a TV series and countless TV imitations) by demonstrating that a murder mystery could also be a sophisticated screwball comedy. And it turned several decades of movies upside down by showing a suave man of the world (William Powell) who made love to his own rich, funny, and good-humored wife (Myrna Loy); as Nick and Nora Charles, Powell and Loy startled and delighted the country by their heavy drinking (without remorse) and unconventional diversions. In one scene, Nick takes the air gun his complaisant wife has just given him for Christmas and shoots the baubles off the Christmas tree. (In the seventies, Lillian Hellman, who by then had written about her long relationship with Hammett, reported that Nora was based on her.) A married couple, Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich, wrote the script; James Wong Howe was the cinematographer. The cast includes the lovely (not wildly talented here) Maureen O'Sullivan, the thoroughly depressing Minna Gombell (her nagging voice always hangs in the air), and Cesar Romero, Harold Huber, Edward Brophy, Nat Pendleton, Edward Ellis (in the title role), and a famous wirehaired terrier, called Asta here. Warning: There's a lot of plot exposition and by modern standards the storytelling is very leisurely. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Nov. 26.)

Trading Places—Dan Aykroyd plays a snooty young blueblood and Eddie Murphy plays a con man–beggar. The two don't exactly trade places; they're traded, by a pair of heartless, rich old brothers (Ralph Bellamy and Don Ameche) who have made a heredity-versus-environment bet—something we've been spared in movies of the past few decades. John Landis has directed this comedy in a mock-thirties formal style; it's eerily arch and static. But the picture has its big, chugging structure working for it; the whole apparatus picks up speed toward the end and comes to a rousing, slapstick finish. With Denholm Elliott, Jamie Lee Curtis, Paul Gleason, and Kristin Holby. From a script by Timothy Harris and Herschel Weingrod. (7/11/83) (Embassy 1; through Nov. 17.)

Under Fire—A beautiful piece of new-style classical moviemaking. Set in Nicaragua in 1979, during the last days of Somoza's dictatorship, the film is a little like Peter Weir's "The Year of Living Dangerously," but visually and in its romantic revolutionary spirit it's more like Pontecorvo's "The Battle of Algiers." The director, Roger Spottiswoode, brings the Nicaragua of countless news stories right to the center of our consciousness, by showing us how three grownup Americans react to the Sandinist revolution. The stars are the unostentatiously fine actor Nick Nolte as the photojournalist hero—part artist, part automaton; Joanna Cassidy, strong and stunning as a radio reporter; and Gene Hackman in one of his wonderfully expansive performances as a jaunty, professionally likable war correspondent. With Jean-Louis Trintignant, Ed Harris, René Enriquez, and Richard Masur. The often edgy and maliciously smart script, by Ron Shelton (working from a first draft by Clayton Frohman), gives the actors some very knowing material. The cinematography is by John Alcott; the Jerry Goldsmith score, which features a bamboo flute from the Andes with a barely perceptible electronic shadow effect, is a beauty. Shot in Mexico. (10/31/83) (Loews New York Twin; through Nov. 17. . . . ¶ Loews Astor Plaza; through Nov. 20. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; starting Nov. 23.)

Yankee Doodle Dandy (1942)—The astonishingly versatile James Cagney as the prodigious actor-playwright-songwriter George M. Cohan, in a big, enjoyable musical biography, well directed by Michael Curtiz. Made during the Second World War, it's packed with jingoistic Americanism, but this ties in with Cohan's own attitudes and with the unself-conscious Irish-American sentimentality of his songs, and Cagney's stiff-backed hoofing is so spirited that the moldy plot turns hardly bother one. He gets to dance more in this movie than in any of his previous films, and though he was born in 1899 and is somewhat portly here, he is so cocky and sure a dancer that you feel yourself grinning with pleasure at his movements. It's quite possible that he has more electricity than Cohan himself had. (He took the Academy Award for Best Actor.) With Walter Huston, Joan Leslie, Rosemary de Camp, Frances Langford, Richard Whorf, George Tobias, Jeanne Cagney, Eddie Foy, Jr., Walter Catlett, Irene Manning, S. Z. Sakall, and George Barbier. The script is by Robert Buckner and Edmund Joseph; the cinematography is by James Wong Howe. (Metro Cinema; Nov. 24.)

Zelig—Woody Allen's intricately layered parody: a mock documentary about a celebrity of the twenties, the Human Chameleon, who takes on the characteristics of whatever strong personalities he comes in contact with. The film seems small, and there's a reason: there aren't any characters in it, not even Zelig. Allen shafts the almost universally accepted idea that everyone is someone. This is a fantasy about being famous for being nobody. The whole movie is an ingenious stunt; it has been thought out in terms of the film image, turning the American history we know from newsreels into slapstick by inserting the little lost sheep Zelig in a corner of the frame. Zelig's story couldn't have been told any other way—the pathos would have been crushing. The documentary fakery dries it out and keeps it light. Zelig is always just glimpsed and the movie darts on. It's made up of artful little touches. With Mia Farrow as Zelig's analyst. (8/8/83) (Quad Cinema, and Olympia Quad; through Nov. 19. . . . ¶ Manhattan; through Nov. 22.)

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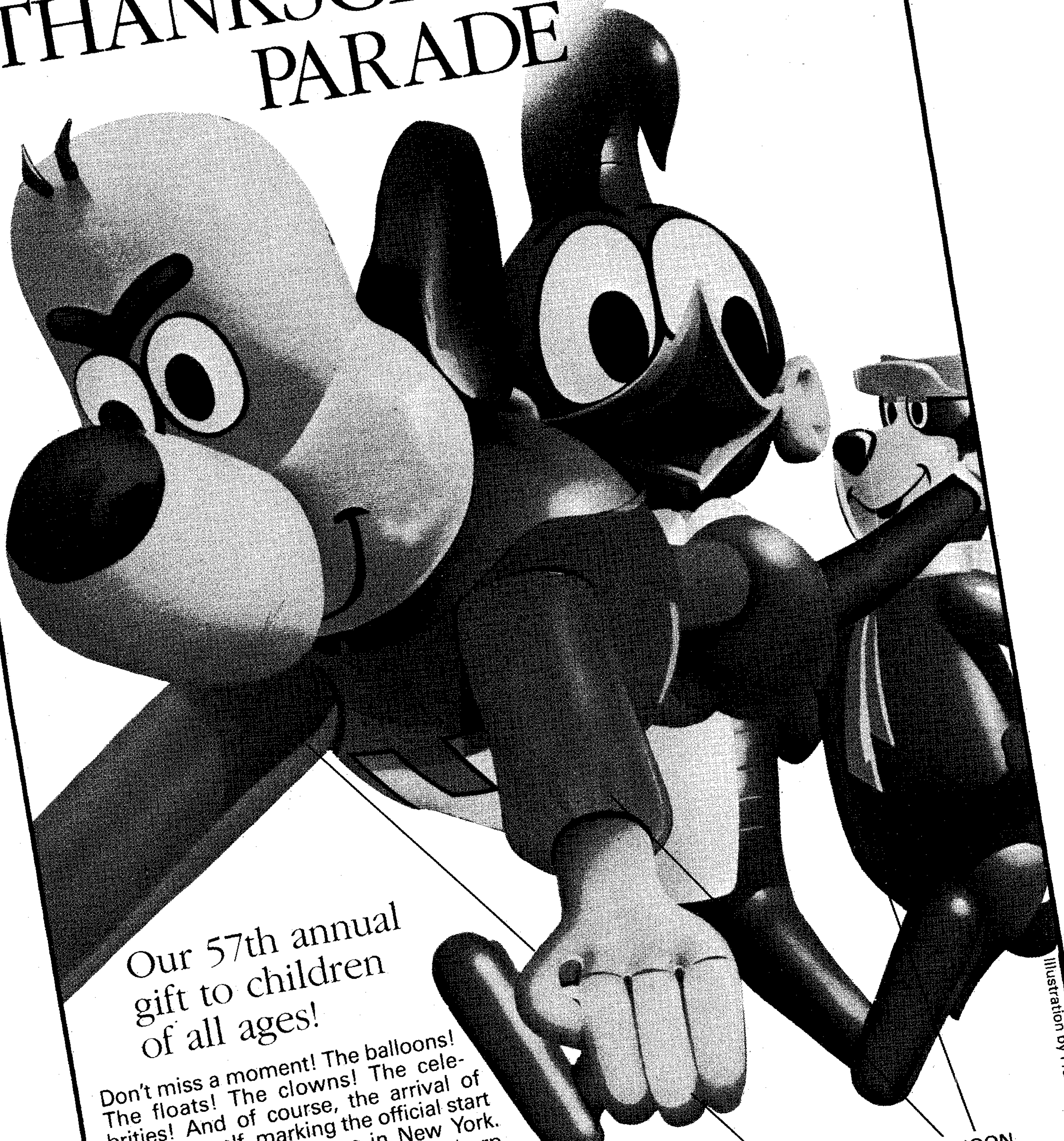

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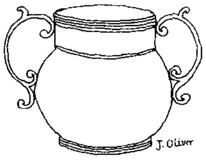
Notes and Comment

IT'S a strange phenomenon of journalistic life today that the greatest potential "story" of our time—the self-extermination of mankind in a nuclear holocaust—is one that, by its very nature, can never be written. "NUCLEAR WAR ERUPTS—WORLD ENDS" is a headline that we'll never see. Nor, of course, will any columnists ruminate over this event, or any "analytical" pieces reveal to us how it happened and what it all meant; nor, for that matter, will any witness—any Solzhenitsyn—tell us years later how the billions died, or why. No monument will be raised to them, no speech given to honor their sacrifice, no poem or song written in their memory. We must shift all that from the future—a future that, for *us*, will never be—into the present. The time to file our reports, to write our headlines, to raise our monuments, to write our poems and songs—and, most important, to act to prevent this inconceivable fate—is now, while we are still around.

A few weeks ago, a group of eminent scientists—including, among many others, Dr. George M. Woodwell, the director of the Ecosystems Center of the Marine Biological Laboratory at Woods Hole; Dr. Walter Orr Roberts, president emeritus of the University Corporation for Atmospheric Research, at Boulder, Colorado; Dr. Paul Ehrlich, professor of Biological Sciences and of Population Studies at Stanford University; and Dr. Carl Sagan, the director of the Laboratory for Planetary Studies, at Cornell—held a conference at which they presented the findings of a two-year study of the effects of a nuclear holocaust on the ecosphere as a whole. More than a hundred physicists, biologists, and atmospheric scientists had participated in the work and approved its conclusions. (Later, it was reported that a forthcoming study by the National Academy of Sciences was on its way to arriving at similar conclusions.) The study's principal new finding was that in a nuclear holocaust in which five thousand megatons of explosive power was released (less than half the explosive power of the world's present nuclear arsenals) dust from the explosions and soot from the world's burning cities and forests would create a blanket over the whole earth—first over the Northern Hemisphere, where it was assumed that the explosions would occur, but then also over the Southern Hemisphere—that would block as much as ninety-five per cent of the sunlight from reaching the ground, and this would reduce temperatures, even in summer, to thirteen degrees below zero, or even lower. The study also found that a "limited" nuclear war in which as little as a hundred megatons of power was released over cities could produce a somewhat thinner global shroud of soot and dust which could be ecologically disastrous. In the judgment of most of the scientists at the conference, this newly discovered consequence of a nuclear holocaust, in combination with the consequences already discovered (not to mention those that in all likelihood remain to be discovered), could result in "the extermination of *Homo sapiens*," as Dr. Woodwell put it. To be sure, the new findings, like all findings regarding events whose like has never occurred, were attended by uncertainty—an uncertainty that, while it is reducible as knowledge expands, can never be altogether eliminated. Nevertheless, the scientists were telling us—not for the first time, of course, but now with more compelling supporting evidence than ever before—that, in their admittedly fallible judgment, our species is in immediate peril of extinction in a nuclear holocaust. Clearly, the moment for the before-the-fact headlines had arrived—headlines that had not yet appeared in our newspapers in the thirty-eight years since we developed nuclear weapons. Given the fact that no one will be around to write or read about this event once it has happened—that in the matter of the extinction of our species reports such as the one made at the scientists' conference *are* "the story"—it would have made sense for the news media, in a deliberate break with their tradition of waiting for things to occur before reporting on them, to treat the findings of the conference as though they had been extinction itself. Under this admittedly novel procedure, it would have been appropriate if, for example, every newspaper in the world had turned over its entire front page to headlines announcing the conference's findings and if, at the same time, every television station in the world had beamed those findings at the public for a full twenty-four hours. (One day's suspension of business-as-usual does not seem too much time to devote to a story whose substance is the peril of the eternal suspension of human life.)



Needless to say, those headlines never came, nor did the TV coverage. As far as we know, no major newspaper in this country put the story at the top of its front page. (The Washington *Post*, to its credit, did run it on the front page, though at the bottom.) ABC gave it a minute and forty seconds, well into the evening news. The NBC Nightly News mentioned it briefly near the end of the broadcast. The CBS Evening News had nothing. The world had just been given the most authoritative warning it has ever had that its doom is an urgent and present danger, but the viewers of this news program never heard a thing about it. In Grenada the week before, the government was preventing the media from covering the news, but the failure to cover the end of the world was the media's own. Commentary was even sparser than coverage. Few columnists or editorialists were stirred to thought by the discovery that mankind threatened to freeze itself to death. Nor did the political community respond. The President had nothing to say. Congress was mute. The best coverage of the conference to be found either on television or in the press was offered by Ted Koppel, who devoted all of one evening's "Nightline" to it. Koppel, making use of "graphics" that had been created for the conference, displayed a new and arresting image of the peril that threatens us. First, we saw the now familiar picture of the earth in space. Then a dark cap materialized on the top half. It moved down over the bottom half as well, like a shade being pulled down in front of a lighted window at night, until our bright and fair planet was totally dark.

The images were made up, but they are all that is given to us to see of our annihilation. In that sense, when the scientists released their findings the world ended. But the world didn't notice.

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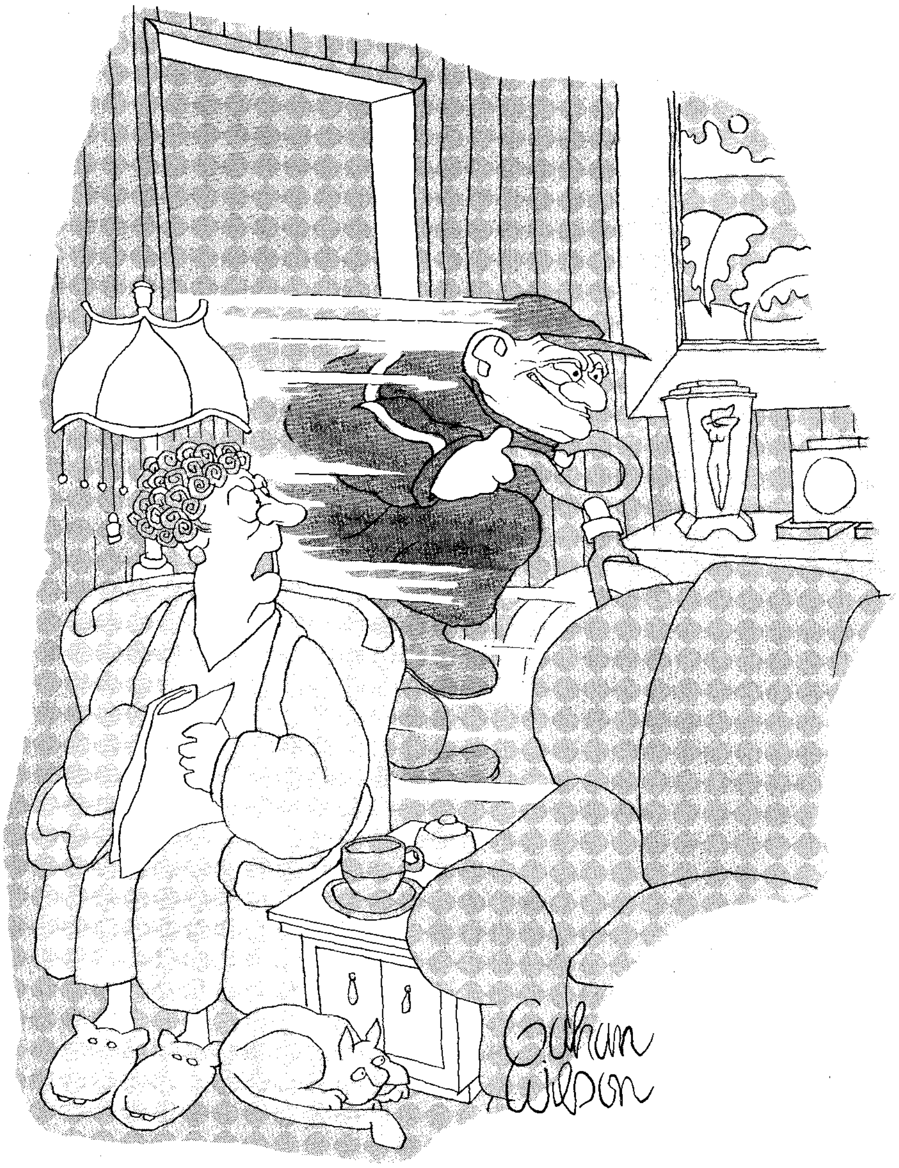
CITY authorities announced last week that they were spending a hundred thousand dollars to paste large decals over the windows of burned-out, gutted, and deserted buildings—most notably in those abandoned stretches of the South Bronx visible to motorists on the Cross Bronx Expressway. The decals show flowers in pots, half-closed venetian blinds, and similar sights, all designed to create the psychological impression that the buildings are not forsaken—or, at least, not forgotten. The program is, of course, ludicrous—proof positive that every government agency should hire one fellow whose only duty is to say, "Come on, guys, snap out of it." One might as well set out to solve racism by pasting a gray decal on every face in America, or to combat pollution by mandating that noxious emissions be dyed the colors of the rainbow. (One might, for that matter, call invasions "rescue missions," or refer to certain missiles as "peacekeepers.") It should go without saying that gussying up the windows will not make abandoned buildings more livable, or cause anyone driving by on the highway to mistake the South Bronx for any other place in the nation—except, perhaps, Bedford-Stuyvesant or Ocean Hill–Brownsville. A few years from now, the only result of the effort will be filthy and tattered decals peeling off the forlorn buildings on which they were pasted. But amused indignation is too obvious and easy. What else should those city officials be doing? We—the citizens responsible for the local, federal, and state governments—have not given our employees much choice. The hundred thousand dollars for the decals would repair two (2) apartments. A pair. Even if all the houses in the South Bronx were renovated, they would probably soon deteriorate if everyone who lived there stayed stone broke, if the unemployment rate for the neighborhood's young people still hovered near fifty per cent. By dressing the windows of our slums, we admit that there is a problem, and that in some measure we are responsible for solving it. We *realize* that people should not live in rat-riddled, roach-swarming, holes-in-the-plaster, ten-to-a-bathroom, no-hot-water hovels, and we *realize* that somehow we should change things around so that fifteen per cent of the nation is not poor, but we are willing to shell out just enough for some decals. Somewhere in that equation damnation sits smirking.



"Why can't you get one of those stationary bicycles, like everyone else?"

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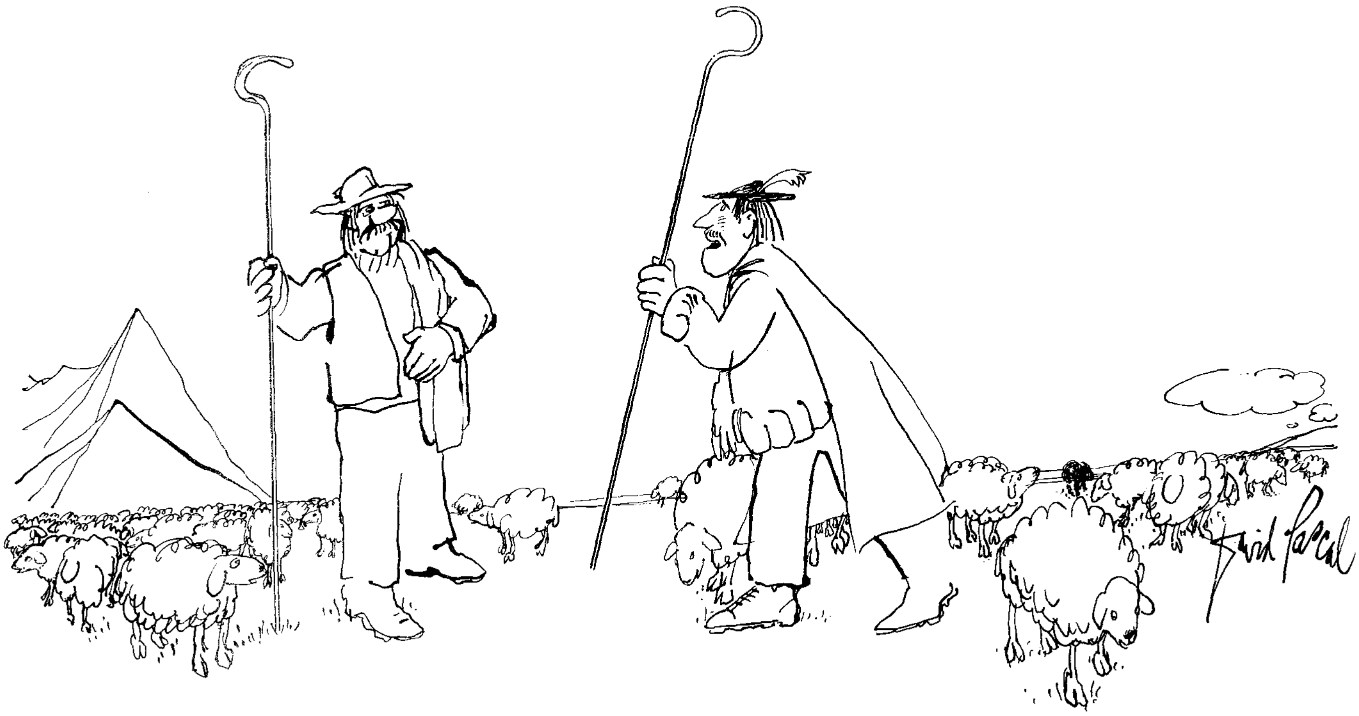
Bloomsbury Unbuttoned

ONE recent Wednesday night, we went down to the N.Y.U. Theatre at ten o'clock to see the first run-through of a play by Virginia Woolf called "Freshwater," done in French



"Antonio, I've been carrying this damned stick around for twelve years. Can you tell me what it's for?"

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by a group of distinguished French intellectuals who had flown in to perform it on the two following nights. Actually, there are two versions of the play. The first one was written in 1923; the second, both more succinct and more airy, in the early thirties. It can hardly be called a comedy or a farce, because it is really a joke, for amateurs to act in front of family and friends. It was performed once, in 1935, at the Bloomsbury studio of Virginia Woolf's sister, Vanessa Bell, to celebrate the twenty-first birthday of her daughter, Angelica Bell. The studio was so dim and Vanessa's husband, Clive Bell, laughed so loud that little was seen and not much heard. But the following day Virginia Woolf wrote in her diary that it had been an "unbuttoned laughing evening."

The play, which runs for an hour, concerns a day in the life of Virginia Woolf's great-aunt, the photographer Julia Margaret Cameron, who is a tyrant. Mr. Cameron is a philosopher. The poet Alfred Tennyson lives next door. George Frederick Watts, the symbolist painter, and his very young wife, Ellen Terry, not yet a famous actress, are staying at the Cameron house, Dimbola. The maid is called Mary Magdalen. (She probably poses as well as dusts.) All through the play, she awaits the delivery of two coffins, without which the Camerons will not leave for India. Ellen Terry runs off to Bloomsbury with a young naval lieutenant named John Craig (the only character Virginia Woolf had to invent, save for a porpoise that makes a very brief appearance and swallows Ellen Terry's wedding ring), and Queen Victoria comes in for the dénouement. The action takes place at Dimbola, which is in Freshwater, on the Isle of Wight.

When we arrived, rehearsal had begun. The playwright Eugène Ionesco, in a gray suit and a white turtleneck—a small man with a beguiling rubber face (all features sloping downward)—was seated in one of two armchairs, stage left, his small feet crossed. He played Alfred Tennyson.

"Wait, wait," said a voice in the audience, and a small, elegant woman in a black skirt and a white jacket rushed down the aisle. It was Simone Benmussa, the director, who, with her company, L'Espace Théâtral, was responsible for the venture. A year after the publication of a French translation of "Freshwater," she had brought together several of her illustrious friends (some of whom were in the present cast) and staged it at the Centre Pompidou once, on December 13, 1982. It was such a success, and her amateur actors had become so stagestruck, that they decided to bring it to New York. This was accomplished with the coöperation of the French Ministry of Culture, the Association Française d'Action Artistique, N.Y.U.'s Center for French Civilization and Culture (which is headed by Tom Bishop, who played the part of John Craig), and the British Council.

Tom Bishop sat four rows ahead of us. He threw his head back and put some drops in his eyes. Joyce Mansour, a poet who grew up in Egypt, with two collections of poetry out this year (one of them entitled "Winter Jasmine")—a statuesque woman with dark shoulder-length hair and bangs—came on as Mrs. Cameron. She spoke French with a marked English accent. Stage right, a dapper figure in gray slacks, sports jacket, pale-blue shirt, and half-glasses, sat at an easel. It was Guy Dumur, drama critic for close to twenty years of *Le Nouvel Observateur*, author of a book on Pirandello, essayist, and short-story writer. Alain Robbe-Grillet, the most visible of the French "New Novelists"—a looming, brooding man with untidy grizzled hair and beard, dressed in black slacks and a black turtleneck—settled himself center stage, cross-legged on the floor. He played Mr. Cameron. Ionesco did not speak his lines; he *read* them. They were concealed behind a white book cover on which were written “MAUD” and, above it, “Alfred Tennyson.” He read in a strong, warm, declamatory voice, very slowly: the purest French imaginable. He stumbled all over his lines, but this only amused Simone Benmussa. “Eugène is so droll when he's like that,” she said, and she laughed. Then she called “Florence!” Florence Delay, a willowy blonde with several novels to her credit, and also a teaching post at the University of Paris and the lead role in Robert Bresson's film “Trial of Joan of Arc,” took her place as Ellen Terry posing for both painter and photographer. All this time, a miniature woman lay asleep, curled up on a grand piano that stood in the auditorium by the stage.

Nathalie Sarraute, novelist and philosopher, whose short book of essays, “Tropisms,” is known in this country, and whose autobiography, “Childhood,” will appear here in mid-March, came onstage, small and chunky in dark pants. Her straight gray hair, cut bluntly, at chin length, had a tendency to fall into her face. When this happened, she would drape it back behind an ear with a slow motion of an index finger. She was playing a part we couldn't make out, so we asked Guy Dumur, who had come offstage and was seated next to us. “The part was created for her with discarded lines from the first version of ‘Freshwater,’ ” he told us. “It's a sort of butler. She said she would do *anything*—sweep the floors, if necessary—as long as she could come. The play was such a *festive* success in Paris. So spontaneous. We did it in eight days.”

We asked him about the miniature woman, and he said, “Oh, that's Rodica, Ionesco's wife. She's very tired.”

Joyce Mansour, now in the auditorium, lit the largest cigar we had ever seen.

Nothing was going right. Simone Benmussa said gloomily, “It's always like that the first day of rehearsal.”

The naval lieutenant and Ellen Terry sat on two black blocks that stood for rocks. The sea that spread out before them was a long veil of blue chiffon.

“Can I lift up the sea?” asked Florence Delay.

“Don't,” said Simone Benmussa. A moment later, she added, “But don't be afraid of *gags*.”

Ionesco sat in his chair throughout this scene, reading “Maud.” Every once in a while, he would turn his head and look down at his sleeping wife over his reading glasses.

A porpoise appeared, in the person of David Noakes, who heads La Maison Française at N.Y.U. and has written excellent biographies of the doomed wonder child Raymond Radiguet and of the marvellous poet, novelist, and jazz musician Boris Vian.

It was eleven-thirty, at which time the hall, the union had ruled, was to be given over to the sweepers. Simone Benmussa asked for more time.

Then it was way past midnight. Everyone was exhausted. Rodica Ionesco had awakened and come onstage as the maid. She speaks French with a Rumanian accent. She is so small that when she walked over to her seated husband and planted a kiss on his forehead she was exactly his size. Nathalie Sarraute came out on the wrong cue and dreamily made her way to stage center, where she stood, her exquisitely chiselled eighty-three-year-old face rapt, a half smile on her lips.

“What *are* you doing there, Nathalie?” asked Simone Benmussa.

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IT was almost two o'clock Friday afternoon. Rehearsal had been called for one-thirty sharp.

“But where is *Nathalie*?” asked Simone Benmussa. “I *don't* understand it. Nathalie is exemplary when it comes to time.” Someone was sent to call Nathalie. “If everyone disperses, we shall never begin,” said Simone Benmussa.

Guy Dumur put his Vuitton overnight bag under the seat next to ours and sat down.

Alain Robbe-Grillet, who was walking down the aisle, stopped and said to us, “Do you know that the water here has a taste of *mud*?” He turned to Guy Dumur. “I'm addressing the eminent and notable critic in you. Our director tells me to change my way of acting, because, she says, I seem to act *against* the others.”

“There is some truth in what she says,” said Guy Dumur.

Joyce Mansour walked down the aisle, leaving a heavy trail of jasmine perfume and cigar. She sat down onstage next to Ionesco, who was wearing a gray turtleneck and was reading “Maud.”

Tom Bishop, sitting in the front row, turned around and shouted, “Alain, do you want to speak to the New York *Times*?”

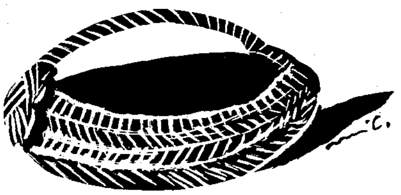
Alain Robbe-Grillet flew down the aisle. “I *adore* speaking to the New York *Times*,” he said.

Nathalie Sarraute, calm and collected, appeared at twenty minutes past two. “Children, let us rehearse,” said Simone Benmussa.

Rodica Ionesco came onstage as a minuscule maid—starched white apron with wings over a long black dress, a flat starched saucer on her head. Ionesco followed her onto the stage, with a patriarchal beard, which cut into his lower lip, and whose elastic, spanning the dome of his head, was plainly visible. He had a white jabot pinned to a black turtleneck, and a black cape kept slipping off his shoulders. Alain Robbe-Grillet was in his basic black with a gigantic gold brocade dressing gown over it. Jean-Paul Aron, a sociologist, historian, and author (of books dealing with nineteenth-century society), came out as Queen Victoria, in widows' weeds and a wig. He is an attenuated man with very sharp aquiline features.

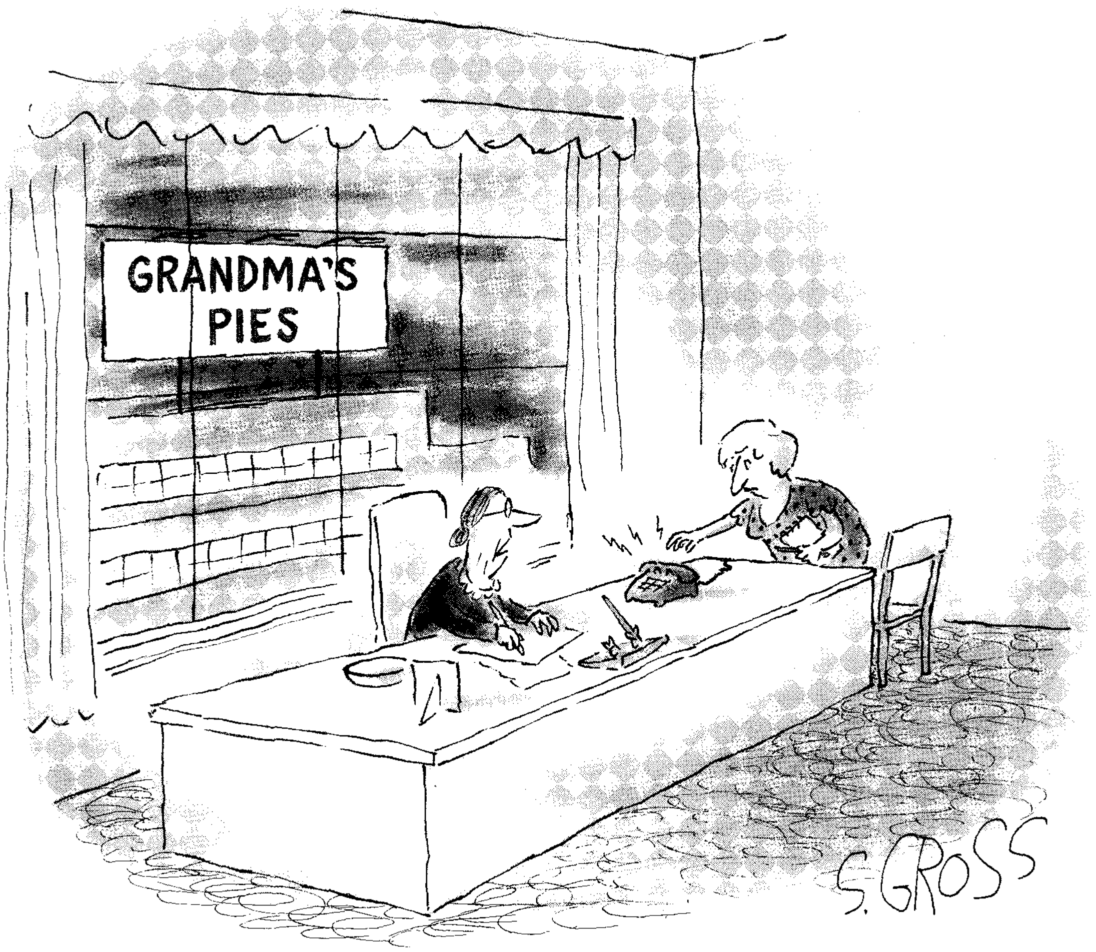
That night, Nigel Nicolson, son of Harold Nicolson and Vita Sackville-West, director of the publishing house of Weidenfeld & Nicolson, and former Member of Parliament, who chronicled his parents with such dignity in “Portrait of a Marriage,” made a short and splendid speech. He said the play was basically true, and was the only surviving script of the Bloomsbury amateur theatricals. (Both versions were discovered at Monks House in 1969, a few weeks after the death of Leonard Woolf.) He said the Camerons had indeed left—but for Ceylon, not India—with their coffins “for the return journey.” He said the play was redolent with in-jokes. “The porpoise is in fact my mother, Vita,” he said. “It was Virginia's pet name for her.” And he said that when he heard about the latest “Freshwater,” two weeks ago, he had thought that “not even New York could find an audience for such a bizarre project.”

The auditorium was filled.



Fun

LIKE Kipling, we take our fun where we find it, but lately we've required an accessible wall socket. Earlier this month, New York, and



“If that’s Grandpa, tell him I’ve already left.”

we with it, observed Electronic Fun Week, which was highlighted by the Electronic Fun Expo, which opened with a small Electronic Fun Parade and continued for four days, giving fifty-two thousand people, who had paid as much as seven and a half dollars apiece, a chance to have some fun and shop for some products. On the second floor of the Coliseum, where the Expo unfolded, people stood six deep at the Coleco booth, hoping to have fun with Adam, a new home computer that comes with a free video game, “Buck Rogers™ Planet of Zoom™.” “A fun thing about the game,” Fran Ruoff, who was demonstrating Adam, said, “is that if you get a high score your name is displayed on the machine’s Hall of Fame, just like in an arcade. But since you own the machine you can erase everyone else’s score, and then even if you do abysmally you can get your name on the Hall of Fame.”

Not far away, a number of men were having fun at the JVC television booth, where about a dozen television sets showed the same program—two young women doing leg squats and sit-ups while clad in substantially fewer clothes than are traditional even for a workout. “This TV gets a great picture. A great picture. It must be state of the art,” one man said, without taking his eyes off the screen. “*Great* reception.” A few booths down, on the outer limits of fun, Mark Jacobs, who was representing the Creative Software firm, dealt in joy, or, at least, in joysticks—small control devices used to “Save New York” in a computer game that postulates an attack on the city by what he described as “these mutants that fly around, and also lay eggs in the subway.” We blasted some mutants back to Jersey, and felt good.

One of the few unplugged-in displays was manned by Jack Saunderson, who showed us a video-game glove that his brother’s firm, Video Maniac, markets. “Lots of kids who are really into vid-gaming were getting calluses and blisters, so we designed this glove, which offers protection but at the same time is so thin it’s not ruining your sensitivity,” Saunderson said. “And the fabric breathes.” We admired the invention, but something about it unsettled us—the implication, perhaps, that fun might sometimes go right along with pain, with sorrow, with blisters. And from that moment on, wherever we looked, we saw that even at the Electronic Fun Expo not all was as happy as on the surface it appeared. Stephen Fredrick, for instance, a gentle, drawling singer whose band, Red Alert, plays dates all over the metropolitan area, had been demonstrating the Singing Machine for two days solid, and he could hardly talk. The Singing Machine plays tapes of popular songs minus the lead vocals, allowing would-be Neil Sedakas to do the crooning themselves into the Singing Machine microphone. The available tapes are weighted heavily toward the Barbra Streisand end of the musical spectrum, Fredrick explained in his hoarse whisper. “Most of the people who come along to try it are middle-aged, and, to tell you the truth, most of them can’t really sing,” he said.

Nearby, and very noticeable, were Sandy Perrill and Karen Moon, advertising Scotch recording tape by wearing large facsimiles of the products. “I’m audio, Karen’s video,” Sandy said. “In real life, I’m an actress and she’s a dancer, but our agency got us this for the weekend. Frankly, these tapes are getting a little heavy and pretty uncomfortable.”

Karen had trouble talking. “Being a videotape means having your face covered,” she explained, with what may have been a smile or may have been a frown.

Without a doubt, the glummest person we met at the Expo was Bob Klapper, who sells Gusdorf furniture for computers. The literature advertising his product was locked in a cabinet to which he had no key. “There’s nothing fun about this furniture,” he said. “You need it, though. If you have a computer, you can’t just hold the damn thing in your lap.”

GROUNDED

MY girlfriend, Ann, is a haircutter. As she cut my hair, I fell in love with her. Every time she held the hand mirror behind my head, I said "Shorter." Finally, when my scalp threatened to rise through my hair like an expanding eggshell, Ann said she thought she should stop, and I asked her to come have coffee with me. She came, but instead she had iced Red Zinger tea, which stained the skin above her lips pale pink.

I am reminded of her profession today. She is sitting on the ground next to me French-braiding the hair of a Barbie doll. We are running a yard sale for my grandmother, who is moving out of her house, in Connecticut, and into my parents', in California. Because she refuses to fly, Ann and I are driving her cross-country. She likes ships, and wanted to sail.

As my grandmother collected her belongings for this trip, she threw the things she didn't want out the front door and windows of her house. A porcelain lamp shattered on the front walk; I picked up the larger pieces (they gleamed and curved like shells) and swept the tiny shards into the hedge. Ann found the Barbie doll in the rhododendron bush, its slender plastic legs raised like a mutant blossom. We have assembled along the sidewalk what my grandmother discarded. There are stacks of books, and I have just finished arranging the silverware in a row of place settings that stretches from one end of the lawn to the other, as if awaiting picnickers.

The Barbie doll Ann is working on has explosive, waist-length white hair. If she were to become real and walk down the street, heads would turn.

"Does that toaster work?" asks a woman holding a grocery bag. She points at the toaster with her foot. She is wearing espadrilles.

Before I can answer, Ann says, "Yes."

"How much do you want for it?" the woman asks.

"Five dollars," Ann says.

"I might give you three."

"It's a very good toaster," Ann says. "It never burns anything."

"Do you have any brandy snifters?"

"No," says Ann. "But we have a goldfish bowl. I'll give you that and the toaster for five dollars."

"Let me see it."

Ann picks a round vase painted with tulips from a box I have cleverly marked "Etcetera—50¢."

"That's not a goldfish bowl," the woman says.

"So," says Ann. "You wanted brandy snifters." She looks at the vase. "It's pretty. Five dollars for this and the toaster."

"You're sure it works?"

"I'm sure," Ann says. "You should have seen my English muffins this morning. Golden brown." For breakfast Ann ate a soft-boiled egg from an eggcup she found in the kitchen and decided to keep for herself.

"All right," the woman says. Ann puts the vase and the toaster into a shopping bag. The woman gives her some singles and some change. "I hope you don't mind pennies," she says.

BUSINESS has been slow all afternoon. Ann is sleeping on the grass, wrapped in a shawl my sister crocheted for my grandmother in Home Ec. Ann was modelling it before she fell asleep in it. The phone rings—seven times, before I realize my grandmother is not going to answer it—and I run inside. When I get to the kitchen the phone has stopped ringing. I can see my grandmother sitting in the back yard.

I go upstairs to smoke a cigarette. Since I officially quit smoking a year ago, I have to smoke in private. It is getting to be a bad habit: in the way I once craved *nicotine*, I *now* crave being alone.

I sit on the bed in the front room (we're selling the house "partially furnished") and smoke a Camel Light with dispatch. Ann's suitcase is open on the floor, and there is a plastic bag of gorp on the night table. I eat a few sunflower seeds. They taste as bad as I had anticipated. The only time this stuff tastes good is when you're high.

Last night, after I got into bed in the next room, someone knocked on my door. "Ann?" I whispered.

"No, David," my grandmother said. "It's me." I was surprised, as she had gone to bed much earlier. "Can I come in?" she asked.

She opened the door and looked around the room as if she weren't familiar with it, as if she thought I might have redecorated it or something. She was wearing a matching nightgown-bathrobe-and-slipper set. Everyone gives her one for Christmas. She has a different set for every night of the year, practically.

"I was just going through some things," she said, "and I wanted to give this to you." She handed me a photograph of a little boy sitting on a dock, his thin legs disappearing into the water. "It's you," she said. "When you were little."

I looked at the picture. The boy was trying to smile, but the sun was in his eyes. His expression was sweetly pained. It was not me. It was my uncle—my mother's brother, my grandmother's son.

"This isn't me," I said. "This is Uncle Ray."

My grandmother took the picture back and looked at it. "This isn't you? It looks like you."

"I'm sure," I said. "I never had a bathing suit like that."

"It does look like Ray, too," she said.

"It *is* Uncle Ray," I said.

"Well," she said. "You can have it anyway, if you'd like it. It looks like you. I thought it was you."

She gave me the picture and I placed it on my pillow. "Thanks," I said.

"Good night," she said. "Sleep tight." She closed the door but forgot to turn out the light. I got up and turned it off, and when I got back into bed I could feel the photograph against my cheek. It felt as smooth and warm as skin.

Now I put my cigarette out on the heel of my boot, and hide the stub in an empty dresser drawer. Through the window I can see Ann sleeping on the lawn. A middle-aged couple walk along the sidewalk. The man picks a

"What have I read? I've read 'Tubby the Tugboat'! What have you read?"

broken camera out of the 50¢ box and pretends to take a picture of Ann. In most pictures, Ann looks stiff and unhappy. She wanted to be a model but was told she did not photograph well, so she switched from modelling school to beauty school. It is too bad the camera is broken, because this picture of Ann sleeping on the front lawn would be beautiful.

ANN wakes up with leaves in her hair, and suggests we get the show on the road. While she throws the unsellable items into the trunk of the car, I search for my grandmother. I find her sitting on the back patio. She has a blanket wrapped around her, and is holding a mug. She looks like someone on the deck of a ship. The wind in the mulberry tree sounds a little like the sea.

"Well," she says. "Have you sold everything? Did you make me pots of money?"

"Not much," I say, answering both questions.

"It was all junk," my grandmother says.

"What are you drinking?"

My grandmother looks into the mug but doesn't answer.

"What is it?" I ask again. She shakes her head and hands me the mug. I taste the pale-brown liquid. "Is it cider?"

"I forget," my grandmother says. "If it were poison, I'd be dead now."

"So would I," I say. "Ann and I are taking the rest of the stuff to the dump. Then we should leave."

"Who's Ann?" asks my grandmother.

"My girlfriend," I say. I pour the cider on the lawn.

"That was your girlfriend? Are you getting married?"

"No," I say.

"Never?"

"I doubt it," I say.

AT the dump, I sit in the car and listen to the radio while Ann throws the board games and broken appliances over the cliff. We dropped the clothes into a Salvation Army bin outside the A. & P. Once, when I was young, I came to the dump at night with my grandmother. There were so many rats it looked to me as if the whole ground were moving. I had my pajamas on and stayed in the car. My grandmother seemed to wade through the rats and tower in the glare from the headlights, tossing her garbage into the darkness.

Ann gets back in the car and wipes her hands on my pants. It is a familial, rather than erotic, gesture.

"My grandmother wants to know if we're getting married," I say. Instead of putting the car in reverse, I turn the engine off.

"What did you tell her?" Ann asks.

"I said yes," I lie.

"Oh," says Ann.

"I said probably in June."

"She asked when?"

"No. I told her. I made that part up."

"What about the part about us getting married?"

"That could be true," I say. "Couldn't it?"

"It could," says Ann. "But it's not. Listen," she continues, as if I were not listening. "I've changed my mind."

"About what?"

"About this," she says, indicating with her dirty hand the car, and beyond it the dump.

"You want something back? I'll climb down and get it. I've done it before."

"No," Ann says. "I mean about going with you to California."

"Oh," I say.

"I'm not going to come," she says. "I can't."

"You can't?"

"I don't want to," she says.

"Why?" I ask. "Why not?"

"There is no good reason, really. I just can't think of a good reason to go. It's so far away. It's going to take so long."

"I thought that was the idea," I say. "To go someplace together."

Ann smiles, and shakes her head. "I called my brother. I've decided. I want you to drop me off in Stroudsburg. It's on Route 80, so it's on your way." She looks at me. "I just can't see myself doing it," she says. "I don't have the energy."

I *can* see Ann doing it. Ever since she said she would come, I have pictured her doing this: finding good radio stations while I drive through the night, eating scrambled eggs at HoJo's in the morning, practicing swan dives in the indoor pools of hotels. I can picture it all, but I let this pass. I look in the rearview mirror, as if we were being tailed. In it I can see the dump man's little shed. It is surrounded by plastic flowers and flying wooden birds and petrified Bambi-like deer, all rescued—lovingly, I like to think—from the dump.

For a second I think Ann is reaching out to touch my leg. Instead, she turns the ignition key.

BACK at the house, we load my grandmother's suitcases for the journey. She insists on sitting in the back seat. She wants the "young people" to sit in front. She says "young people" as if there were a group of us drinking and dancing and throwing Frisbees.

She has lived in this house since 1953, but she doesn't look back at it as we drive away. She is too busy putting on her seat belt. It is pushed into the crevice behind the back seat, along with the gum wrappers, pennies, and combs. But she digs it out and fastens it. It hangs at her waist, untightened. It is just getting dark, but she could see the house, if she looked.

No one says anything for a long time. My grandmother periodically flips the tiny tin lid of the ashtray open and closed.

When my mother called me up and told me they were selling my grandmother's house and moving her out to the West Coast, she referred to it as "the big move." "David," she said into the phone, "it's time for the big move." Their phone is on the patio and I thought I could hear the ocean.

"Is that ocean?" I asked.

"No," my mother said. "It's your father. He's vacuuming." She told me later, in a letter she sent with all my instructions (". . . use the Visa card for the hotels. Get two rooms, but make sure they're adjoining. I leave it up to you whether or not to leave the door open between . . ."), that my grandmother wasn't putting up any resistance. "Secretly," my mother wrote, "she wants this move more than anyone, I think."

Usually, I think it is smart never to say anything you have rehearsed saying. I have anticipated this silence all day, and all day I've thought about what I could say to transcend it. But now I realize it is an impossible moment, and there is nothing I can say to make us warm to each other. Ann is preoccupied with leaving me, and is no longer interested in my grandmother's big move. She will get out of the car in Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, and probably forget all about us. She will not wake up tomorrow morning and picture us driving through Ohio. And my grandmother may be coöperating, but she isn't participating. She isn't even looking out the window. In the rearview mirror I can see her face lowered, her eyes focussed on the floor. She looks sad.

We are forty minutes ahead of schedule when we get to the rest stop on Route 80 where Ann has arranged to meet her brother. My grandmother is asleep, her head fallen back against the top of the seat.

"I'm hungry," Ann whispers. "Do you want to get something to eat?"

"O.K.," I say.

"Will she be all right? What if she wakes up?"

"We can leave her a note," I say. "Telling her we're inside."

Ann opens the door and gets out of the car. She does some calisthenics in the parking lot. "Do you have a pen?" I ask Ann.

"I have one," my grandmother says. She doesn't open her eyes.

"What?" I say.

"There is a pen in my bag," my grandmother says. "If you want to leave me a note. There's a little pad, too."

"I guess you're awake," I say.

My grandmother doesn't embarrass me by answering. She continues to feign sleep. "Where are we?" she says. "Are we in California yet?"

"We're in Pennsylvania," I say. "We're waiting for Ann's brother. Do you want to come in?"

"No," says my grandmother. "I'll stay here."

"Can I bring you something?"

"Yes."

"What?"

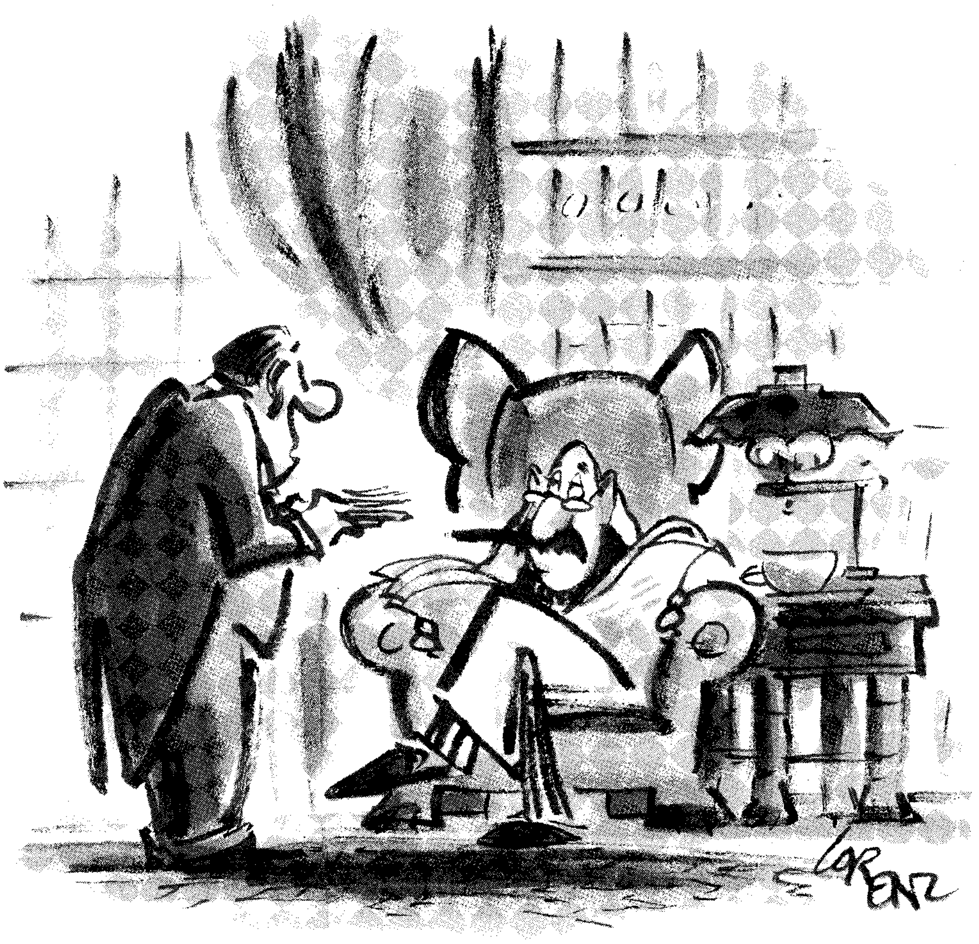
"A surprise," my grandmother says.

Troupe

I SIT at a cafeteria table with a cup of black coffee, a glass of seltzer, and a piece of apple pie. The apple pie came with a slice of American cheese. The cheese unnerves me. Ann is in the ladies' room.

I've known Ann for almost a year. When we started seeing each other, she asked me to electrocute her facial hairs. She had quite a bit of bleached blond hair above her lip and on her chin. Every night before we went to bed, she got out this little gadget that looked like an electric toothbrush, and I touched the needlelike wand to the follicles of exactly ten hairs. They would pop, then shrivel up, and never come back. Ann believed it was dangerous to zap more than ten hairs a night. I was included in this ritual only for practical reasons; Ann said that performing electrolysis on yourself was not recommended. It all had to do with being safely grounded.

Now Ann's face is hairless and not at all unsightly. I will spend six weeks in California and when I come back to



"Your mail, sir. I have taken the liberty of putting all the envelopes that suggest you may already have won on top."

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New York I will not look Ann up. I really will not.

There is a guy about my age sitting at another table. He raises his coffee cup and smiles at me. I finish my pie (leaving the cheese) and walk over to his table.

"Are you Teddy?" I ask.

"What?"

"Are you Ann's brother? Teddy?"

"No," he says. "I'm Julie's brother. Rob."

"Oh," I say. "I thought you were someone else."

"Maybe that's Freddy," he says. He points to a man buying cigarettes.

"Teddy," I correct. "He's too old."

"I feel like I should try to sell you some pot or pick you up or something," the guy says. "But I don't do either of those things."

"Oh," I say.

"You can sit down," he says. "If you want."

"I'm waiting for my girlfriend," I say. "She's in the bathroom."

"I thought you were waiting for Freddy."

"Him too," I say. I sit down and look at the sugar packets. They have pictures of historical sights on them. I don't recognize any. Some of them seem to be made up. Ann comes out of the bathroom but sits at the table with my coffee and her seltzer. She picks up the slice of cheese as if it were a fish.

"That's my girlfriend," I say.

"Now all you need is Teddy," he says. He is eating French fries from a red-checkered cardboard boat. They are covered with ketchup and salt. They look wonderful. If I knew him just a little better I would ask for one.

When I sit down at the other table, Ann says, "You know, you don't have to wait. Teddy'll come."

"I'll wait," I say. "I don't mind. What if he doesn't come?"

"He'll come," Ann says.

I think for a moment but realize there is nothing left for me to say. So I say, "O.K."

Ann watches the bubbles in her glass. "I feel terrible about this," she says. "I know I said I'd come with you, but I just can't."

"I understand," I say.

Ann looks at me to see if I understand, sees I do not, and lowers her eyes. "I just can't," she repeats. "It wouldn't be fair."

I go up to the counter and get a large order of French fries and two tiny envelopes of ketchup.

When I get back to the car, my grandmother is gone. I put the fries on the hood and sit beside them. Just when I'm about to swallow my pride and go back inside and ask Ann to look for her in the bathroom, I see my grandmother in the back parking lot, walking between two trailer trucks. Every few steps, she pauses and bends over, as if she had lost something under them, or were checking the pressure in their tires.

I run across a small, wet lawn and stand on the curb. "Grandma," I call. A man in a white apron is smoking on the kitchen steps. I hear him laugh.

"What?" my grandmother says. She walks from one pool of light into another.

"What are you doing?" I say. "You scared me."

She doesn't answer.

"You could have got hit," I say. "Or fallen down."

"I could have," she says. "I didn't."

"I was worried," I say. "Let's go."

"What's the rush?" my grandmother says.

"I don't know," I say. "It's cold. I got you French fries. They're getting cold."

Even though there are no cars back here, my grandmother looks both ways before she crosses the service road. I take her arm and escort her across the grass. She takes high, halting steps, like a cat. I open the car door, and close it, carefully, behind her. I get in my side of the car. The French fries are still on the hood. I climb back out and retrieve them. They are still warm, but the ketchup is gone. Some creep stole it. I get back in the car and hand the fries to my grandmother. She holds them in her cupped hands the way she once held injured birds, softly but tightly, so they don't fly away.

—Peter Cameron

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DEPARTMENT OF DELICACY

[*From the Bulletin of the State University of New York at Binghamton*]

The third person singular masculine pronoun is used in this *Bulletin* only for grammatical and semantic convenience; it does not indicate a preference for either of the sexes.

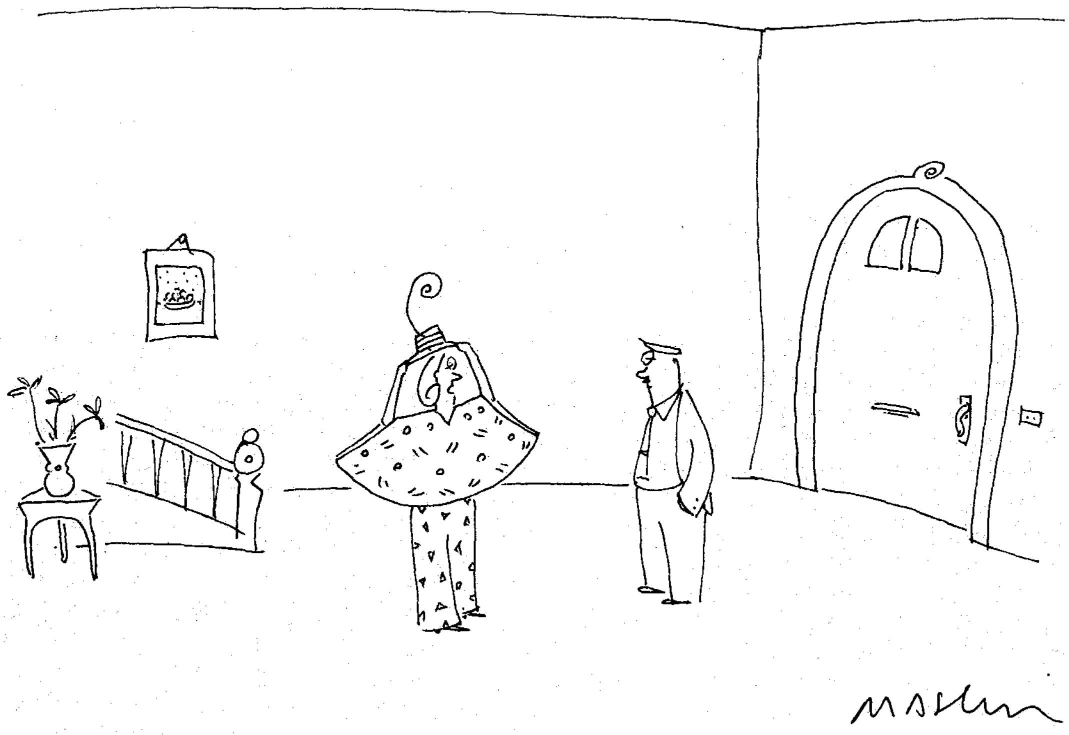
THE CIRCLING HAND

DURING my holidays from school, I was allowed to stay in bed until long after my father had gone to work. He left our house every weekday at the stroke of seven by the Anglican church bell. I would lie in bed awake, and I could hear all the sounds my parents made as they prepared for the day ahead. As my mother made my father his breakfast, my father would shave, using his shaving brush that had an ivory handle and a razor that matched; then he would step outside to the little shed he had built for us as a bathroom, to quickly bathe in water that he had instructed my mother to leave outside overnight in the dew. That way, the water would be very cold, and he believed that cold water strengthened his back. If I had been a boy, I would have gotten the same treatment, but since I was a girl, and on top of that went to school only with other girls, my mother would always add some hot water to my bathwater to take off the chill. On Sunday afternoons, while I was in Sunday school, my father took a hot bath; the tub was half filled with plain water, and then my mother would add a large caldronful of water in which she had just boiled some bark and leaves from a bay-leaf tree. The bark and leaves were there for no reason other than that he liked the smell. He would then spend hours lying in this bath, studying his pool coupons or drawing examples of pieces of furniture he planned to make. When I came home from Sunday school, we would sit down to our Sunday dinner.

My mother and I often took a bath together. Sometimes it was just a plain bath, which didn't take very long. Other times, it was a special bath in which the barks and flowers of many different trees, together with all sorts of oils, were boiled in the same large caldron. We would then sit in this bath in a darkened room with a strange-smelling candle burning away. As we sat in this bath, my mother would bathe different parts of my body; then she would do the same to herself. We took these baths after my mother had consulted with her obeah woman, and with her mother and a trusted friend, and all three of them had confirmed that from the look of things around our house—the way a small scratch on my instep had turned into a small sore, then a large sore, and how long it had taken to heal; the way a dog she knew, and a friendly dog at that, suddenly turned and bit her; how a porcelain bowl she had carried *from one eternity* and hoped to carry into the next suddenly slipped out of her capable hands and broke into pieces the size of grains of sand; how words she spoke in jest to a friend had been completely misunderstood—one of the many women my father had loved, had never married, but with whom he had had children was trying to harm my mother and me by setting bad spirits on us.

When I got up, I placed my bedclothes and my nightie in the sun to air out, brushed my teeth, and washed and dressed myself. My mother would then give me my breakfast, but since, during my holidays, I was not going to school, I wasn't forced to eat an enormous breakfast of porridge, eggs, an orange or half a grapefruit, bread and butter, and cheese. I could get away with just some bread and butter and cheese and porridge and cocoa. I spent the day following my mother around and observing the way she did everything. When we went to the grocer's, she would point out to me the reason she bought each thing. I was shown a loaf of bread or a pound of butter from at least ten different angles. When we went to market, if that day she wanted to buy some crabs she would inquire from the person selling them if they came from near Parham, and if the person said yes my mother did not buy the crabs. In Parham was the leper colony, and my mother was convinced that the crabs ate nothing but the food from the lepers' own plates. If we were then to eat the crabs, it wouldn't be long before we were lepers ourselves and living unhappily in the leper colony.

How important I felt to be with my mother. For many people, their wares and provisions laid out in front of them, would brighten up when they saw her coming and would try hard to get her attention. They would dive underneath their stalls and bring out goods even better than what they had on display. They were disappointed when she held something up in the air, looked at it, turning it this way and that, and then, screwing up her face, said, "I don't think so," and turned and walked away—off to another stall to see if someone who only last week had sold her some delicious christophine had something that was just as good. They would call out after her turned back that next week they expected to have eddoes or dasheen



"Too?"

MARVIN'S
DANCING
WATERS

or whatever, and my mother would say, "We'll see," in a very disbelieving tone of voice. If then we went to Mr. Kenneth, it would be only for a few minutes, for he knew exactly what my mother wanted and always had it ready for her. Mr. Kenneth had known me since I was a small child, and he would always remind me of little things I had done then as he fed me a piece of raw liver he had set aside for me. It was one of the few things I liked to eat, and, to boot, it pleased my mother to see me eat something that was so good for me, and she would tell me in great detail the effect it would have on my red blood corpuscles.

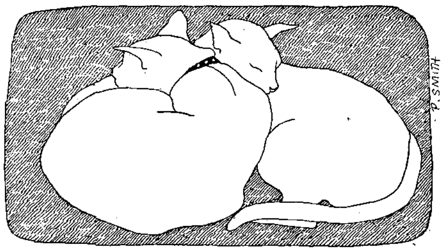
We walked home in the hot midmorning sun mostly without event. When I was much smaller, quite a few times while I was walking with my mother she would suddenly grab me and wrap me up in her skirt and drag me along with her as if in a great hurry. I would hear an angry voice saying angry things, and then, after we had passed the angry voice, my mother would release me. Neither my mother nor my father ever came straight out and told me anything, but I had put two and two together and I knew that it was one of the women that my father had loved and with whom he had had a child or children, and who never forgave him for marrying my mother and having me. It was one of those women who were always trying to harm my mother and me, and they must have loved my father very much, for not once did any of them ever try to hurt him, and whenever he passed them on the street it was as if he and these women had never met.

When we got home, my mother started to prepare our lunch (pumpkin soup with droppers, banana fritters with salt fish stewed in antroba and tomatoes, fungie with salt fish stewed in antroba and tomatoes, or pepper pot, all depending on what my mother had found at market that day). As my mother went about from pot to pot, stirring one, adding something to the other, I was ever in her wake. As she dipped into a pot of boiling something or other to taste for correct seasoning, she would give me a taste of it also, asking me what I thought. Not that she really wanted to know what I thought, for she had told me many times that my taste buds were not quite developed yet, but it was just to include me in everything. While she made our lunch, she would also keep an eye on her washing. If it was a Tuesday and the colored clothes had been starched, as she placed them on the line I would follow, carrying a basket of clothespins for her. While the starched colored clothes were being dried on the line, the white clothes were being whitened on the stone heap. It was a beautiful stone heap that my father had made for her: an enormous circle of stones, about six inches high, in the middle of our yard. On it the soapy white clothes were spread out; as the sun dried them, bleaching out all stains, they had to be made wet again by dousing them with buckets of water. On my holidays, I did this for my mother. As I watered the clothes, she would come up behind me, instructing me to get the clothes thoroughly wet, showing me a shirt that I should turn over so that the sleeves were exposed.

Over our lunch, my mother and father talked to each other about the houses my father had to build; how disgusted he had become with one of his apprentices, though sometimes it was how disgusted he was with Mr. Oatie, his partner in housebuilding; what they thought of my schooling so far; what they thought of the noises Mr. Smith and his friends made for so many days as they locked themselves up inside Mr. Smith's house and drank rum and ate fish they had caught themselves and danced to the music of an accordion that they took turns playing. On and on they talked. As they talked, my head would move from side to side, looking at them. When my eyes rested on my father, I didn't think very much of the way he looked. But when my eyes rested on my mother, I found her beautiful. Her head looked as if it should be on a sixpence. What a beautiful long neck, and long plaited hair, which she pinned up around the crown of her head because when her hair hung down it made her too hot. Her nose was the shape of a flower on the brink of opening. Her mouth, moving up and down as she ate and talked at the same time, was such a beautiful mouth I could have looked at it forever if I had to and not mind. Her lips were wide and almost thin, and when she said certain words I could see small parts of big, white teeth—so big, and pearly, like some nice buttons on one of my dresses. I didn't much care about what she said when she was in this mood with my father. She made him laugh so. She could hardly say a word before he would burst out laughing. We ate our food and drank our lemonade, I cleared the table, we said goodbye to my father as he went back to work, I helped my mother with the dishes, and then we settled into the afternoon.

WHEN my mother, at sixteen, after quarrelling with her father, left his house on Dominica and came to Antigua, she packed all her things in an enormous wooden trunk that she had bought in Roseau for almost six shillings. She painted the trunk yellow and green outside, and she lined the inside with wallpaper that had a cream background with pink roses printed all over it. Two days after she left her father's house, she boarded a boat and sailed for Antigua. It was a small boat, and the trip would have taken a day and a half ordinarily, but a hurricane blew up and the boat was lost at sea for almost five days. By the time it got to Antigua, the boat was practically in splinters, and though two or three of the passengers were lost overboard, along with some of the cargo, my mother and her trunk were safe. Now, twenty-four years later, this trunk was kept under my bed, and in it were things that had belonged to me, starting from just before I was born. There was the chemise, made of white cotton, with scallop edging around the sleeves, neck, and hem, and white flowers embroidered on the front—the first garment I wore after being born. My mother had made that herself, and once, when we were passing by, I was even shown the tree under which she sat as she made this garment. There were some of my diapers, with their handkerchief hemstitch that she had also done herself. There was a pair of white wool booties with matching jacket and hat. There was a blanket in white wool and a blanket in white flannel cotton. There was a plain white linen hat with lace trimming. There was my christening outfit. There were two of my baby bottles: one in the shape of a normal baby bottle, and the other shaped like a boat, with a nipple on either end. There was a thermos in which my mother had kept a tea that was supposed to have a soothing effect on me. There was the dress I wore on my first birthday: a yellow cotton with green smocking on the front. There was the dress I wore on my second birthday: pink cotton with green smocking on the front. There was also a photograph of me on my second birthday wearing my pink dress and my first pair of earrings, a chain around my neck, and a pair of bracelets, all specially made of gold from British Guiana. There was the first pair of shoes I grew out of after I knew how to walk. There was the dress I wore when I first went to school, and the first notebook in which I wrote. There were the sheets for my crib and the sheets for my first bed. There was my first straw hat, my first straw basket—decorated with flowers—my grandmother had sent me from Dominica. There were my report cards, my certificates of merit from school, and my certificates of merit from Sunday school.

From time to time, my mother would fix on a certain place in our house and give it a good cleaning. If I was at home when she happened to do this, I was at her side, as usual. When she did this with the trunk, it was a tremendous pleasure, for after she had removed all the things from the trunk, and aired them out, and changed the camphor balls, and then refolded the things and put them back in their places in the trunk, as she held each thing in her hand she would tell me a story about myself. Sometimes I knew the story first hand, for I could remember the incident quite well; sometimes what she told me had happened when I was too young to know anything; and sometimes it happened before I was even born. Whichever way, I knew exactly what she would say, for I had heard it so many times before, but I never got tired of it. For instance, the flowers on the chemise, the first garment I wore after being born, were not put on correctly, and that is because when my mother was embroidering them I kicked so much that her hand was unsteady. My mother said that usually when I kicked around in her stomach and she told me to stop I would but on that day I paid no attention at all. When she told me this story, she would smile at me and say, "You see, even then you were hard to manage." It pleased me to think that even then, before she could see my face, my mother spoke to me in the same way she did now. On and on my mother would go. No small part of my life was so unimportant that she hadn't made a note of it, and now she would tell it to me over and over again. I would sit next to her and she



NOVEMBER, REMEMBERING VOLTAIRE

In the evenings
I scrape my fingernails clean,
hunt through old catalogues for new seed,
oil workboots and shears.
This garden is no metaphor—
more a task that swallows you into itself,
earth using, as always, everything it can.
I lend myself to unpromising winter dirt
with leaf-mold and bulb,
plant into the oncoming cold.
Not that I ever thought the philosopher
meant to be taken literally,
but with no invented God overhead
I conjure a stubborn faith in rotting
that ripens into soil,
in an old corm that flowers steadily each spring—
not symbols but reassurances,
like a mother's voice at bedtime
reading a long-familiar book, the known words
barely listened to, but bridging
for all the nights of a life
each world to the next.

—Jane Hirshfield

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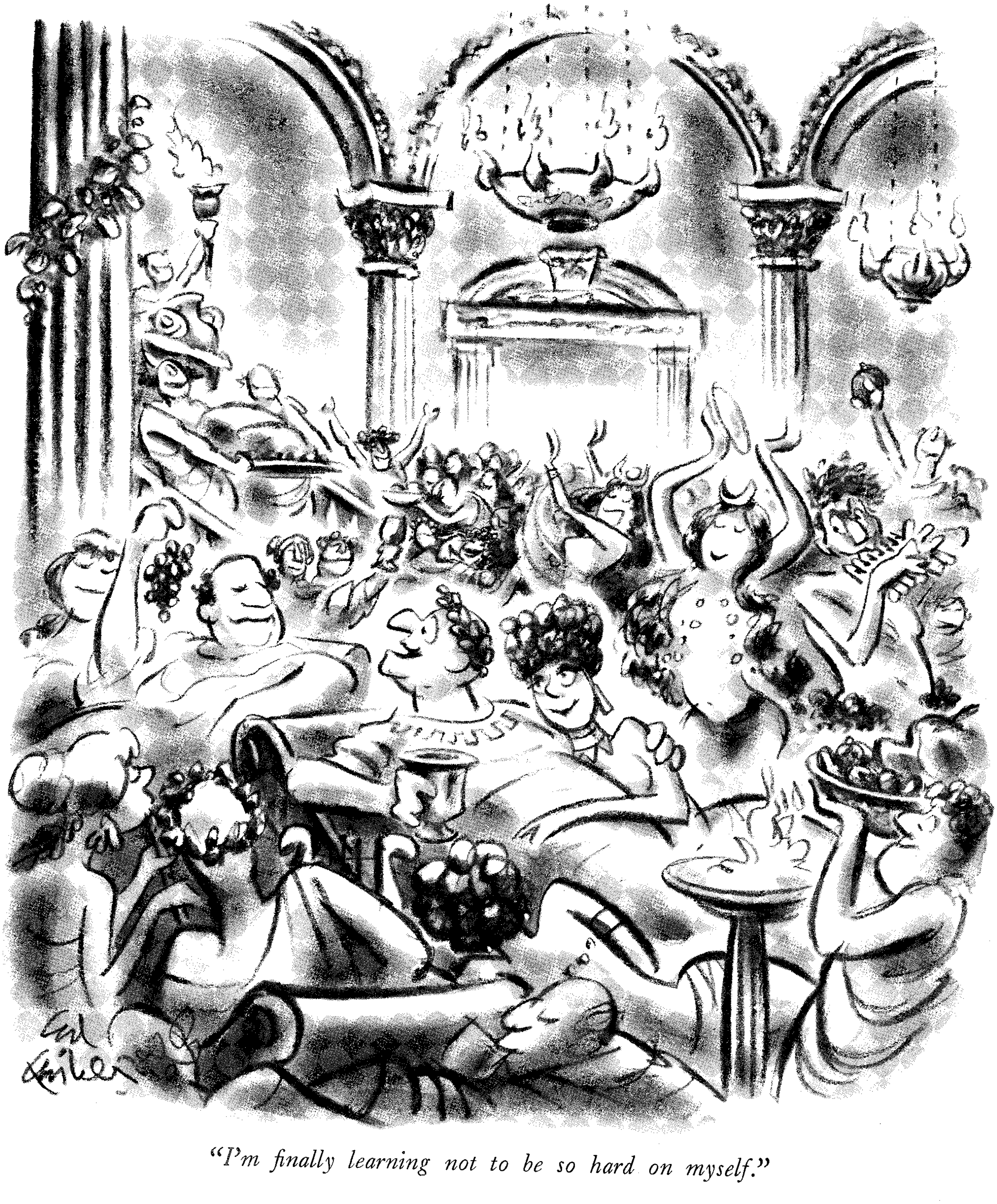

"I'm finally learning not to be so hard on myself."

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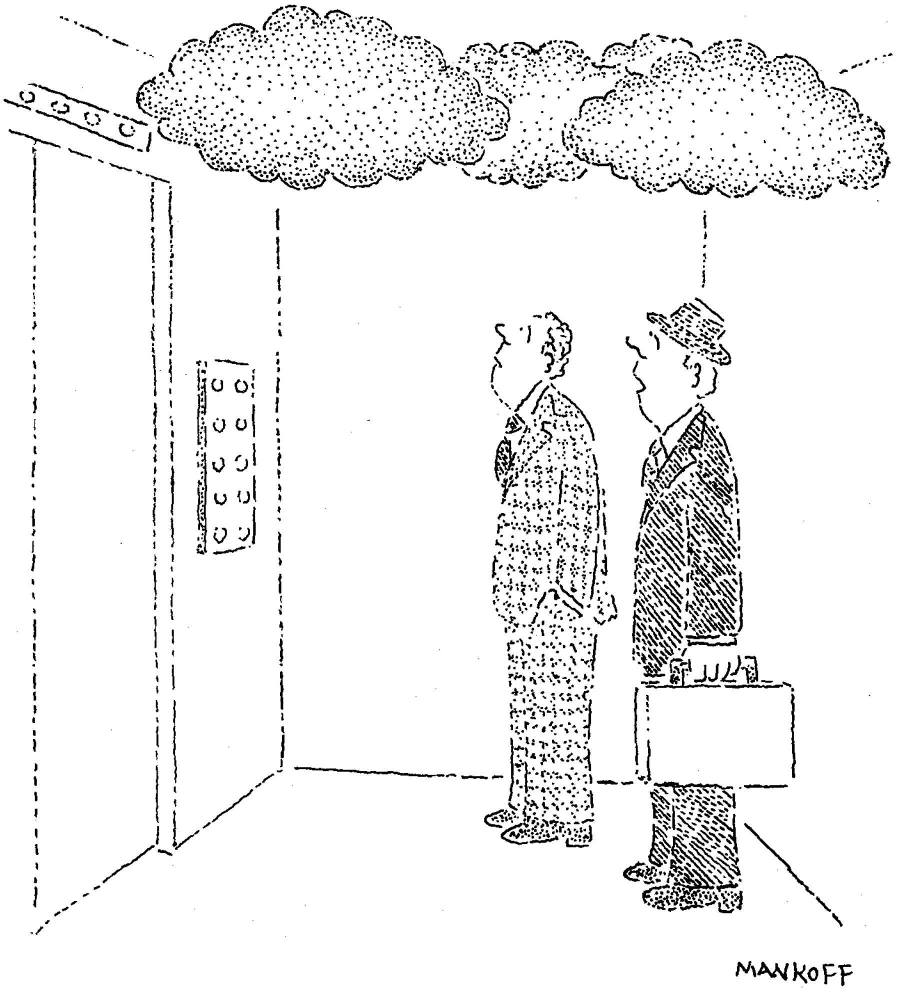
would show me the very dress I wore on the day I bit another child my age with whom I was playing. "Your biting phase," she called it. Or the day she warned me not to play around the coal brazier, because I liked to sing to myself and dance around the fire. Two seconds later, I fell into the hot coals, burning my elbows. My mother cried when she saw that it wasn't serious, and now, as she told me about it, she often kissed the little black patches of scars on my elbows.

As she told me the stories, I sometimes sat at her side, leaning against her, or I would sit on my knees behind her back, leaning over her shoulder. As I did this, I would occasionally sniff at her neck, or behind her ears, or at her hair. She smelled sometimes of lemons, sometimes of sage, sometimes of roses, sometimes of bay leaf. Sometimes I would no longer hear what it was she was saying; I just liked to look at her mouth as it opened and closed over words, or as she laughed. How terrible it must be for all the people who had no one to love them so and no one whom they loved so, I thought. My father, for instance. When he was a little boy, his parents, after leaving him with his grandmother, boarded a boat and sailed to South America. He never saw them again, though they wrote to him and sent him presents—packages of clothes on his birthday and at Christmas. He then grew to love his grandmother, and she loved him, for she took care of him and worked hard at keeping him well fed and clothed. From the time he was a baby, they slept in the same bed, and as he became a young man they continued to do so. When he was no longer in school and had started working, every night, after he and his grandmother had eaten their dinner, my father would go off to visit his friends. He would then return home at around eleven and fall asleep next to his grandmother. In the morning, his grandmother would awake at half past five or so, a half hour before my father, and prepare his bath and breakfast and make everything proper and ready for him, so that at seven o'clock sharp he stepped out the door off to work. One morning, though, he overslept, because his grandmother didn't wake him up; she was still lying next to him. When he tried to wake her, he couldn't. She had died lying next to him sometime during the night. Even though he was overcome with grief, he built her coffin and made sure she had a nice funeral. He never slept in that bed again, and shortly afterward he moved out of that house.

When my father first told me this story, I threw myself at him at the end of it, and we both started to cry—he just a little, I quite a lot. It was a Sunday afternoon; he and my mother and I had gone for a walk in the botanical gardens. My mother had wandered off to look at some strange kind of thistle, and we could see her as she bent over the bushes to get a closer look and reach out to touch the leaves of the plant. When she returned to us and saw that we had both been crying, she started to get quite worked up, but my father quickly told her what had happened and she laughed at us and called us her little fools. But then she took me in her arms and kissed me, and she said that I needn't worry about such a thing as her sailing off or dying and leaving me all alone in the world. But if ever after that I saw my father sitting alone with a faraway look on his face, I was filled with pity for him. He had been alone in the world all that time, what with his mother sailing off on a boat with his father and his never seeing her again, and then his grandmother dying while lying next to him in the middle of the night. It was more than anyone should have to bear. I loved him so and wished that I had a mother to give him, for, no matter how much my own mother loved him, it could never be the same.

When my mother got through with the trunk, and I had heard again and again just what I had been like and who had said what to me at what point in my life, I was given my tea—a cup of cocoa and a buttered bun. My father by then would return home from work, and he was given his tea. As my mother went around preparing our supper, picking up clothes from the stone heap, or taking clothes off the clothesline, I would sit in a corner of our yard and watch her. She never stood still. Her powerful legs carried her from one part of the yard to the other, and in and out of the house. Sometimes she might call out to me to go and get some thyme or basil or some other herb for her, for she grew all her herbs in little pots that she kept in a corner of our little garden. Sometimes when I gave her the herbs, she might stoop down and kiss me on my lips and then on my neck. It was in such a paradise that I lived.

THE summer of the year I turned twelve, I could see that I had grown taller; most of my clothes no longer fit. When I could get a dress over my head, the waist then came up to just below my chest. My legs had become more spindlelike, the hair on my head even more unruly than usual, small tufts of hair had appeared under my arms, and when I perspired the smell was strange, as if I had become an animal. I didn't say anything about it, and my mother and father didn't seem to notice, for they didn't say anything, either. Up to then, my mother and I had many dresses made out of the same cloth, though hers had a different, more grownup style, a boat neck or a sweetheart neckline, and a pleated or gored skirt, while my dresses had high necks with collars, a deep hemline, and, of course, a sash that tied in the back. One day, my mother and I had gone to get some material for new dresses to celebrate her birthday (the usual gift from my father), when I came upon a piece of cloth—a yellow back-



"*Looks like rain.*"

“I’ve decided all our surfaces need work.”

ground, with figures of men, dressed in a long-ago fashion, seated at pianos that they were playing, and all around them musical notes flying off into the air. I immediately said how much I loved this piece of cloth and how nice I thought it would look on us both, but my mother replied, “Oh, no. You are getting too old for that. It’s time you had your own clothes. You just cannot go around the rest of your life looking like a little me.” To say that I felt the earth swept away from under me would not be going too far. It wasn’t just what she said, it was the way she said it. No accompanying little laugh. No bending over and kissing my little wet forehead (for suddenly I turned hot, then cold, and all my pores must have opened up, for fluids just poured out of me). In the end, I got my dress with the men playing their pianos, and my mother got a dress with red and yellow overgrown hibiscus, but I was never able to wear my own dress or see my mother in hers without feeling bitterness and hatred, directed not so much toward my mother as toward, I suppose, life in general.

As if that were not enough, my mother informed me that I was on the verge of becoming a young lady, so there were quite a few things I would have to do differently. She didn’t say exactly just what it was that made me on the verge of becoming a young lady, and I was so glad of that, because I didn’t want to know. Behind a closed door, I stood naked in front of a mirror and looked at myself from head to toe. I was so long and bony that I more than filled up the mirror—the same one in which my parents could comfortably observe their full selves—and my small ribs pressed out against my skin. I tried to push my unruly hair down against my head so that it would lie flat, but as soon as I let it go it bounced up again. I could see the small tufts of hair under my arms. And then I got a good look at my nose. It had suddenly spread across my face, almost blotting out my cheeks, taking up my whole face, so that if I didn’t know I was me standing there I would have wondered about that strange girl—and to think that only so recently my nose had been a small thing, the size of a rosebud. But what could I do? I thought of begging my mother to ask my father if he could build for me a set of clamps into which I could screw myself at night before I went to sleep and which would surely cut back on my growing. I was about to ask her this when I remembered that a few days earlier I had asked in my most pleasing, winning way for a look through the trunk. A person I did not recognize answered in a voice I did not recognize, “Absolutely not! You and I don’t have time for that anymore.” Again, did the ground wash out from under me? Again, the answer would have to be yes, and I wouldn’t be going too far.

Because of this young-lady business, instead of days spent in perfect harmony with my mother, I trailing in her footsteps, she showering down on me her kisses and affection and attention, I was now sent off to learn one thing and another. I was sent to an expert in embroidering. I was sent to someone who knew all about manners and how to meet and greet important people in the world. This woman soon asked me not to come again, since I could not resist making comical noises each time I had to practice a curtsy, it made the other girls laugh so. I was sent for piano lessons. The piano teacher, a shrivelled up old English spinster from Lancashire, soon asked me not to come back, since I seemed unable to resist eating from the bowl of plums she had placed on the piano purely for decoration. In the first case, I told my mother a lie—something I had hardly ever needed to do before. I told her that the manners teacher had found that my manners needed no improvement, so I needn’t come anymore. This made her very pleased. In the second case, there was no getting around it—she had to find out. When the piano teacher told her of my misdeed, she turned and walked away from me, and I wasn’t sure that if she had been asked who I was she wouldn’t have said, “I don’t know,” right then and there. What a new thing this was for me: my mother’s back turned on me in disgust. It was true that I didn’t spend all my days at my mother’s side before this, that I spent most of my days at school, but before this young-lady business I could sit and think of my mother, see her doing one thing or another, and always her face bore a smile for me. Now I often saw her with the corners of her mouth turned down in disapproval of me. And why was my mother carrying my new state so far? She took to pointing out that one day I would have my own house and I might want it to be a different house from the one she kept. Once, when showing me a way to store linen, she patted the folded sheets in place and said, "Of course, in your own house you might choose another way." That the day might actually come when we would live apart I had never believed. My eyes hurt from the tears I wanted to cry but didn't cry. Sometimes we would both forget the new order of things and would slip into our old ways. But that didn't last very long.

IN the middle of all these new things, I had forgotten that I was to enter a new school that September. I had then a set of things to do, preparing for school. I had to go to the seamstress to be measured for new uniforms, since my body now made a mockery of the old measurements. I had to get shoes, a new school hat, and lots of new books. In my new school, I needed a different exercise book for each subject, and in addition to the usual—English, arithmetic, and so on—I now had to take Latin and French, and attend classes in a brand-new science building. I began to look forward to my new school. I hoped that everyone there would be new, that there would be no one I had ever met before. That way, I could put on a new set of airs; I could say I was something that I was not, and no one would ever know the difference. In my old school, all the girls knew me as the bright but frail, much protected Annie. I was very often unable to defend myself against their cruel taunts about my thin legs or against their actual fists. Many days, I had gone home with my clothes in shreds. One day, my mother walked me to school and asked my teacher to please try and protect me, since I was not used to such roughness. That only made things worse between me and the bullying girls. I was not such a bad girl, but I was stuckup and wasn't afraid to show that I knew all the answers. What a good opportunity, then, to wash the slate clean and be someone new. I was sure there was a way that I could still know all the answers, let my teacher know about my abilities, and be loved by my classmates.

On the Sunday before the Monday I started at my new school, my mother became cross over the way I had made my bed. In the center of my bedspread, my mother had embroidered a bowl overflowing with flowers, two lovebirds on either side of the bowl. I had placed the bedspread on my bed in a lopsided way so that the embroidery was not in the center of my bed, the way it should have been. My mother made a fuss about it, and I could see that she was right and I regretted very much not doing that one little thing that would have pleased her. I had lately become careless, she said, and I could only silently agree with her.

I came home from church, and my mother still seemed to hold the bedspread against me, so I kept out of her way. At half past two in the afternoon, I went off to Sunday school. At Sunday school, I was given a certificate for best student in my study-of-the-Bible group. It was a surprise that I would receive the certificate on that day, though we had known about the results of a test weeks before. I rushed home with my certificate in hand, feeling that with this prize I would reconquer my mother—a chance for her to smile on me again.

When I got to our house, I rushed into the yard and called out to her, but no answer came. I then walked into the house. At first, I didn't hear anything. Then I heard sounds coming from the direction of my parents' room. My mother must be in there, I thought. When I got to the door, I could see that my mother and father were lying in their bed. It didn't interest me what they were doing—only that my mother's hand was on the small of my father's back and that it was making a circular motion. But her hand! It was white and bony, as if it had long been dead and had been left out in the elements. It seemed not to be her hand, and yet it could only be her hand, so well did I know it. It went around and around in the same circular motion, and I looked at it as if I would never see anything else in my life again. If I were to forget everything else in the world, I could not forget her hand as it looked then. I could also make out that the sounds I had heard were her kissing my father's ears and his mouth and his face. I looked at them for I don't know how long.

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STUART LEEDS

When I next saw my mother, I was standing at the dinner table that I had just set, having made a tremendous commotion with knives and forks as I got them out of their drawer, letting my parents know that I was home. I had set the table and was now half standing near my chair, half draped over the table, staring at nothing in particular and trying to ignore my mother's presence. Though I couldn't remember our eyes' having met, I was quite sure that she had seen me in the bedroom, and I didn't know what I would say if she mentioned it. Instead, she said in a voice that was sort of cross and sort of something else, "Are you going to just stand there doing nothing all day?" The something else was new; I had never heard it in her voice before. I couldn't say exactly what it was, but I know that it

LINES ON A TENTH ANNIVERSARY

What she's wearing is the brightest thing in the kitchen,
And that's not much. She's ironing, the iron

Puffing out its own white clouds above a skirt.
I've stopped reading about the broken parts

Of men in the wet assembly line
And the man with a carnation at his throat

Who wants to sell us the necessities of life.
It is good, I think,

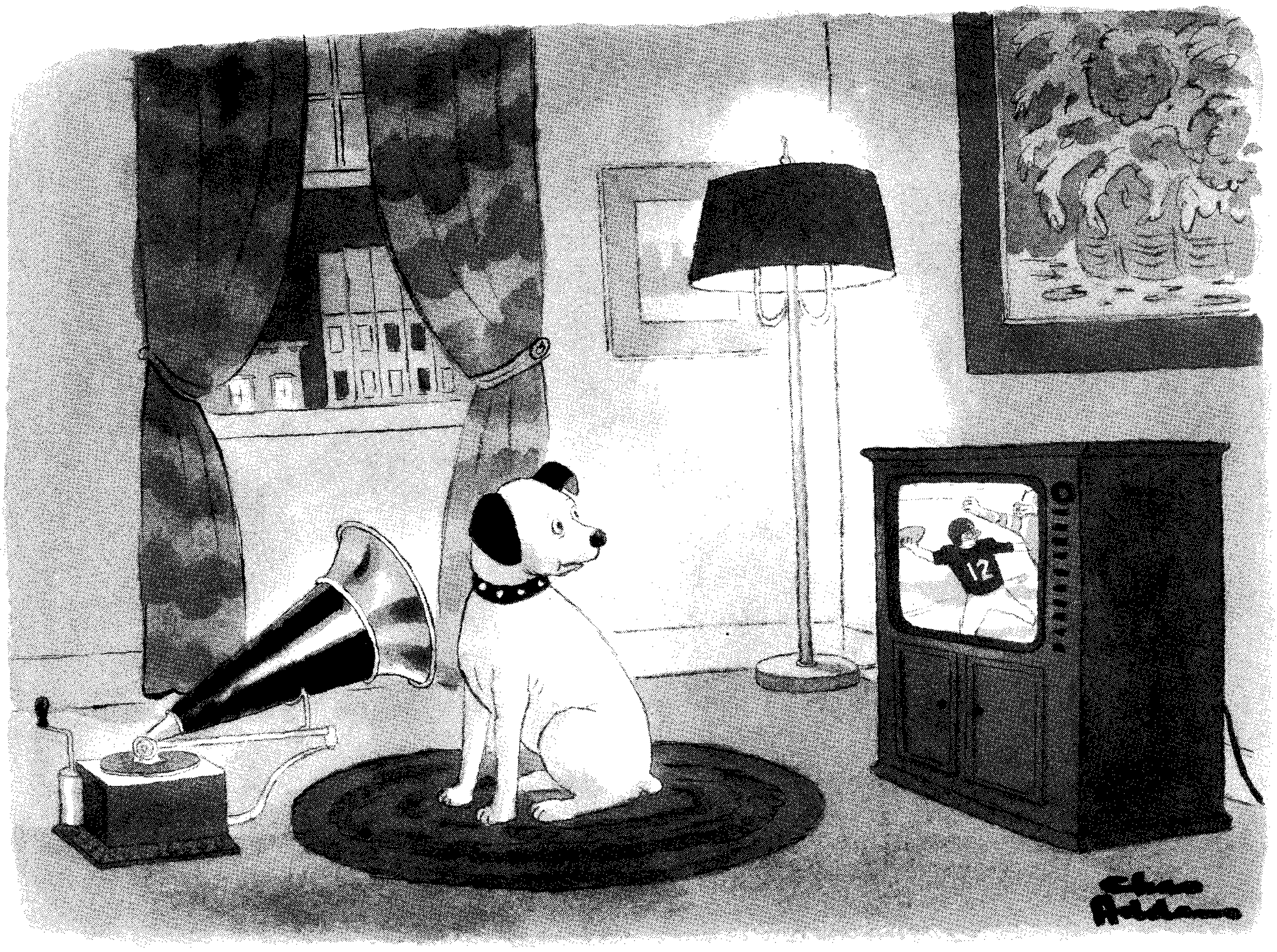
To be sitting in a warm room
While the lawn whitens with frost.

It is good, too,
Still to be in love,

Or whatever
That tune has come to through the years.

—ARTHUR SMITH

• •



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caused me to reply, "And what if I do?" and at the same time to stare at her directly in the eyes. It must have been a shock to her, the way I spoke. I had never talked back to her before. She looked at me, and then, instead of saying some squelching thing that would put me back in my place, she dropped her eyes and walked away. From the back, she looked small and funny. She carried her hands limp at her sides. I was sure I could never let those hands touch me again; I was sure that I could never let her kiss me again. All that was finished.

I was amazed that I could eat my food, for all of it reminded me of things that had taken place between my mother and me. A long time ago, when I wouldn't eat my beef, complaining that it involved too much chewing, my mother would first chew up pieces of meat in her own mouth and then feed it to me. When I had hated carrots so much that even the sight of them would send me into a fit of tears, my mother would try to find all sorts of ways to make them palatable for me. All that was finished now. I didn't think that I would ever think of any of it again with fondness. I looked at my parents. My father was just the same, eating his food in the same old way, his two rows of false teeth clop-clopping like a horse being driven off to market. He was regaling us with another one of his stories about when he was a young man and played cricket on one island or the other. What he said now must have been funny, for my mother couldn't stop laughing. He didn't seem to notice that I was not entertained.

My father and I then went for our customary Sunday-afternoon walk. My mother did not come with us. I don't know what she stayed home to do. On our walk, my father tried to hold my hand, but I pulled myself away from him, doing it in such a way that he would think I felt too big for that now.

THAT Monday, I went to my new school. I was placed in a class with girls I had never seen before. Some of them had heard about me, though, for I was the youngest among them and was said to be very bright. I was amazed at the way they regarded me, seeking me out during recess for chats. I liked a girl named Albertine, and I liked a girl named Gweneth. At the end of the day, Gwen and I were in love, and so we walked home arm in arm together. Just before we parted, we drew hearts with arrows piercing through them in each other's books. Underneath the hearts we wrote our names. This was so that when we were apart and had a longing for each other we had only to look at the hearts and the names and the longing would cease.

When I got home, my mother greeted me with the customary kiss and inquiries. I told her in complete detail everything that had happened to me, leaving out, of course, Gwen and anything else that was really important.

—JAMAICA KINCAID

•

The McKoons bought the bench for $50 from the owner of an antique shop in Galveston. After sitting on their porch for two years, Tina decided to undertake its renovation as this year's 4-H project.—*Louise Lambert in the Kokomo (Ind.) Tribune.*

That's Tina for you—careful.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

KATE QUINTON'S DAYS—I

February 24, 1982, was a cold day in New York City. Kate Quinton, a pale, thin elderly woman, lay in a bed at Lutheran Medical Center in Brooklyn. The winter-gray afternoon light filtered into her room. Her throat was sore and her feet were swollen. She lay still. She occasionally glanced across the room at her closet (it was marked "A") and at her roommate's closet ("B"). She looked at A and then B, B and then A, as she had been doing for days. Then her eyes focussed on the clock in the hall outside her room. It was four o'clock; three minutes past four; five minutes past four.

Mrs. Quinton had been admitted to Lutheran Medical Center on January 5, 1982. She had felt mild abdominal pain for several weeks before that. On New Year's Day, the pain had become more intense; it had been accompanied by nausea and vomiting. On the evening of January 5th, Mrs. Quinton was sitting at the dinette table in the apartment she shared with her daughter Claire. She had had no appetite for days and had taken only a few bites of the dinner Claire had prepared. "I just can't get anything down," she said. She told Claire that the pain had become unbearable, and got up from her chair, carefully transferring her weight to a walker; she had been using the walker off and on for the past two years, because she had experienced several spells of faintness and because she had severe arthritis in her knees and feet. As she was walking slowly toward her bedroom, a sudden weakness overcame her in the hallway between the kitchen and the bedroom. She couldn't take another step. "I'm going to collapse," she told Claire. "Bring me a chair, quick."

As soon as Mrs. Quinton was seated, Claire went downstairs to get her landlord, Mario Rossi. The Quintons rented the second floor of a two-family house in the Windsor Terrace section of Brooklyn. Mr. Rossi lived with his family on the ground floor. Mr. Rossi came up immediately and carried Mrs. Quinton to her bed—something that Claire, who had had five spinal fusions and walked with a cane, was unable to do. Claire reflected that it was fortunate her mother hadn't put on her clothes that day; she was wearing a nightgown and a dressing gown. After Mr. Rossi left, Claire telephoned William Ruffolo, her mother's doctor. She described her mother's symptoms to Dr. Ruffolo—the increasing pain in the lower abdomen, the nausea, the dark-brown urine her mother had been passing. Dr. Ruffolo told Claire that he was just leaving his office to take care of a patient who had suffered a cardiac arrest. He couldn't come to see Mrs. Quinton, and suggested that Claire telephone Doctors-on-Call, an agency based in Brooklyn that employs around two hundred physicians part time and full time who make hundreds of house calls a week—the house calls that most private doctors stopped making many years ago. Twenty-five minutes after Claire telephoned Doctors-on-Call, the Quintons' doorbell rang. Claire went downstairs and let in a boyish-looking physician, who identified himself as Dr. Edward Batzel. Dr. Batzel took Mrs. Quinton's blood pressure—it was normal—and said he was going to examine her. He pressed down on several parts of her abdomen. "Ouch! Ouch! Ouch!" Mrs. Quinton said. Dr. Batzel's examination ended with Mrs. Quinton's cries of pain. He advised Claire to call an ambulance and take her mother to the emergency room of the hospital of her choice. He recommended an ambulance company that usually responded promptly. Dr. Batzel gave Claire a bill for forty dollars and his Doctors-on-Call card. While she was writing out a check, he told her that he would be more than glad to take care of her mother again if she ever needed him. Claire Quinton telephoned the ambulance company, gave the dispatcher her name and address, and said that she wanted to go with her mother to Lutheran Medical Center, a five-hundred-and-thirty-two-bed voluntary hospital in the Sunset Park section of southwest Brooklyn, about a ten-minute ride from the Quintons' apartment. Dr. Ruffolo had admitted Mrs. Quinton to Lutheran in June of 1981 after a lump was discovered in her right breast; the lump, which proved to be benign, had been removed there. The ambulance appeared within half an hour, as Claire

"One of those nights that start with champagne at the Stanhope and end with beers on Canal Street."

“*As a husband, he’s something like the Soviet Union.*”

was putting a box of baking soda (which her mother used to brush her dentures) and other sundries in a small suitcase. Two attendants lifted Mrs. Quinton onto a stretcher and carried her down the steep flight of stairs. The ambulance’s shock absorbers were worn out. Claire winced as the vehicle bounced up and down along the potholed streets. At the hospital, she wrote out a check for ninety dollars to the ambulance company.

Lutheran’s emergency room wasn’t busy at 9 P.M. on January 5th. While Mrs. Quinton was being examined by one of the nurses and one of the internes on duty, Claire stood at the emergency-room desk, where a clerk was seated at a computer terminal. The clerk asked her a lot of questions about her mother. The answers appeared on the “face sheet” of Mrs. Quinton’s hospital chart. Date of birth: 2/11/02. Marital status: Widow. Place of birth: Scotland. Religion: Catholic. Place of worship: Immaculate Heart of Mary. Current occupation: Homemaker. Social Security number: Claire recited the nine digits from memory. Insurance carrier: Medicare. Policy number: It was the same as Mrs. Quinton’s Social Security number, followed by the letter “D,” for widow’s benefit. (Though Mrs. Quinton had worked for three decades, she had had Social Security taxes deducted from her paychecks for only four years. She received Social Security benefits on her late husband’s work record and used his Social Security number rather than her own.) Attending physician: Ruffolo. Name of relative to notify in case of emergency: Claire Quinton. Relative’s work phone: None. (The names of almost all the people mentioned in this article have been changed, and details have been altered to disguise identities.)

When the clerk was finished with Claire, she was allowed to go into the examination cubicle, where her mother was answering her share of questions. Mrs. Quinton told the nurse, the interne, and, presently, a resident that the mild abdominal pain she had first felt six weeks earlier had become unbearable in the last two or three days. As the hours went by in the emergency room, the account of her symptoms became a twice- and a thrice-told tale. She had lost her appetite and believed she had also lost weight in recent weeks; she guessed she weighed a hundred and fifteen pounds. The resident described her on the chart as “poorly nourished,” which embarrassed Claire when a nurse later mentioned it to her. Mrs. Quinton said she used alcohol socially, and she owned up to having smoked a pack of cigarettes a day for thirty-four years. She said she considered herself in fair health except for her arthritis, which limited her activities and sometimes caused her to feel depressed. Her vital signs were good, her neurological reflexes were normal, and she was in no acute distress, but the young doctors who saw her had no doubt that she needed to be admitted to Lutheran. They called Dr. Ruffolo, and he instructed them to admit her. They gave her an “admitting” diagnosis of Urinary Tract Infection/Rule Out Renal Malignancy. Between 9 P.M. and 1 A.M., Mrs. Quinton spent most of her time in the cubicle. At one point, an electrocardiogram was done, and she was wheeled away for a chest X-ray and for an X-ray of her abdomen. The resident’s plans for Mrs. Quinton included a complete blood count, a urinalysis, a liver scan, an intravenous pyelogram (the injection into the veins of a radio-opaque dye that the kidneys concentrate, so that they become visible on an X-ray film), and an abdominal-renal sonogram, which shows the outlines of the organs by means of sound waves. At one o’clock on the morning of January 6th, Claire Quinton was told that her mother would be taken to a room and that she could no longer stay with her. No one in the emergency room knew which room. Mrs. Quinton was frightened. Claire was advised to call the hospital in the morning for her mother’s room number and direct-dial telephone number. Claire Quinton had telephoned her sister, Barbara, who lived in Teaneck, New Jersey, at 9:30 P.M. from a pay phone near the emergency room. Barbara’s husband, Dwight Gaylord, had answered the telephone. Claire had told Dwight that her mother was at Lutheran. Dwight had said that Barbara was already asleep. He hadn’t offered to wake her. Claire called a car service from the same pay phone. Residents of southwest Brooklyn use private car services much more frequently than taxicabs, because taxicabs rarely cruise the streets in the area. She got home around 1:30 A.M.

A few hours later, Dr. William Ruffolo came to Lutheran. He found Mrs. Quinton in Room 5911. He read the interne’s and the resident’s descriptions of their examinations of Mrs. Quinton, the history they had taken of her present illness, her past medical history, and the resident’s notes and initial plans for treatment. Dr. Ruffolo examined Mrs. Quinton and told her she would be in the hospital for a short while to have some tests. He added an

HEATHCLIFF! OH, HEATHCLIFF!
YE GODS, WILL THIS NOVEL NEVER END?

Attending's Admission Note to her chart, in which he stated that he agreed with the history and the physical findings of the resident. His impression was that Mrs. Quinton had a urinary-tract infection; he wanted a genito-urinary malignancy ruled out. He also wanted to rule out hepatitis, gallbladder disease, and kidney disease. He concluded his note with "ELS—1 wk, D/P—home;" that is, he estimated that Mrs. Quinton's length of stay at Lutheran would be one week and his plan was to discharge her to her home.

A renal sonogram done on January 7th showed that Mrs. Quinton's right kidney was normal; the radiologist couldn't judge her left kidney, because she was unable to lie prone. An abdominal sonogram taken that day showed no abnormality of the liver. Mrs. Quinton appeared to have some sludge within the gallbladder; thus, according to the radiologist, "gallstones cannot be excluded." The following day, an intravenous pyelogram was taken; it was not altogether clear, but what could be seen was "unremarkable." On January 12th, a liver scan showed the liver and spleen to be normal. After Mrs. Quinton's first few days in the hospital, her catheter was draining amber urine, her I.V. was infusing well, and her abdominal pains had diminished. The urinary-tract infection had cleared up, but her appetite remained poor. To supplement the calories Mrs. Quinton was getting intravenously and on a soft diet, a nutritionist prescribed strawberry milkshakes. When Mrs. Quinton complained about the milkshakes, she was given the eggnogs she requested. She preferred soup Claire bought for her at a neighborhood delicatessen and brought to the hospital in a thermos on daily visits to either the milkshakes or the eggnogs. After seven days at Lutheran, Mrs. Quinton was lethargic and weak. She was scheduled for additional tests—another X-ray of the abdomen, a barium enema, an upper-gastrointestinal series. Dr. Ruffolo's original "ELS—1 wk" had come and gone; his terse subsequent notes did not include an estimated length of stay. His original "D/P—home" had also apparently been amended. A note written by a resident on Mrs. Quinton's chart on January 13th read, "Pt. not too pleased about prospect of going to a nursing home." The previous afternoon, Mrs. Quinton had said little to Claire in five hours except "Get me out of here. Get me back where I belong. I'll get back on my feet at home." When Claire replied that she would have to be patient, her mother said, "Patience has never been one of my virtues." Claire told her mother that she might not be able to take her home directly from the hospital, whenever she was released, because she wouldn't be able to lift her or take proper care of her. Claire had told her mother that she might first have to go to a nursing home for four to six weeks to regain some of her strength.

Unbeknown to Claire, one of Mrs. Quinton's nurses was thinking along the same lines. On January 13th, the nurse referred Mrs. Quinton to Lutheran's Social Service Department. The following day, Robert Speirs, a social-work assistant, who was responsible for helping most of the medical and surgical patients on Lutheran's fifth floor with their post-hospital plans, reviewed Mrs. Quinton's chart and telephoned Claire. He introduced himself and asked Claire if she was considering nursing-home placement for her mother. When she said she was, he told her that nursing homes in New York City charged "private pay" patients about seventy-five dollars a day. Claire said that neither she nor her mother had that kind of money. Mr. Speirs told Claire that Medicare, with very few exceptions, did not pay for nursing-home care, but Medicaid did. (Medicare is a federal health-insurance program for the aged or disabled. Medicaid is a federal and state health-insurance program for people unable to afford medical care.) Speirs asked Claire what her mother's monthly income was. She said that it was two

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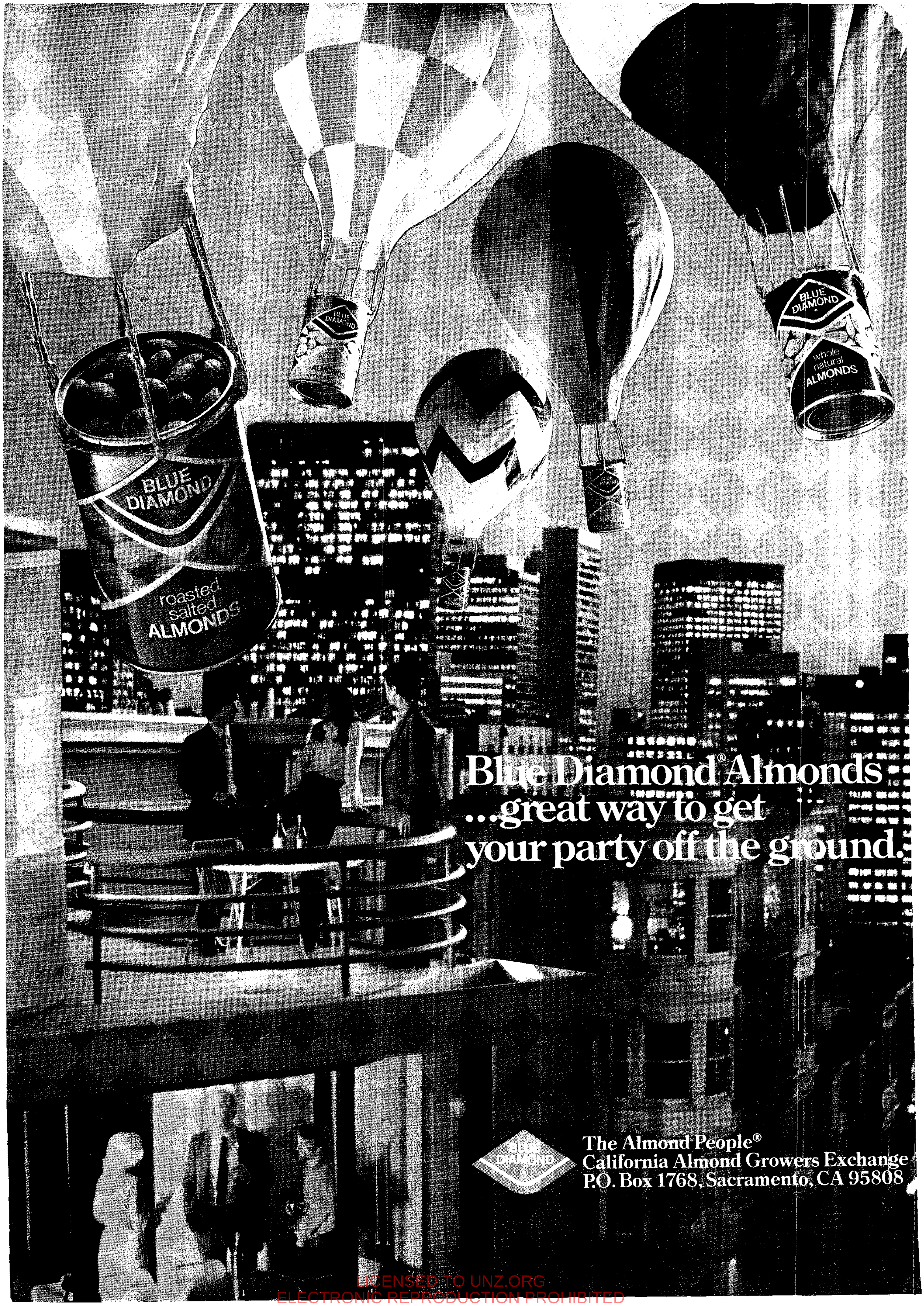BLUE DIAMOND
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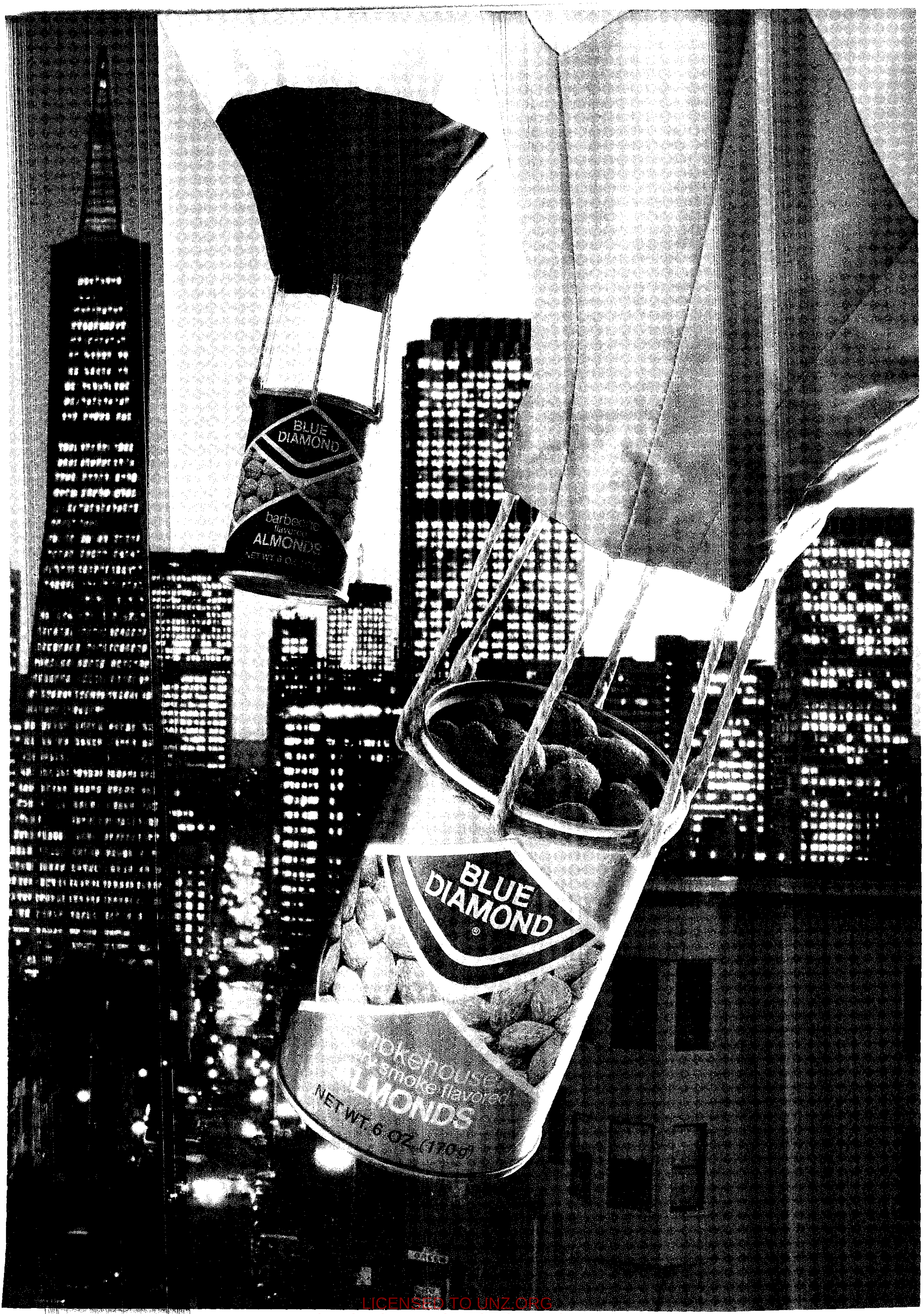
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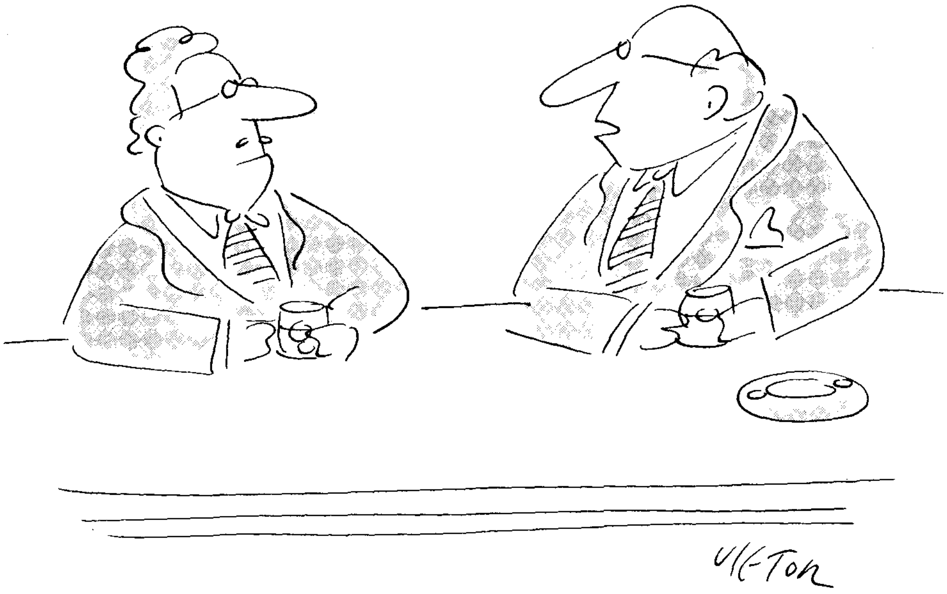


"I've supervised. I've managed. I've directed. I've presided. I've chaired. What else is there?"

• •

hundred and seventy-one dollars and ten cents—Mrs. Quinton's monthly Social Security check. He asked her what her mother's liquid assets were. She said they were about twenty-five hundred dollars. In January of 1982, the monthly-income ceiling for Medicaid for a single person in New York State was three hundred and thirty-three dollars and thirty-three cents. The ceiling on liquid assets, like savings (homes and such personal property as furniture and one automobile were exempt from this ceiling), was twenty-five hundred. Bob Speirs told Claire he believed that her mother was "Medicaid-eligible." He suggested that she have her mother apply for Medicaid as soon as possible, because Medicaid applications often took from three to four months to be processed. Claire said she would think it over.

Mrs. Quinton's second week at Lutheran was no less difficult than her first. Her arthritis was hurting her. She was having trouble keeping her food down. She didn't want to eat. She felt weaker. Barbara telephoned every day, and paid a daily charge of three dollars and eighty-two cents so that her mother could have a small television set next to her bed, but Mrs. Quinton rarely watched TV. Her eyes were bothering her—she seemed to need new glasses—and she found most television programs boring. Although Claire came to the hospital each day at two-twenty and stayed until after seven, when the mail and the day after tomorrow's menus had been delivered, Mrs. Quinton asked the nurses why her other relatives, including Barbara, didn't come to see her. She was receiving fewer get-well cards and phone calls from her sisters and her friends than she would have liked. Her first roommate slept most of the day and never spoke; she appeared to be terminally ill. Mrs. Quinton was depressed by her roommate's situation and by her own. One morning, she told a nurse that she was going to see her lawyer about the care given at Lutheran. After Mrs. Quinton had had a week of bed rest, Sally Thurman, her "primary care" nurse, who was on the 7:15 A.M.-to-3:30 P.M. shift, got her out of bed, tied her with a sheet into a chair with a tray rest, and left her there for three hours. Mrs. Quinton complained to Claire, who complained to Mrs. Thurman that her mother was left in the chair too long. Mrs. Thurman's reply was "Kate didn't come to the hospital with pneumonia, and she isn't going to get pneumonia at Lutheran, because I don't have time to take care of a pneumonia case."

On January 19th, Claire called Barbara. She told her sister she thought their mother would have to go to a nursing home temporarily. "I'll support your decision fully," Barbara said. Barbara had a job selling cosmetics from nine until three. Her husband owned an air-conditioning sales-and-service company. Dwight Gaylord had turned fifty-five on December 30th, when the Gaylords were out of town. Barbara said that she and Dwight would visit her mother at the hospital the following day after four. They would stay for two hours and would then take Claire out to dinner for a belated celebration of Dwight's birthday. Claire said she would go to the hospital early on the twentieth, leave before Barbara and Dwight arrived, and wait at home for them to pick her up.

On the morning of January 20th, Claire telephoned Dr. Ruffolo. She told him what she had told her sister the previous evening about her mother's apparent need to spend a few weeks in a nursing home. She asked him to meet her at Lutheran that afternoon; she said she needed his moral support. He agreed, and offered to get in touch with Bob Speirs. When Dr. Ruffolo came to Kate Quinton's room that afternoon and spoke the words "nursing home," Mrs. Quinton told him and Claire that she had once seen a television show that exposed the horrible conditions in some nursing homes. Dr. Ruffolo assured her that there were some excellent nursing homes in Brooklyn, and that she would be in a nursing home for only a short period. "Kate, Claire is doing the right thing for both of you," he said. A few minutes after Claire had thanked Dr. Ruffolo for pacifying her mother and had walked with him to the door, Bob Speirs came to Mrs. Quinton's room. He spoke to her about several nursing homes, in Brooklyn and on Staten Island. He mentioned one on Staten Island that had particularly nice rooms, with beautiful views of the Manhattan skyline. Claire Quinton wasn't sure that her mother had heard everything Bob Speirs said—Mrs. Quinton is deaf in her right ear and misses parts of many conversations—but Claire didn't think her mother would care one way or the other about a room with a view. Claire was sure she didn't want her mother on Staten Island. The daily drives there over icy streets were more than she could handle in winter. When Bob Speirs brought up Mrs. Quinton's finances, Claire suggested that they continue their discussion elsewhere. Mrs. Quinton had had gallbladder X-rays that morning; she was tired and wanted to rest up for Barbara's eagerly awaited first visit.

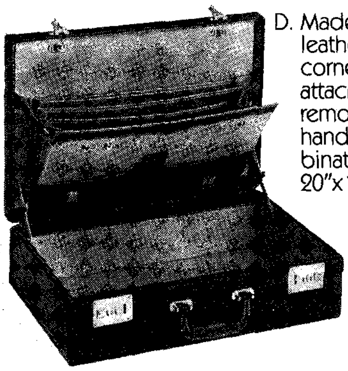
In Bob Speirs' office, Claire Quinton said that her monthly income was a Social Security disability check for $472.40; she hadn't been able to work since 1976. Mr. Speirs told Claire that she wasn't applying for Medicaid, and

Crouch & Fitzgerald is the business case place.

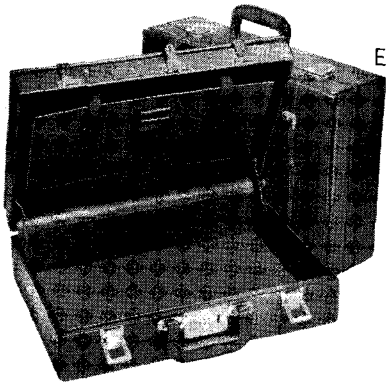
A. Made of supple cowhide, this 18" brief bag has 3 expandable pockets, reinforced corners, solid leather handle and combination lock. In Suntan or Black $175. Also available in belting leather $210.

B. This 17"x11" case by Schlesinger has top zipper, extra wide 3 sided gusset, inside divider with calculator pocket, retractable handles and shoulder strap. In Brown, Chestnut, Burgundy, or Black $210. Also available without shoulder strap $195.

C. This roomy top zip brief bag of supple cowhide features double handle, 3 expandable inside pockets and 1 zipper pocket. 17½"x13" in Brown, Black or Burgundy $325.

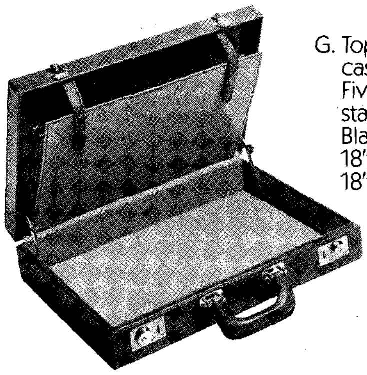


D. Made of durable belting leather and turned leather corners, this extra-size attaché case has 5 pockets, removable file, padded handle and double combination locks. 20"x13½"x6" $205.



E. This belting leather bellows case has expanding gusseted lid, twin leather securing straps, 5 file pockets, combination lock and 2 side catches $290. Also available in cowhide, in Suntan or Black $200.

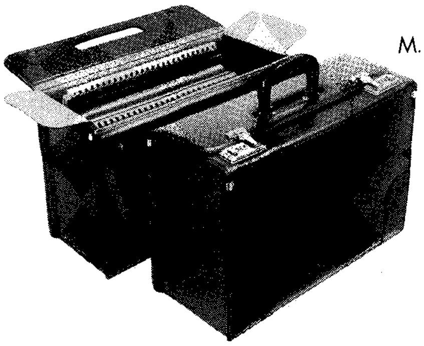
F. Made of belting leather inside and out, this accountant's case has 4 roomy sections, all-around straps, and solid brass swivel graduating closure $375.



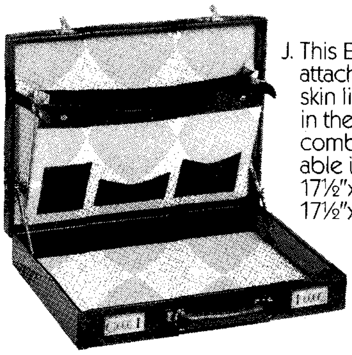
G. Top-grain cowhide attaché case, exceptionally priced. Five expanding file pockets, stay-put hinges. Suntan, Black or Brown.
18"x12"x4" $59.50.
18"x12"x5" $75.

H. An underarm flap envelope with leather closure tab, solid brass bottom studs by Schlesinger. 14"x10"x1½" in Black, Chocolate or Burgundy $115. Also available in 17"x11"x2" size $130.

I. This sturdy expanding brief case by Schlesinger is made of natural belting leather with 3 inside pockets, open back pockets and combination lock. 17"x11" $250.

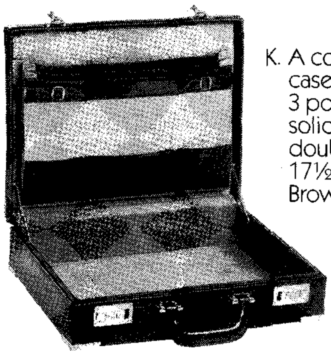


M. This jumbo catalog case is indispensable for salesmen, pilots, lawyers. Made of top-grain cowhide with reinforced leather corners and 2 combination locks. In Brown or Black.
18" $155.
20" $165.

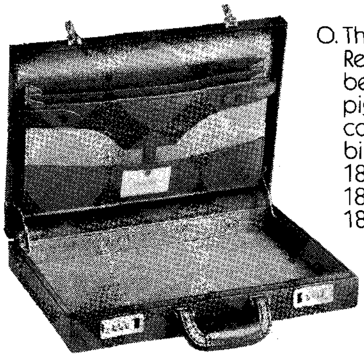


J. This English-style overlap attaché by Tumi is pigskin lined with 2 pockets in the lid and a double combination lock. Available in light Brown only.
17½"x13"x3¼" $335.
17½"x13"x4¼" $350.

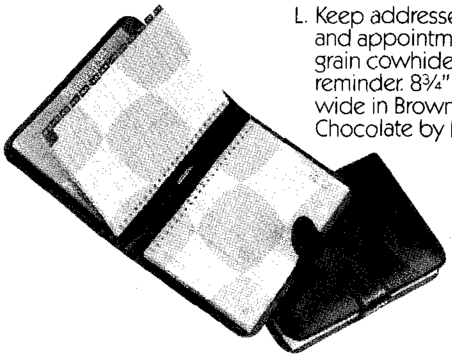
N. All belting leather inside and out, this 4" attaché by Atlas features handy removable envelope $590. Also available in 5" size $675.



K. A cowhide attaché case with leather lining, 3 pockets in the lid, solid brass corners and double combination locks. 17½"x13½"x4" in Black, Brown or Burgundy $455.



O. This attaché case by Renwick of Canada made of belting leather with genuine pigsuede lining, has 3 file compartments and 2 combination locks.
18"x13"x3" $280.
18"x13"x4" $290.
18"x13"x5" $300.



L. Keep addresses, memos and appointments in this top-grain cowhide weekly reminder. 8¾" high x 5¾" wide in Brown, Burgundy or Chocolate by Bosca $50.

P. Select cowhide jumbo brief bag, 20" long. Three expandable pockets, securing outside straps, combination lock. Suntan or Black $245. Also available in belting leather $280.

(Case closed.)

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that her income had no bearing on her mother's eligibility for Medicaid. He again said he believed that her mother was eligible. Claire said she would have her mother apply. Mr. Speirs telephoned Haydee Santana, a counsellor in Lutheran's Patient Accounts Department, whose job it is to help people apply for Medicaid. He made an appointment for Claire to see Miss Santana the following day. He gave Claire a list of the documents she would need to show Miss Santana: her mother's birth certificate, marriage and citizenship papers; Mr. Quinton's death certificate; a Social Security card; some recent cancelled rent and utility receipts; and her mother's bankbook or bankbooks. He also gave Claire a list of about twenty nursing homes in Brooklyn, Queens, and Staten Island. The names of four nursing homes in Brooklyn had check marks in the margin; these were nursing homes to which Lutheran's Social Service Department sent many of the hospital's patients. Claire thanked Speirs and drove home. She took a shower, washed her hair, and changed into one of her better pants suits. It was a size 16. Claire observed with sorrow that it was getting tight. In 1981, after Mrs. Quinton's health started to deteriorate, Claire had started to overeat. Most days, she drove to a Burger King a few blocks from the apartment and ordered two chocolate shakes. During her visits to her mother at the hospital in January, Claire often went down to the coffee shop or to the vending machines for Coca-Colas and Milky Ways. In early 1981, she had weighed a hundred and thirty-five pounds and had worn a size 12. On January 20, 1982, she weighed a hundred and eighty-five pounds.

When Dwight Gaylord honked his car horn around six-forty-five that evening, Claire walked downstairs. Dwight drove his wife and sister-in-law to a steak house in Windsor Terrace. Dwight and Barbara ordered cocktails; Claire ordered a beer.

As Claire later recalled the conversation, Barbara said to her, "I will back you in any decision you make, but Mama belongs in a nursing home." When they were eating their steaks, Barbara looked at her sister and said, "Get yourself together, Claire. There are three things you have to do. Lose weight. Get a job. And get someone in to share the expenses of the apartment."

"What about Mama?" Claire asked Barbara.

"She'll be in a nursing home," Barbara answered.

"Only temporarily," Claire said.

"Forever," Barbara said.

"No way, nohow," Claire said. "Mama was too good to me when I was having my operations. No way could I just ship her off forever."

"I think you're making a big mistake, Claire," Barbara said.

Claire decided that it was pointless to pursue the subject with her sister. She had always found Barbara bossy and overbearing. For the rest of the meal, she talked to Barbara and Dwight about their grown children, Charles, Sarah, and Elizabeth, of whom she is extremely fond. Afterward, the Gaylords drove Claire home. She walked upstairs slowly, dragging her right leg, which ached at the end of a long day. Before Claire went to bed, she prayed to God for guidance. She had once spent a year and a half in a convent. Claire goes to Mass six days a week and signs her letters "Love and Prayers." She is a great believer in prayer. "That night, I prayed and I prayed and I prayed," she later remembered.

ON January 21st, Claire Quinton kept her appointment with Haydee Santana. She brought in all but one of the documents that Miss Santana had said were needed to establish proof of Mrs. Quinton's Medicaid eligibility; she brought in the missing document the following day, weeks before most of the people Miss Santana customarily dealt with, who were less well organized, would have done so. Three days later, Haydee Santana sent Mrs. Quinton's completed Medicaid application to the appropriate division of New York City's Human Resources Administration: the Medical Assistance Program.

January 21st was also the day Dr. Ruffolo received the results of Mrs. Quinton's gallbladder X-rays. He called in a surgeon, Dr. Amarendra Shah, for a consultation. Dr. Shah, who had removed the lump from Mrs. Quinton's breast the previous year, telephoned Claire that evening and told her that the gallbladder X-rays suggested that Mrs. Quinton had gallstones. In his opinion, she required a gallbladder operation. Claire was upset about her mother's poor physical condition. If an operation would restore her to good health, she believed that it made sense. She said, however, that she doubted if her mother was strong enough for such an operation and that she doubted if her mother would consent to it. On January 22nd, Dr. Shah wrote on Mrs. Quinton's chart that she should have the upper-gastrointestinal series and the barium-enema series, which had not yet been

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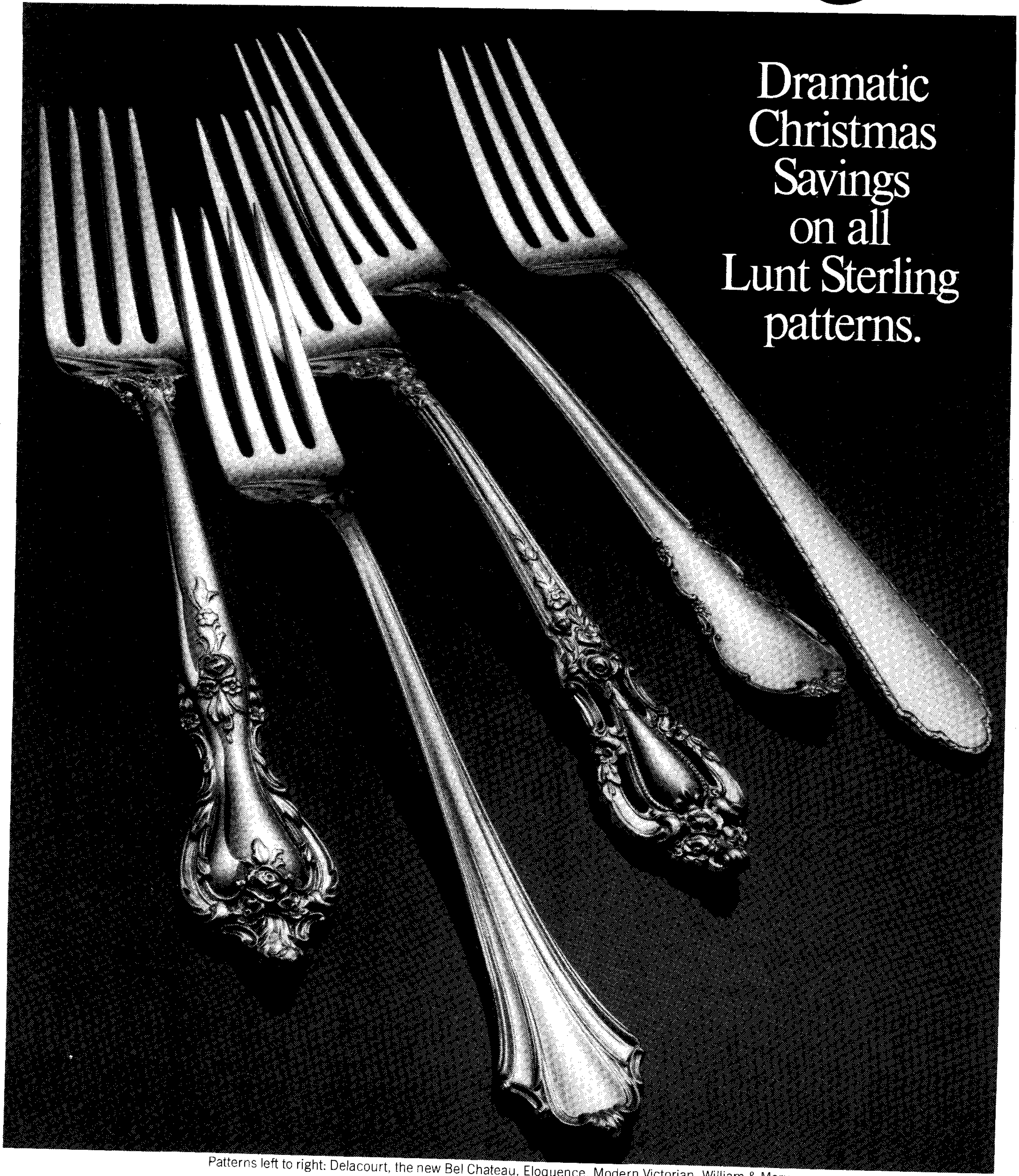
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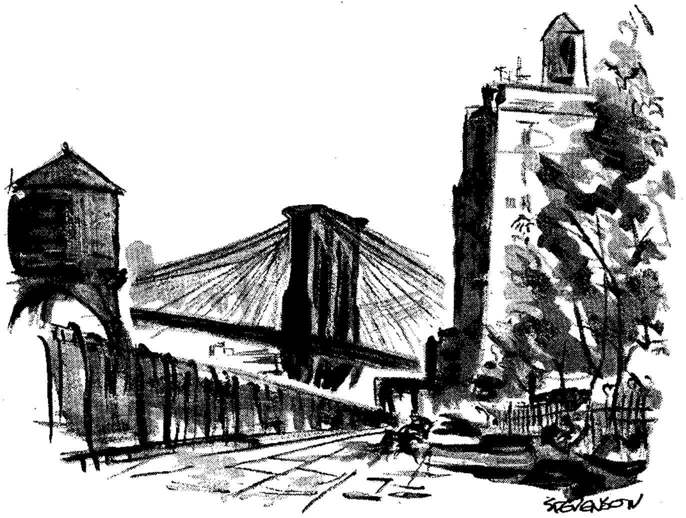
done. That day, Mrs. Quinton's chart said "Very weak." She received a blood transfusion on January 22nd and again on the twenty-seventh. She had the barium enema on January 30th. Her colon was "unremarkable" except for the presence of diverticula—numerous small pockets that had formed in the walls of the large intestine. Diverticula are present in about twenty to thirty per cent of Americans over the age of fifty. The results of the upper-gastrointestinal series, done on February 1st, were "WNL"—within normal limits. There was no evidence of anything untoward in Mrs. Quinton's esophagus, her stomach, or her duodenum: no ulcers, no tumors. On February 1st, Dr. Ruffolo took a week's vacation; he left Mrs. Quinton in the hands of Dr. Shah and another colleague. When Dr. Ruffolo returned, on February 8th, he reviewed Mrs. Quinton's chart. Although the urinary-tract infection with which she had been admitted had been resolved, she had developed another urinary-tract infection while he was away, but it was clearing up with tetracycline. The assorted X-ray series and blood tests to which she had been submitted between January 5th and February 1st had ruled out a renal malignancy and several other types of cancer, as well as hepatitis. Many of the X-rays showed that Mrs. Quinton had severe osteoarthritis—a chronic condition. On February 8th, Dr. Ruffolo asked Mrs. Quinton if she wanted to undergo gallbladder surgery. She said emphatically that she did not. He pronounced Mrs. Quinton "medically cleared." This meant that there was nothing further he or the hospital could do to make a significant change in her condition.

Most patients who are medically cleared are discharged to their homes, as Mrs. Quinton had been in 1981 after the lump in her breast was removed. A small percentage of the patients admitted to Lutheran cannot be discharged home when they are medically cleared—mostly elderly patients whose condition has taken a turn for the worse in the hospital, as Mrs. Quinton's now had. Lutheran Medical Center is an acute-care hospital and is committed to using its beds for patients who require the treatment an acute-care hospital can give. A patient who has been medically cleared is considered to be at Lutheran inappropriately. He or she may be "blocking" a bed that could otherwise be used by a patient with acute needs; Lutheran's occupancy rate in 1982 was eighty-six per cent. Medically cleared patients who remain at Lutheran are put on an "Alternate Level of Care" list; that means that they are awaiting transfer to alternative care at home or in another institution—a physical-rehabilitation facility, a terminal-care facility, or, most often, a nursing home. A few prosperous people on the alternative-care list go home with nurses or home attendants for whom they pay privately. A number of patients who already have Medicaid return home with home attendants paid for by the Human Resources Administration. Like the majority of people on the alternative-care list, Mrs. Quinton was covered by Medicare, which pays for a limited amount of home health care—a much more limited amount than Mrs. Quinton needed on February 8, 1982.

There are thirty patients on the alternative-care list at Lutheran on an average day; twenty-eight of them are waiting to get into nursing homes. Most of these patients stay in the limbo of alternative-care status for weeks or months, either because their applications for Medicaid are pending or because a place in a nursing home has not yet been found for them. The occupancy rate of nursing homes in New York City is close to one hundred per cent, which enables nursing homes to be quite selective. Lutheran's situation is not unique. A 1980 one-day census of hospitals in New York State found approximately four thousand four hundred patients in alternative-care status. They used roughly seven per cent of all acute-care beds and ran up unnecessary hospital charges of approximately two hundred and forty-two million dollars a year.

On January 20th, Bob Speirs had already started Mrs. Quinton on her way to a nursing home by helping Claire with her mother's Medicaid application. On January 22nd, he asked a discharge-planning nurse to fill out a form called a DMS-1 on Kate Quinton, to determine the level of care she needed. ("DMS" stands for Division of Medical Standards.) A DMS-1 is a tool used in New York State to judge a patient's ability to function physically and mentally; it tries to assess the level of nursing and custodial care he or she will require. Points are assigned for certain types of required treatment (75 points for round-the-clock inhalation treatment, 100 points for round-the-clock feeding) and for various types of behavior (50 points for being abusive at all times, 80 points for being assaultive at all times). Patients whose DMS-1 scores are between zero and 59 qualify for Domiciliary Care Facilities (adult homes). Those who score between 60 and 179 qualify for Health Related Facilities (intermediate-care homes). Those who score above 180 qualify for Skilled Nursing Facilities (nursing homes). The highest possible DMS-1 score is close to 1,300 points. Mrs. Quinton's initial DMS-1 score was 283. On February 9th, and every ten days thereafter, Bob Speirs had a discharge-planning nurse do another DMS-1 on Mrs. Quinton. Her score was 366 on February 9th and February 19th, and 423 on March 1st. She always received 105 points for being unable to walk. Forty points were subtracted when she required only "some help" rather than "total help" with dressing. A hundred points were added on March 1st, when she developed bedsores that required frequent treatment. Mr. Speirs sent each of Mrs. Quinton's DMS-1 scores to twenty nursing homes. He telephoned ten nursing homes a week to see if one had a bed available for her. Medicare will reimburse a hospital for Alternate Level of Care days only in the case of patients who require skilled nursing care and only if a member of the Social Service Department documents on patients' charts his or her "diligent efforts"



BILL BLASS ON GETTING IT TOGETHER:

"Most Americans try too hard.

"Even on the most festive occasions, they take their evening clothes too seriously.

"I believe clothes should be enjoyed. I like the gentlemen-of-the-old-school flavor of my double breasted evening suit.

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to secure nursing-home placement.

What Mrs. Quinton's DMS-1 forms didn't show but her chart did was her frame of mind. In early February, there were just two days when Mrs. Quinton's nurses reported her to be in good spirits—February 10th (the day before her birthday) and February 11th. On the morning of the eleventh, Mrs. Quinton's grandson and his wife, who live in Arkansas, sent her a dozen long-stemmed red roses as their gift and a floral arrangement from their two small children. In the early afternoon, while Claire was visiting, Sally Thurman, Mrs. Quinton's primary-care nurse, came into the room with two other nurses. Mrs. Thurman was carrying a piece of cake on which she had put a candle. The three nurses sang "Happy Birthday." Mrs. Quinton, who was touched by this gesture, blew out the candle and ate some of the cake. Sally Thurman and Kate Quinton were two strong-willed women, but they both believed that some compromise was possible in life: When Mrs. Quinton was taken out of bed to sit in a chair, it was only for an hour and a half twice a day rather than three hours once a day. Her head no longer drooped onto the tray rest, and she complained less. In the late afternoon, after Claire had gone home, Barbara and Dwight Gaylord came to visit Kate Quinton for the second time, bringing with them their older daughter, Sarah, and her fiancé, Brian; one of Mrs. Quinton's sisters; two pounds of butter cookies; a bottle of champagne; and a package of plastic glasses. Barbara gave one pound of cookies to the nurses. Mrs. Quinton doesn't drink champagne, but she loves butter cookies, and she ate quite a few of them while her relatives drank a toast to her on her eightieth birthday.

For two weeks before her birthday and for two weeks afterward, Mrs. Quinton was extremely depressed. "Nurse, why me?" she asked one day in late January. "Just leave me alone," she said the next day, refusing to drink her citrate of magnesia and throwing it on the floor. Although Mrs. Quinton was put on a regular diet on February 10th, which was to be supplemented with strawberry milkshakes, she ate sparingly. She was never weighed at Lutheran, but she appeared to lose a pound or two a week. She required one more blood transfusion. On several days in February, she refused to have blood drawn. Another day, she pulled out her catheter. The nurses, residents, and third-year medical students noted that "she feels helpless, feels very disgusted," and commented that she needed to be built up psychologically.

The most frequent exchange Mrs. Quinton had with Claire on her daily visits went like this:

"Are you sure I'm only going to go to a nursing home temporarily?"

"Mama, would I sell you a bill of goods?"

"I guess not, but those nursing homes I saw on television were so awful."

"Four to six weeks—eight weeks maximum."

Mrs. Quinton often called Claire at home to say, "Bring my clothes. Call an ambulance" or "Get me out of here. If I don't get out of this dive, I'll lose my mind."

One morning after her mother had called, Claire telephoned Barbara. As Claire recalls the conversation, Barbara asked, "Why are you bothering me when I'm on my way to work?"

"I'm calling now because I didn't want to bother you at work," Claire said. "Mama's upset. I know you call her every day after five, but I wish you'd call her today around ten-thirty to cheer her up a bit before I get there around two."

Barbara said goodbye without committing herself to telephoning at a particular time.

In mid-February, Claire Quinton got a recurrence of a bad case of flu she had had on and off from September to December of 1981. For about a week, she couldn't come to the hospital. Mrs. Quinton missed her company and the roast-beef sandwiches and rice pudding that Claire now brought her from the delicatessen. On February 22nd, Mrs. Quinton was particularly downcast. Her feet were badly swollen. She attributed her lack of appetite to the "garbage food" served at Lutheran. That day, Bob Speirs wrote on Kate Quinton's chart, "Continuing to follow for NHP [nursing-home placement]. Medicaid still pending. No beds available as yet."

ON February 22nd, a seventy-one-year-old man named Gerald Cooper, who had been a patient at Lutheran since June and had been on the Alternate Level of Care list for four months, left the hospital. Mr. Cooper's right side had been severely weakened by a stroke he suffered in 1980. His left leg had been amputated above the knee in July. His latest DMS-1 score was 557. No nursing home had accepted him. He didn't want to go to a nursing home, and his wife, who was seventy-six and had visited him almost every day during his long hospitalization, didn't want him to go to one, either. She wanted to care for him at home. On February 22nd, Mr. and Mrs. Cooper got their wish. Gerald Cooper went home. He went home thanks to a program called Transitional Community Placement (T.C.P.), a collaboration between Lutheran Medical Center and the New York City Department of City Planning.

The Transitional Community Placement program was the creation of Herbert Sturz, who had become chairman of the City Planning Commission in 1980. Mr. Sturz is a social reformer with somewhat catholic interests. He was director and president of the Vera Institute of Justice from its inception, in 1961, to 1977. (Vera is a nonprofit organization committed to improving the criminal-justice system.) He is well known for his work in reforming the city's bail system, which led to the reform of the entire federal bail system, in the Federal Bail Reform Act of 1966. One of the many subjects he became interested in at Vera was home health care for the aged. He concluded that a lot of the aged were winding up in nursing homes prematurely and should be given a chance to be cared for in their own homes, because it was more humane. Sturz is a social reformer with a pragmatic approach. He knew that old people were more likely to be given this chance if it could be demonstrated

WINE & FOOD

Taste of the Holidays

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It's a time for California sparkling wine, and we express this festive tradition with Sebastiani Brut Three-Star, a premium sparkling wine made entirely from Pinot Noir grapes grown in Sonoma County. Though it requires extra-time and special care, we produce Brut Three-Star by the classic *methode Champenoise*, a method that dates back to seventeenth century France. In each individual bottle, bubbles were formed naturally during a secondary fermentation, and fifteen months of aging on the yeast has developed a depth and complexity that make Brut Three-Star a sparkling wine of extra-special character.

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We enjoy Brut Three-Star with different hors d'oeuvres and also with various [illegible] fish, particularly fresh dungeness crab. In a classic match between sparkling wine and food, my w[illegible]ki has created a *Caviar Pastry* that marries the rich flavors of caviar, eggs, cheese and onion with the crisp, toasty flavors of Brut Three-Star.

If you would like to sample some of our family holiday recipes and learn more about wine, please write to the address below for your free brochure "Wine and Food: Taste of the Holidays."

From my family to your family . . . Buon Natale.

Sam J. Sebastiani

Sam J. Sebastiani

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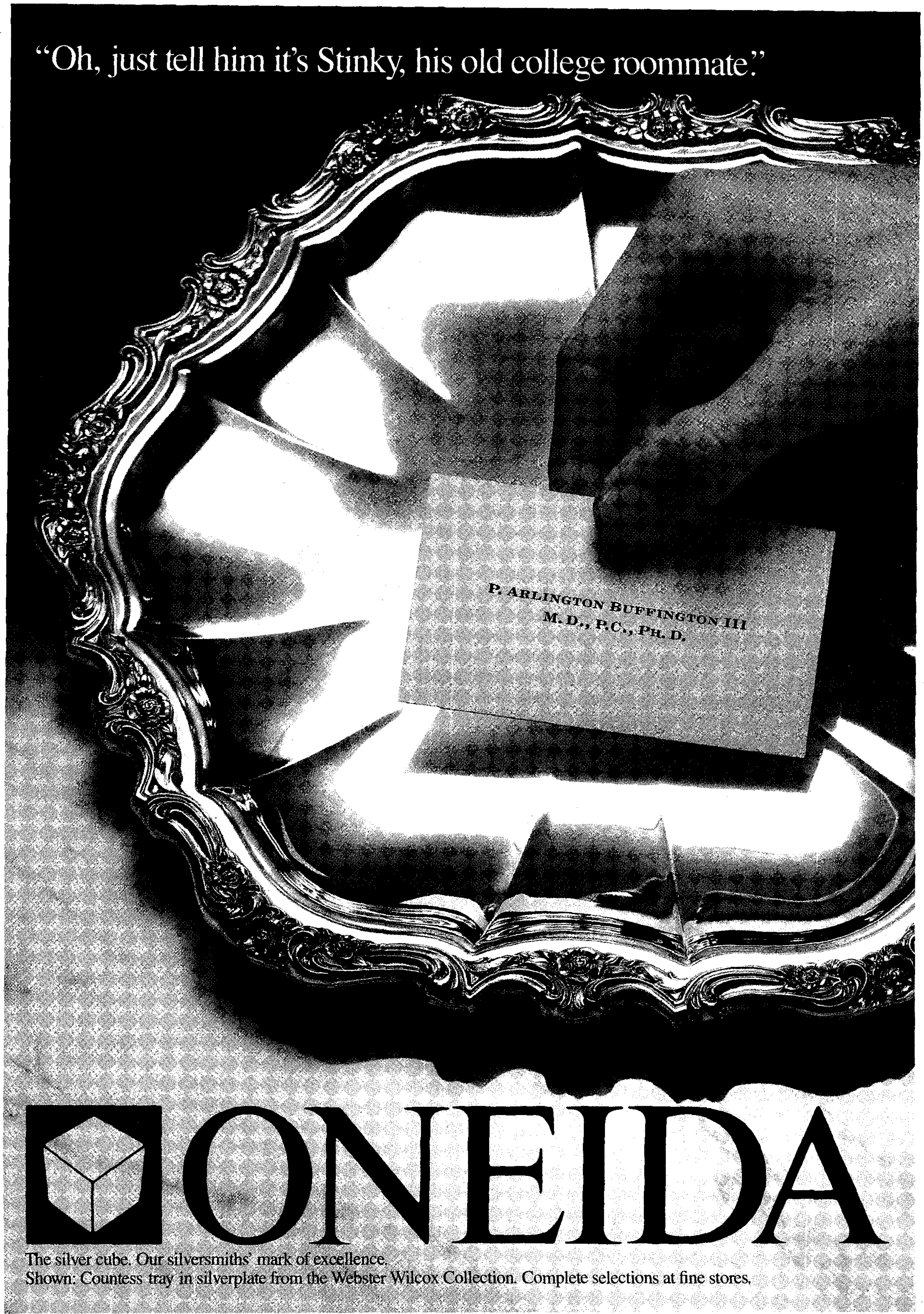

P. ARLINGTON BUFFINGTON III
M.D., P.C., PH. D.

"Oh, just tell him it's Stinky, his old college roommate."

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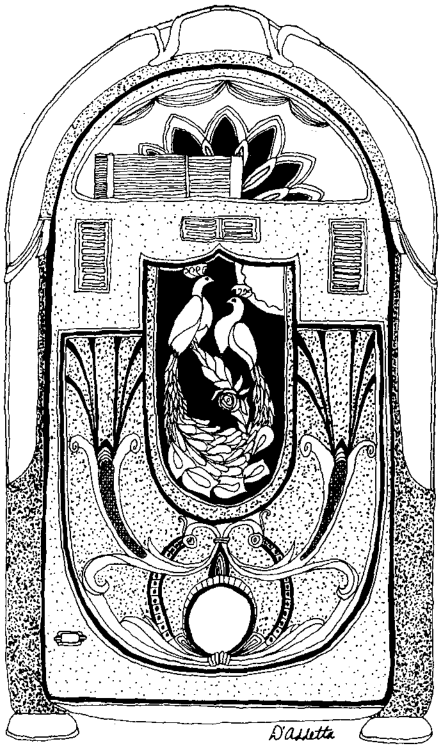
that home care was less expensive than keeping them in Alternate Level of Care status until they were channelled into nursing homes.

The Department of City Planning had access to some Community Development money. Most C.D. money is spent on housing, streets, sewers, and the like, but there is a small amount that may be used for social services in designated areas, such as Sunset Park. Sturz perceived home health care as a social service. Howard Hornstein, one of the seven City Planning commissioners, is the treasurer of Lutheran Medical Center. Almost half the people who live in Sunset Park go to Lutheran when they require hospitalization. Hornstein arranged for Sturz to meet George Adams, the president of Lutheran. In 1980, three hundred and two patients accounted for approximately eleven thousand days of alternative care at Lutheran, at a total cost of about three million dollars. Mr. Adams was willing to work with City Planning on a program that would benefit the hospital and divert people from nursing homes.

In May of 1981, Sturz hired David Gould, a Vera project director who had acquired a fair amount of experience in the fields of home health care and employment of the hard-to-employ, to direct City Planning's Community Health and Employment Program. In June of 1981, Mr. Gould hired Diane Confalone as his assistant. Miss Confalone has a master's degree in public health and had just completed a year at Lutheran Medical Center as an administrative resident. Between June of 1981 and February of 1982, David Gould and Diane Confalone studied the way elderly patients left the hospital, and devised Transitional Community Placement as a way to help some patients on the alternative-care list waiting for nursing homes try home care instead. They decided to work with residents of Sunset Park and Bay Ridge. They chose people with low and moderate incomes, especially those with pending Medicaid applications; people who needed from twenty to eighty-four hours of home-care service a week from the program (they calculated that their budget would not be large enough to include patients who needed twenty-four-hour-a-day care); and people who couldn't be readily discharged to other existing programs, such as the Human Resources Administration's Home Attendant Program, which was for those who already had Medicaid coverage. During those eight months, Mr. Gould and Miss Confalone obtained grants from the United Hospital Fund of New York and the New York Community Trust to complement the Community Development money made available by the Department of City Planning. Sturz likes to take two social problems and fold them into a single solution. One of his favorite Vera programs is called Easyride. The Easyriders are homebound old people who are driven in vans to visit their doctors or to go shopping or to senior citizens' centers; the van drivers are ex-offenders or ex-addicts. Sunset Park is a predominantly Hispanic area, whose population has a high rate of unemployment. In January of 1982, Diane Confalone interviewed a number of unemployed women in Sunset Park who were interested in jobs as home attendants in preference to going on welfare. She recruited eight women to work as home attendants for Transitional Community Placement patients. Miss Confalone and Mr. Gould drew up a contract between Lutheran Medical Center and Family Home Care Services of Brooklyn and Queens—one of New York City's nonprofit "vender" agencies that hire home attendants to serve H.R.A. clients—to employ, in addition, a small number of home attendants selected by T.C.P. for its patients. These vender agencies are responsible for paying home attendants' wages and fringe benefits, withholding all required taxes, and recruiting, supervising, and replacing home attendants. One of the first eight women Diane Confalone selected was Belinda Fernández, a woman in her early forties who was born in Puerto Rico but spoke excellent English. Mrs. Fernández had recently been laid off from a job as a sewing-machine operator and was about to apply for unemployment insurance. On February 22nd, Belinda Fernández became Gerald Cooper's home attendant.



On February 19th, when Diane Confalone asked Bob Speirs about possible T.C.P. patients, he recommended Kate Quinton. He told Miss Confalone a little about Kate Quinton's medical history and gave her Claire Quinton's telephone number. Diane Confalone called Claire Quinton that day and briefly described T.C.P. to her. Claire was home with the flu. "It's been difficult for me to take care of my mother at home," she told Miss Confalone. "She tied me to the house. She falls a lot. We were told last year that she needed special shoes to help her walk, but they cost two or three hundred dollars and she says she can't afford them. My mother admits that it takes two nurses to lift her out of bed. I've had five spinal fusions. I could never lift her. Our apartment is cold. The landlord doesn't heat it adequately. My mother spent last winter under an electric blanket. I'll think about the program, but I think a nursing home would be best for now."

On February 24th, Miss Confalone ran into Bob Speirs in a hospital corridor. They spoke about Mr. Cooper and how happy he was to be home. Mr. Speirs again mentioned Kate Quinton, whose room was nearby. At four-thirty that afternoon, Diane Confalone walked into Kate Quinton's room. It was bleak and silent. Mrs. Quinton's roommate—her third since January—was asleep. Mrs. Quinton's eyes were open, and she was lying in bed quietly, partly covered by a sheet, sucking on a throat lozenge. She was wearing a blue hospital gown and had white socks on her feet, which were elevated on a pillow.

"How are you feeling today?" Diane Confalone asked.

"Look at my feet," Mrs. Quinton answered. She sat up in bed and slowly removed the white anklets. Her feet were badly swollen.

"They do seem to be swollen," Miss Confalone said.

"That's an understatement," Mrs. Quinton said. "The left foot isn't just swollen, it's deformed. It's been that

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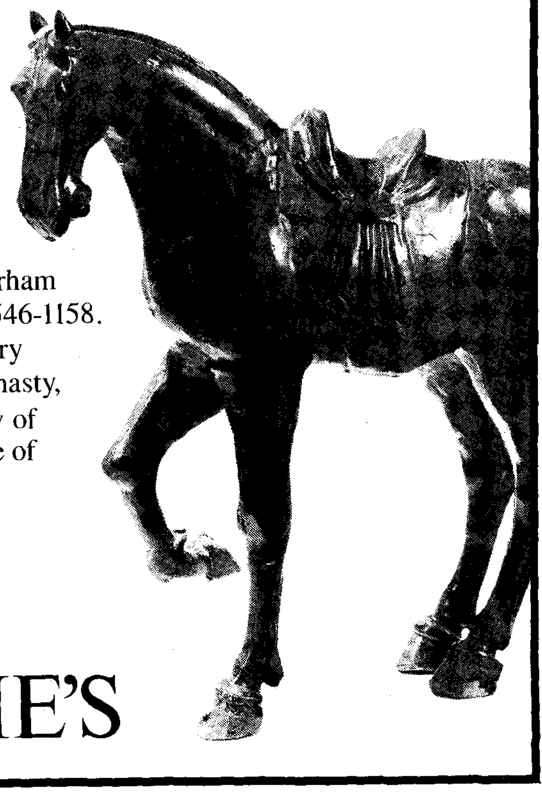

way since I was born. It was operated on in 1921. The operation was a complete failure. Arthritis has made my feet much worse."

"Are *you* getting physical therapy for your feet?" Miss Confalone asked.

"No, and I think I need some," Mrs. Quinton answered.

Mrs. Quinton's arms and legs were spindly and her face was wan. Although she looked to Miss Confalone like a very sick woman, her watery greengage eyes seemed intelligent and her manner alert. Miss Confalone was convinced that Mrs. Quinton had had an operation on her left foot in 1921—not in 1920 or 1922.

"I miss my daughter's visits," Mrs. Quinton said, as if eager to continue the conversation with this pretty young stranger, whose name she didn't seem to have any need to know. Mrs. Quinton liked to talk; she didn't like to lie in semidarkness looking at closets A and B or watching the hands on the hall clock in slow motion. When their eyes met, Kate Quinton said directly to Diane Confalone, "I want to go home."

Mrs. Quinton struck Diane Confalone as a good candidate for Transitional Community Placement. She didn't mention the program to her, because she didn't want to give her any false hopes. She had already learned that patients' relatives had more to say than the patients themselves did about whether they went home or to nursing homes. She thanked Mrs. Quinton for talking to her, admired a plant on her windowsill, and went downstairs to call Claire Quinton. "I've seen your mother, and she wants to go home," Miss Confalone said. She asked Claire if she would be willing to come to her office at Lutheran the following day to hear more about the program. Claire was over the worst of the flu and had been planning to visit her mother on February 25th. She said she would stop at Miss Confalone's office.

Claire Quinton limped into Diane Confalone's office on the twenty-fifth. Miss Confalone helped her remove her coat and offered her a chair. Claire sat down cautiously, putting her pocketbook and shopping bag on the floor, and holding her metal cane. She looked weary but friendly. Miss Confalone told her she would explain the components of the program. First, she spoke about the daily home attendant that Mrs. Quinton would have. Then she explained that Cindy Strong, the program's public-

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health nurse, would come to the Quintons' home as often as Mrs. Quinton needed her. Miss Strong would supervise Mrs. Quinton's medication and work with Claire and the home attendant to devise Mrs. Quinton's plan of care. Miss Confalone then asked Claire if her mother had a private doctor who made home visits. Claire said that Dr. Ruffolo had come to the house six times in 1981. Miss Confalone said that T.C.P. made physical-therapy referrals to Nursing Sisters Home Visiting Service, a certified home health agency. Claire Quinton said she would appreciate such a referral. Her mother had had a physical therapist from Nursing Sisters in 1981. Miss Confalone said that T.C.P. would provide transportation home from the hospital for Mrs. Quinton, and medical equipment and other supplies. Minor housing repairs could be made and heavy-duty cleaning could be done, if necessary. "Those are the components of the Transitional Community Placement program, and it lasts three months," she said. "During those three months, we'll be working continually with your mother to develop a long-term-care plan that will take over after the three months are up. I hope by then her Medicaid will be in place. While your mother is on T.C.P., Cindy will continue to fill out DMS-1 forms, and Lutheran's Social Service Department will send them to nursing homes, so if you should decide that home care isn't viable you'll still have that option if a nursing home accepts her. This is a pilot program, and we'll be keeping a close watch on your mother. If you both decide to try T.C.P. and we accept your mother, she'll be our second patient. Do you think this is something you'd like to consider?"

"Yes, I would," Claire Quinton said.

"Where do you live?" Diane Confalone asked.

"292 Seeley Street, in Windsor Terrace," Claire answered.

Miss Confalone asked Claire to speak to Cindy Strong and went to get her.

Cindy Strong came into the office and asked Claire Quinton a few questions about her mother's ailments and Medicaid status. She also asked Claire how she had managed to take care of her mother before Mrs. Quinton entered the hospital in January. Claire told her that a home-care worker from a special program sponsored by Self-help Community Services had come

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twice a week for two hours since the spring of 1981. The home-care worker had bathed her mother, changed her bed, done the heavy cleaning, helped her exercise her legs, and chatted with her.

"What did you do all the other hours of the week?" Miss Strong asked.

"I struggled," Claire answered.

"I see you have a cane," Miss Strong said. "How's your health?"

"I've had five spinal fusions. I haven't been able to work for the past six years, partly because of my back and partly because . . ." Claire's voice faded.

"How many hours a day do you think your mother would require a home attendant?"

"Eight hours a day, seven days a week, from ten in the morning until six in the evening."

"Why would you want the home attendant to start at ten, and not at nine?"

"My mother has insomnia. Sometimes she doesn't fall into a deep sleep until five o'clock in the morning, but then she sleeps for a good five hours."

"Is there any equipment your mother needs and doesn't have?"

"A hospital bed and a wheelchair. We already have a walker and a commode."

"Would you send your mother to a nursing home?"

"I'd considered it, because I felt I couldn't handle her all by myself, but I've been uneasy about sending her to a nursing home, because she's dead set against it."

"It sounds as if your mother might be a good candidate for the Day Hospital program at Metropolitan Jewish Geriatric Center."

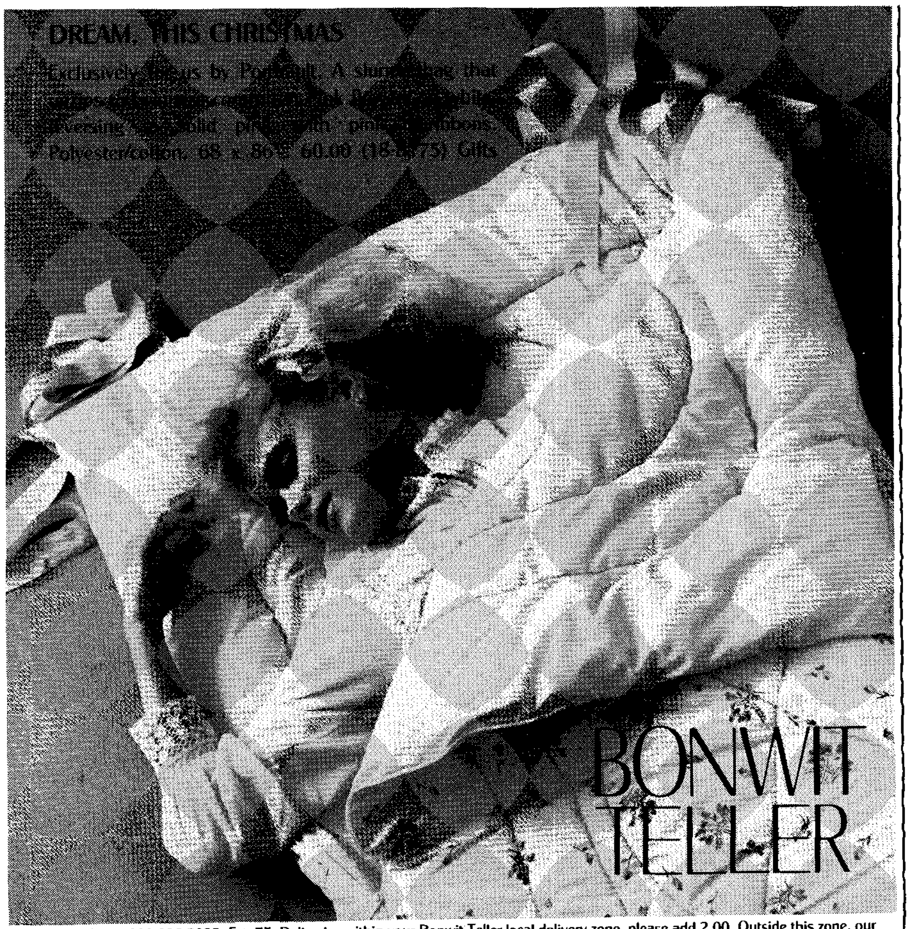
"We live on the second floor. My mother can't go downstairs."

"Do you have any relatives who can help you take care of your mother?"

"I have a sister in New Jersey, but we don't see too much of her. She went back to work part time when her youngest child was eight, because she was afraid that otherwise she'd become a canasta bum. She and her husband are pretty social. They go to lots of cocktail parties and they like the golf club. They're planning to move to Arizona in a few years."

"What about neighbors?"

"A few years ago, we had an apartment at 283 Seeley. We're on good terms with the people we shared the house with. They'd help me in an emergency. So would my landlord. When



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his wife came home from the hospital, I took her two meals a day and checked on her four times a day while he was at work. The only thing he won't do is give us enough heat. The thermostat is in his apartment."

"How much rent do you pay?"

"Three hundred and forty-five dollars a month, but my mother thinks we pay three hundred. He raised us forty-five dollars last September, and, what with the lack of heat, I haven't had the courage to tell her."

Cindy Strong told Claire she would do a nursing assessment on Mrs. Quinton the following morning, and excused herself. Diane Confalone returned. By then, she had studied a map of Brooklyn and had decided that 292 Seeley was close enough to Sunset Park for T.C.P. to include Mrs. Quinton. Miss Confalone asked if it would be convenient for Claire if she and David Gould and Cindy Strong made a home visit on the twenty-sixth, in the early afternoon. Claire was amenable.

ON February 26th, Claire Quinton showed Diane Confalone, David Gould, and Cindy Strong around the apartment. Mrs. Quinton had a large bedroom with two twin beds. Claire's small bedroom contained one. The kitchen was spacious, the bathroom modern, the living room comfortable. The style of the cherry-finished mahogany furniture suggested it was fifty years old, but years of careful polishing made the highboy, the desk, the chest of drawers, the dresser, the night table, the tip table, and the drum table look better than new. The purpose of the visit was to determine whether the patient would be returning to a suitable environment. Mrs. Quinton obviously would be. Later that afternoon, Diane Confalone and Cindy Strong met with Dr. Ruffolo at his office, in Bensonhurst. They wanted his support for Mrs. Quinton's discharge to Transitional Community Placement. He said he would give it, but not before telling them that he believed that both Claire and Kate had a drinking problem, and that he no longer had time to make house calls in Windsor Terrace, because it was too far from his office and his practice had become too busy.

On February 25th, after her meetings with Diane Confalone and Cindy Strong, Claire Quinton was convinced that T.C.P. would accept her mother. She went directly to Room 5911, took a pastrami sandwich and a bottle of ginger ale out of her shopping bag, and put them down on her mother's night table. She kissed her mother on the cheek, sat down, took her hand, and described T.C.P. to Mrs. Quinton just as Miss Confalone had described it to her. "I think it's the answer to my prayers," she said.

Mrs. Quinton's eyes glistened, and, for once, the tears seemed unrelated to her need for new eyeglasses. "Oh, Claire, do you really mean it?" she said. "I've been praying since January that I wouldn't have to go to a nursing home."

Claire telephoned Barbara to tell her about her decision to take her mother home on T.C.P., described the program to her, and again said she believed that it was the unexpected answer to her prayers. Claire had hoped that Barbara would say something like "That's terrific." Instead, she later recalled, Barbara was uncharacteristically silent. To Claire, Barbara's silence implied disapproval.

At nine o'clock the following evening, the telephone rang. It was Dwight Gaylord. Claire's recollection of the conversation is that Dwight Gaylord told her, "Your mother's sick. She belongs in a nursing home with people her own age. She's senile, and besides that she's nothing but a bitch." Claire hung up. "I suppose I hung up instead of telling him off because I couldn't quite believe what I was hearing," she said later.

When Claire visited her mother at the hospital the following afternoon, she couldn't keep from telling her about Dwight's phone call.

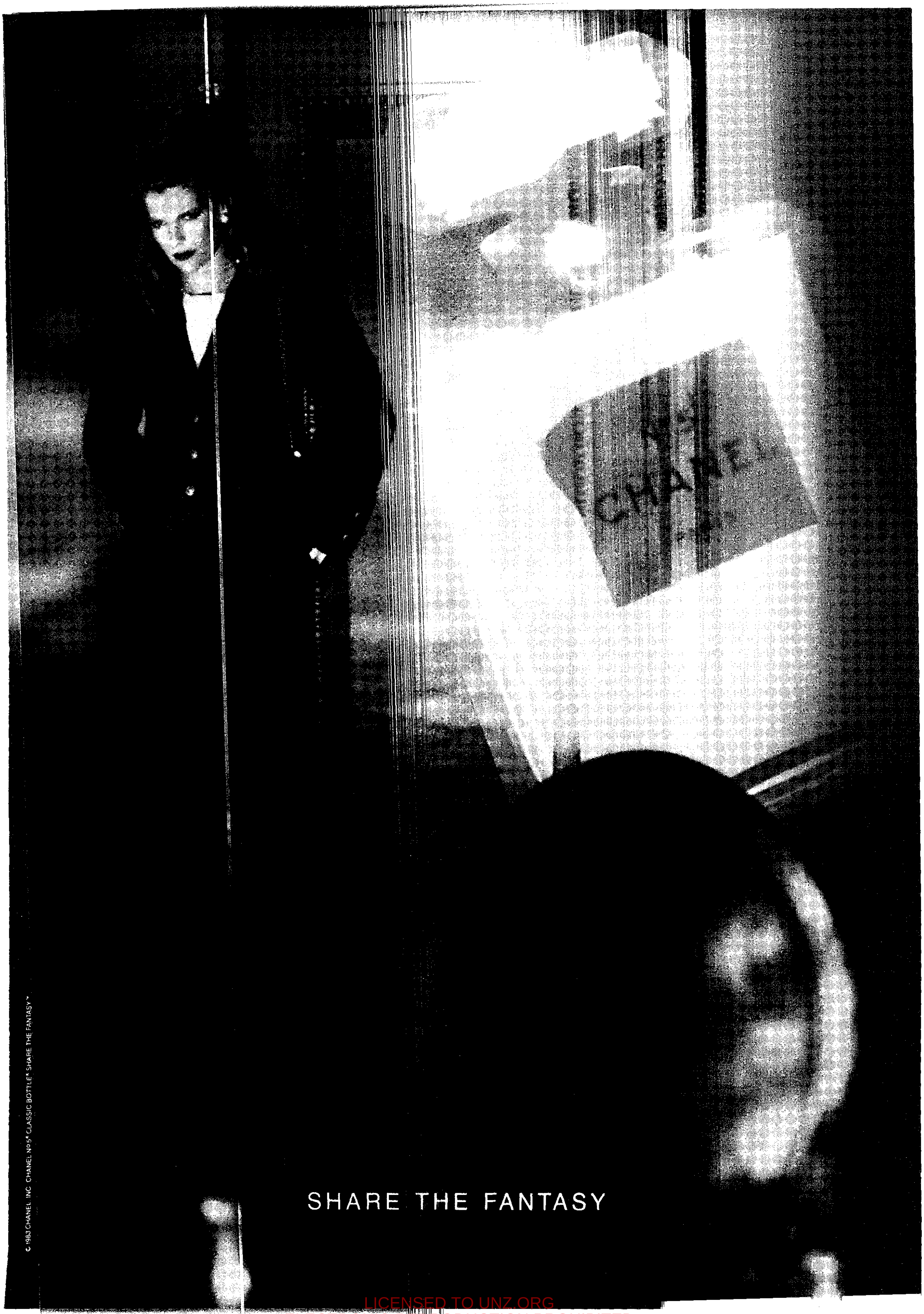
"These things really hurt when you can't retaliate," Mrs. Quinton said. "When I feel well, I'll get back at that rat."

Barbara Gaylord expressed her opposition to T.C.P. by calling Bob Speirs. According to Speirs, she told him she thought that her mother belonged in a nursing home.

It was the first time Bob Speirs had had any contact with Barbara. "I've been dealing with your sister," he told her.

"Oh, you really can't trust her," Barbara said. "She's a drunk. She's crazy. She can't take care of Mother." Mr. Speirs was glad that Barbara's comments stopped there. He had no desire to become involved in a family dispute. He noticed that Barbara had spoken only of what Claire couldn't do, and not of what Barbara would be willing to do for her mother.

Bob Speirs had taken a liking to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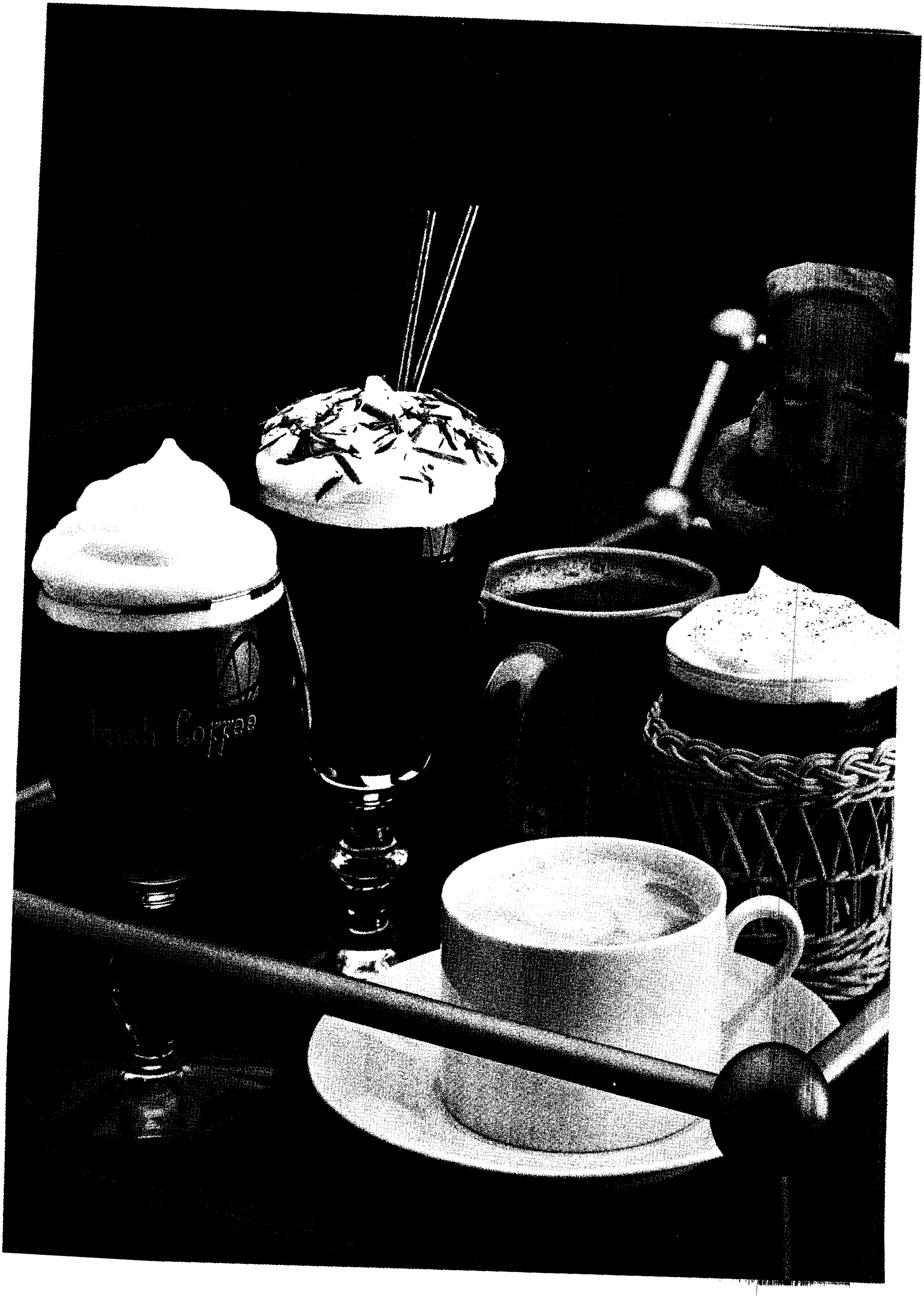
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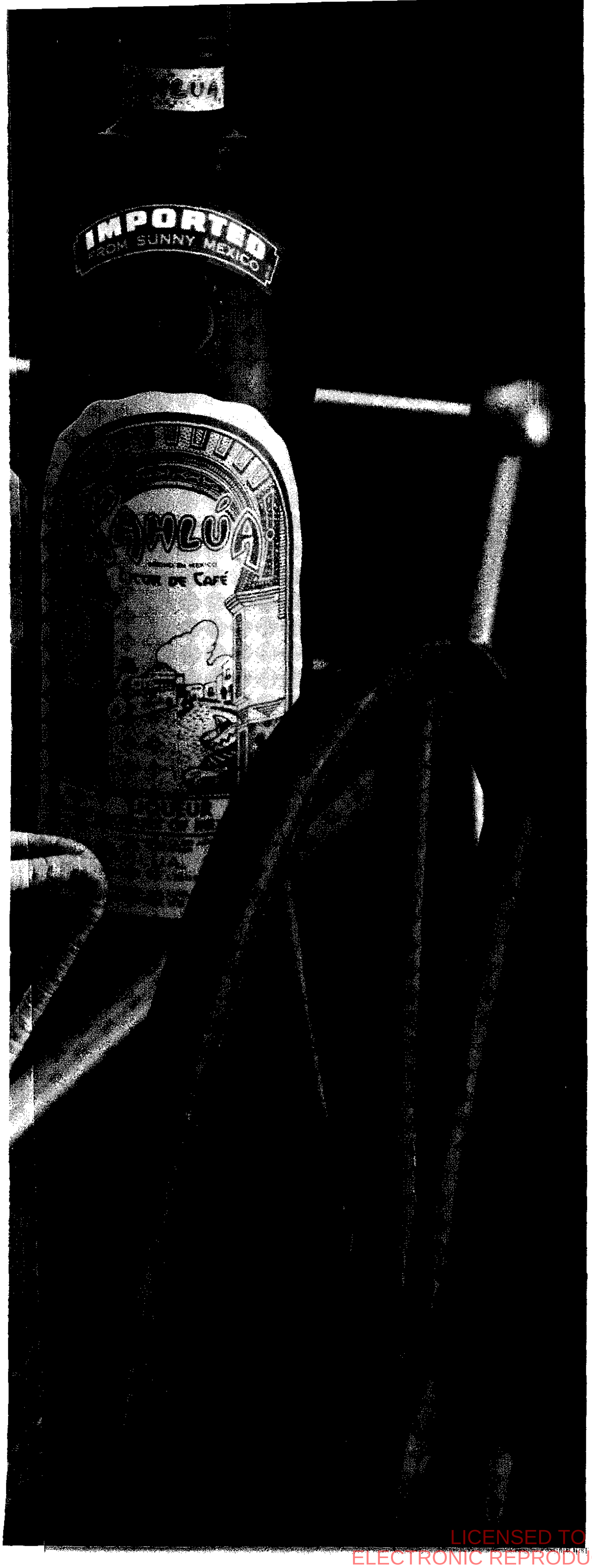

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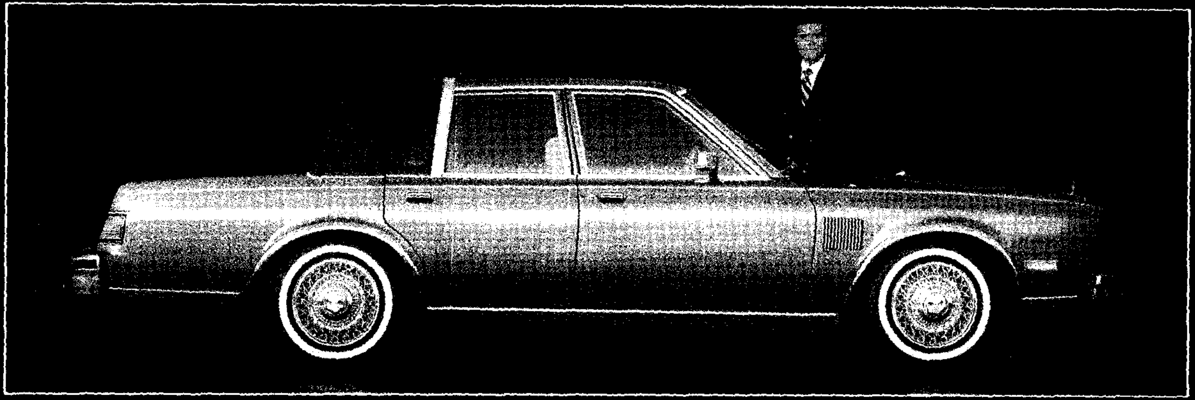

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Kate Quinton. He had read on her record that she was born in Scotland, and had told her that his father was born in the Scottish village of Dalmuir, which proved to be only a few miles from Mrs. Quinton's birthplace. Mr. Speirs noticed that she always had a pleasant word for him. Claire Quinton had also impressed him favorably. He sensed that she cared about her mother, despite her own problems. She didn't complain about her back. She didn't have to. The pain on her face spoke for itself. Claire had looked into the four nursing homes in Brooklyn that were checked off on the list Bob Speirs had given her on January 20th, and had told him she would want her mother to go to only one of them—Cobble Hill, a nursing home near Brooklyn Heights, one of the nicest sections of the borough. She said that the mother of an acquaintance of hers was in Cobble Hill and that the acquaintance thought highly of it. She didn't share with Bob Speirs her reasons for not wanting her mother to go to any of the three other nursing homes. One was in a bad neighborhood; she felt that it would be unsafe to park her car there. Two were in predominantly Jewish neighborhoods; she assumed that their clientele would also be predominantly Jewish and that her mother wouldn't fit in, and she also assumed that both homes served kosher food. In January, 1977, Claire had broken her right ankle and right leg and had been taken to Maimonides Hospital, which served only kosher food. She had kept the milk that came with dairy meals, and her three roommates' containers of milk, on the windowsill near the bed, so that she could drink milk when a meat meal was served. She knew that when her mother ate meat and vegetables she also liked to have a potato with butter and bread with butter.

It was clear to Bob Speirs that Kate Quinton was a good candidate for a nursing home. Patients with DMS-1 scores of over five hundred points were usually harder to place—especially those who needed highly sophisticated life-support systems—and so were patients whose behavior was abusive or assaultive. Mr. Speirs had never been to Cobble Hill. He and his four co-workers in Lutheran's Social Service Department had little time to go into the field. In four years at Lutheran, he had become accustomed to sending patients to nursing homes he had never seen. The director of Social Service had visited many nursing homes over

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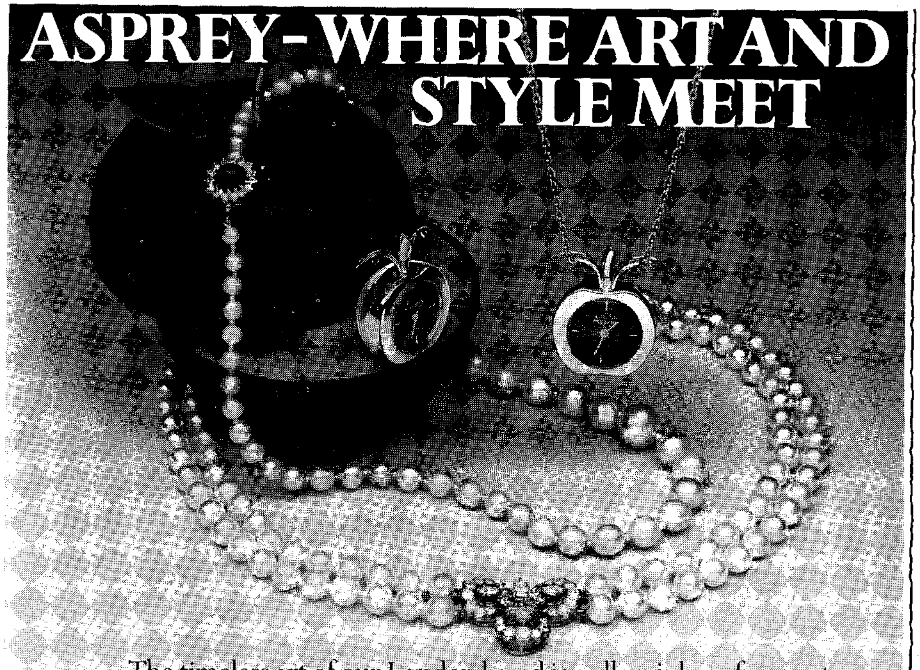
the years, and Speirs and the other members of the staff relied on his appraisals and on word of mouth from the families of patients they had previously placed. Lutheran sent its "best" patients to one nursing home on Staten Island and to several nursing homes in Brooklyn. This was done because Lutheran's Social Service Department had good rapport with the directors of admission of these particular homes, and the homes knew that Lutheran's DMS-1 forms were done honestly. Nursing-home personnel rarely came to Lutheran to look at patients, but they often spoke to the relatives of patients whose admissions they were considering. Bob Speirs knew that Claire would make a favorable impression at Cobble Hill. Legally, an alternative-care patient at Lutheran must go to the first nursing home within a fifty-mile radius that offers a place, and occasionally patients are sent to homes they don't want to go to. Bob Speirs thought Mrs. Quinton had a good chance of being accepted at Cobble Hill. When he had discussed her case with Cobble Hill's director of admissions in February, she had told him she thought she would have a bed for Mrs. Quinton relatively soon. Cobble Hill was one of three or four nursing homes on Lutheran's list that accepted Medicaid-pending patients. Still, Bob Speirs knew that Mrs. Quinton couldn't reconcile herself to going to a nursing home, and so he had suggested to Diane Confalone that she evaluate her for T.C.P.

By Monday, March 1st, almost everything was set for Mrs. Quinton to go home on T.C.P. on March 3rd. Her catheter, which she had had since January 6th, was removed. The hospital bed and the wheelchair had been ordered for delivery to her home on March 2nd. Cindy Strong had decided that Mrs. Quinton needed a home attendant fifty-six hours a week. Diane Confalone had asked Evelyn Partisi, a case coördinator at Family Home Care, to get in touch with Lolita López, one of the eight home attendants she had chosen. On March 2nd, Bob Speirs received a call from the director of admissions at Cobble Hill. There was a bed available for Kate Quinton. He went upstairs to 5911 to tell Kate and Claire Quinton that they now had a choice: Mrs. Quinton could go to Cobble Hill on March 3rd or she could go home. They chose home. Speirs informed Dr. Ruffolo of their decision; he sensed that Dr. Ruffolo would have preferred to have Mrs.



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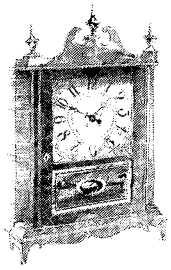

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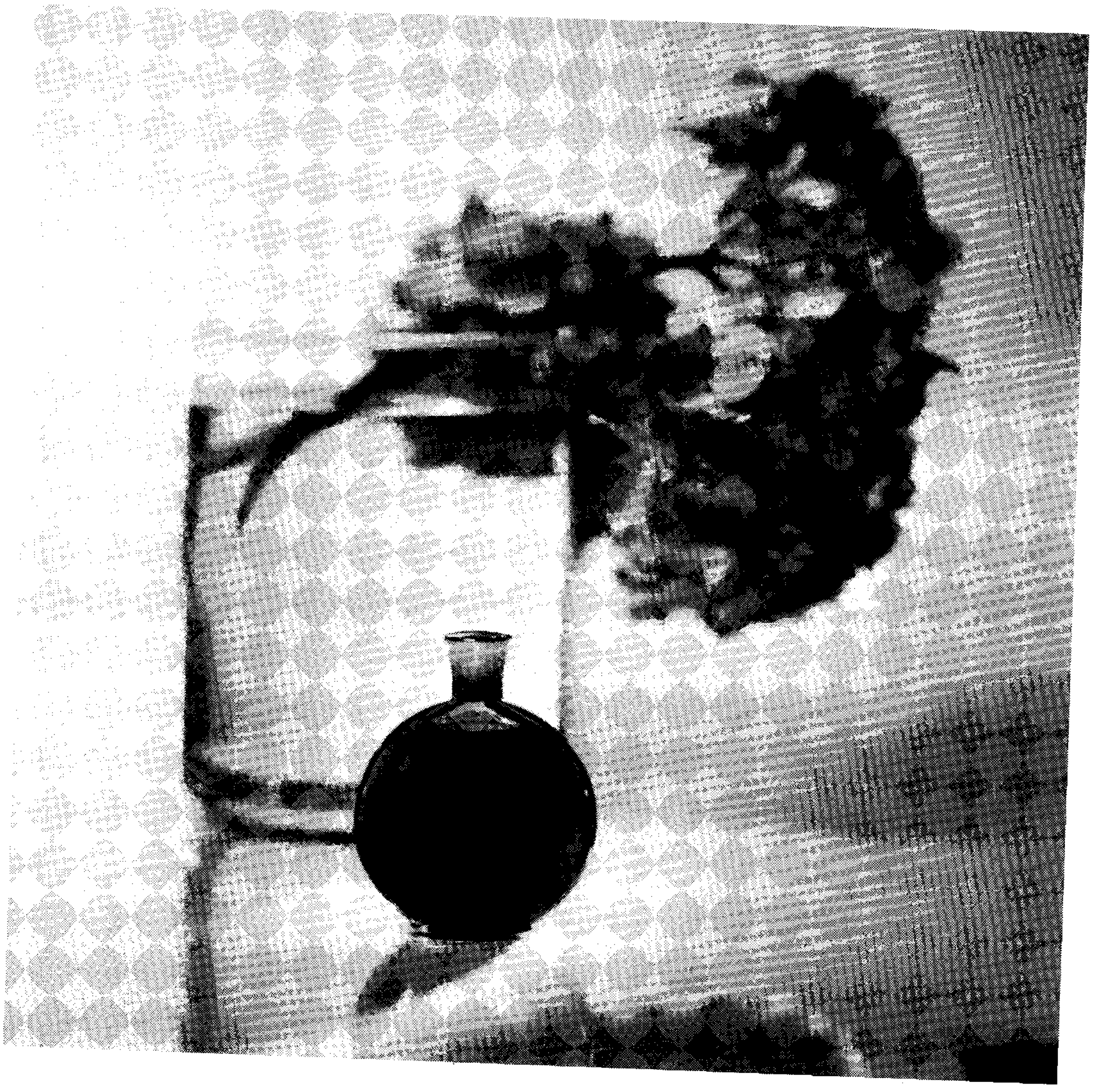

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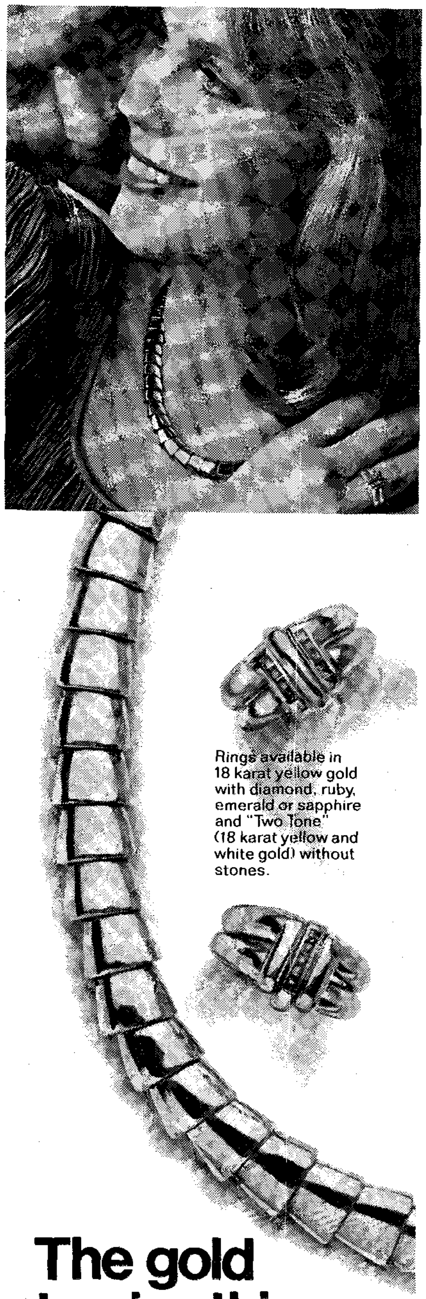
Quinton go to Cobble Hill. Dr. Ruffolo later told Diane Confalone he believed that Kate Quinton belonged in a nursing home permanently because Claire's own limitations made her unable to take care of her headstrong mother. Bob Speirs called Cobble Hill's director to tell her of the Quintons' decision; she said that Mrs. Quinton could apply to Cobble Hill again if she changed her mind. Bob Speirs was pleased that Kate Quinton was going home. He thought she would be better off there. He didn't like to see a keen eighty-year-old woman sent to a nursing home against her will. He knew that some patients—particularly those who went to nursing homes for a rehabilitative stay after a broken hip—later returned home, but he also knew that seventy-five per cent did not.

Claire Quinton appeared in Diane Confalone's office on the morning of March 3rd. She looked fearful. "I just don't think I can manage my mother by myself," she said. Miss Confalone and Cindy Strong talked to her for a while. They assured her that she wouldn't be by herself—that she would have a lot of help and support. They asked if she would prefer to wait a day or two. "No, I guess I just have cold feet," Claire said. "I guess I'll be able to manage." She went to the cashier's window to pay her mother's telephone bill, which came to eighty-two dollars and fifty cents. Then she went up to her mother's room, then back down to Diane Confalone's office. She was carrying the plant that had been on her mother's windowsill. "Thank you for all you've done for us," she said, as she handed Miss Confalone the plant. The ambulance that Diane Confalone had ordered arrived on time. Mrs. Quinton and Claire were home at eleven-thirty. The ambulance attendants attempted to put Mrs. Quinton in the hospital bed, which stood in her bedroom in the place formerly occupied by one of the twin beds. (The twin bed was now stored behind her dresser.) She refused to get into bed and insisted on being put in her wheelchair.

Claire Quinton had expected a home attendant to be on her doorstep. None was there. She telephoned Diane Confalone in the early afternoon. "So where's my help?" she inquired. Miss Confalone told Claire she didn't know but would find out. She telephoned a while later to say that a home attendant would be there at ten o'clock the next morning. Cindy Strong visited the Quintons at four o'clock. She found Mrs. Quinton in her wheelchair, puffing on a cigarette. Mrs. Quinton hadn't been permitted to smoke in her hospital bed. Miss Strong chided her for smoking the day she got home. "I don't inhale," Mrs. Quinton said. "Besides, when you can do as little as I can, you've got to do something wicked." Miss Strong told Mrs. Quinton that she had been up long enough, and that she would help her into bed. Mrs. Quinton reluctantly agreed to let Miss Strong transfer her from her wheelchair to her bed. She gave Miss Strong little assistance. Cindy Strong helped her onto the bedpan, which was kept on the commode next to the hospital bed. She was concerned about Mrs. Quinton's swollen legs and feet and about bedsores on her buttocks. She advised Mrs. Quinton to turn from side to side every two hours and to stay off her back. She asked Claire to buy some Vaseline and apply it to her mother's chafed skin. She said she would visit again the next morning. That evening, Claire gave her mother a light dinner in bed. Before Mrs. Quinton went to sleep, she said, "Thanks be to God. It's so good to be back in our own home again."

THE home attendant who came to the Quintons' at ten o'clock on March 4th was not one of the eight women Diane Confalone had screened. Evelyn Partisi had been unable to reach Lolita López; she had got a job as a nurse's aide between the time Miss Confalone interviewed her and the time Miss Partisi tried to call her. In 1982, Family Home Care had about eleven hundred and fifty clients from the Human Resources Administration's home-care program—nine hundred and fifty in Brooklyn and two hundred in Queens. Each of its ten coördinators handled about a hundred and fifteen cases. By the end of March, Evelyn Partisi had four T.C.P. cases in addition to her hundred and fifteen cases. The rate of turnover was rapid. Some clients became too ill to stay at home and went into hospitals or nursing homes, or they died; new clients replaced them. At any one time, Family Home Care used about fifteen hundred home attendants. These home attendants came and went, often going to jobs that paid better than the minimum wage that Family Home Care paid. The names on the case coördinators' Cardexes were rarely the same two days in a row. Evelyn Partisi was



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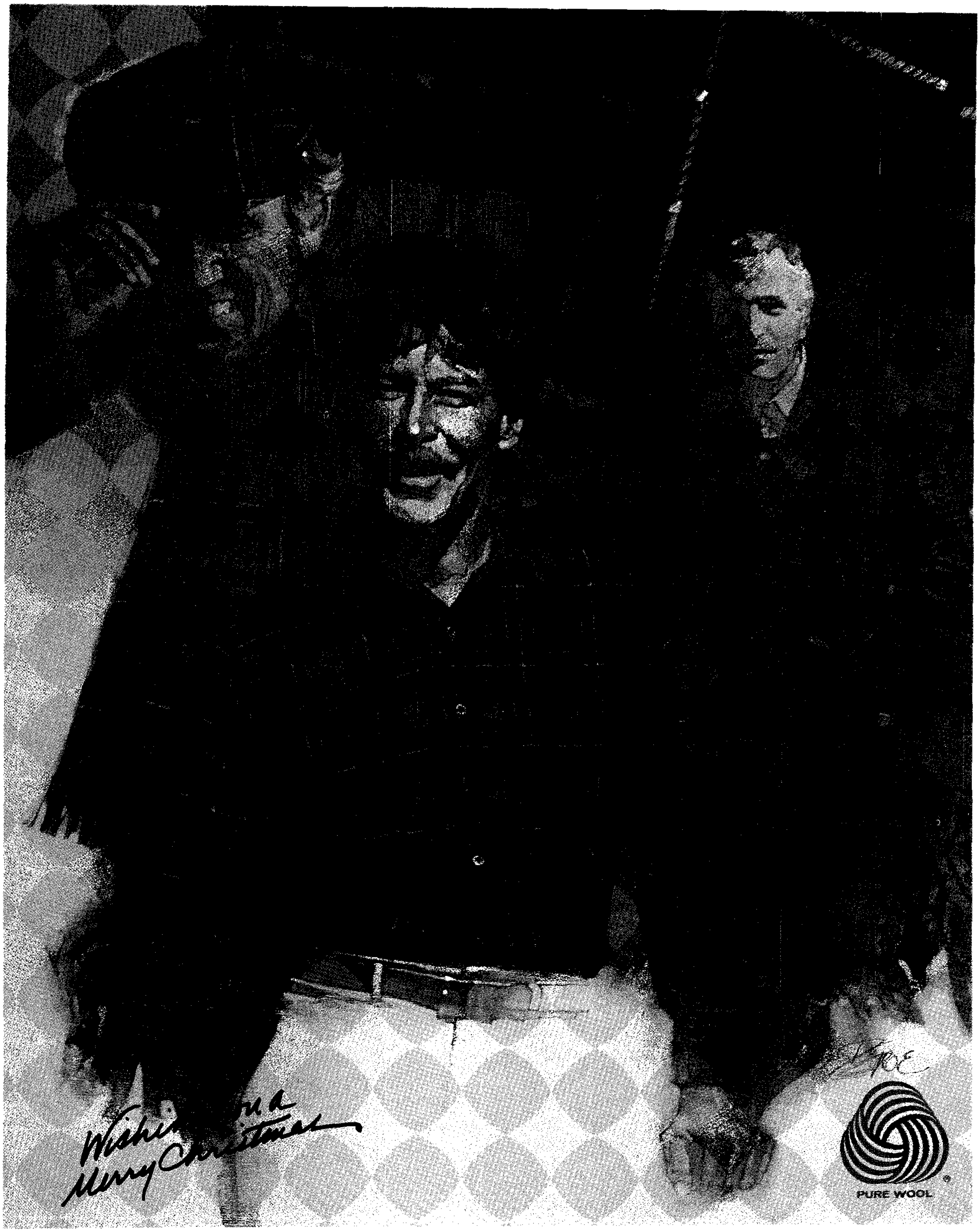
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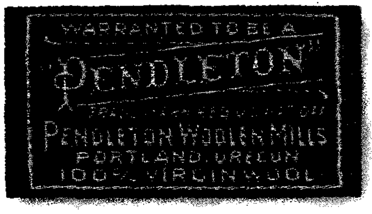
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constantly on the telephone, assigning and reassigning home attendants. She assigned Mercedes Robbins, the first home attendant she could reach, to Kate Quinton and asked her to go to 292 Seeley on March 3rd. When Miss Robbins failed to show up that day, Miss Partisi asked her to report to work on March 4th.

Mercedes Robbins, a tall, willowy woman in her early twenties, arrived at the Quintons' at ten o'clock on March 4th wearing designer jeans and high-heeled boots. She was carrying a number of textbooks. By the time Cindy Strong got there, forty minutes later, Miss Robbins had helped Mrs. Quinton out of her flannel nightgown, given her a sponge bath, helped her put on underclothes, a shift, and a sweater, assisted her onto the commode, transferred her into her wheelchair, and emptied the bedpan and the commode. Miss Strong reviewed Miss Robbins' duties with her in Kate and Claire Quinton's presence. She had sixteen "personal care" duties, which included giving Mrs. Quinton a daily bath and a weekly shampoo. She also had twelve "household functions," which included vacuuming and sweeping, wet and dry mopping (in every room except Claire's), and ironing and mending for Mrs. Quinton. Cindy Strong instructed Mrs. Quinton to keep her legs elevated, and not to use salt in her diet, because of the edema. Mrs. Quinton was cheerful. "I could hardly wait to get out of bed this morning," she told Miss Strong. She refused to return to bed until the early afternoon. After Cindy Strong left, Miss Robbins rinsed Mrs. Quinton's nightgown, made her bed, and did some dusting. She then left Mrs. Quinton in her wheelchair in the dinette, where she preferred to sit, went into the Quintons' living room, turned on the color television set, and sat on the living-room sofa reading the books she had brought.

The following day, when Miss Strong visited, Mrs. Quinton was already in her wheelchair. She had to be persuaded to return to bed, so that Miss Strong could watch Mercedes transfer her from the wheelchair to the bed and could teach the Quintons and Miss Robbins some exercises that Mrs. Quinton was supposed to do to keep her legs from atrophying any further. After two months of lying in bed in the hospital, Kate Quinton's legs were, as she put it, "as limp as wet noodles."

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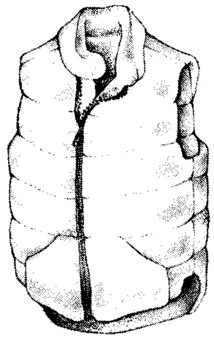

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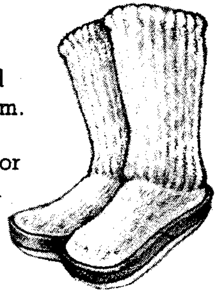

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Miss Strong arrived Mrs. Quinton was in bed. She said she didn't feel well and was too weak to get out of bed. Miss Strong telephoned Dr. Ruffolo. He told her to call a lab that would send someone to the Quintons' apartment the next day to do a complete blood count, a urinalysis, and some other tests on Mrs. Quinton. Mrs. Quinton also stayed in bed on the ninth. On the tenth, Dr. Ruffolo informed Miss Strong that Mrs. Quinton had a urinary-tract infection, and prescribed a medication to clear it up. On the eleventh, when Miss Strong arrived shortly after ten, Mrs. Quinton said that she felt better, but that her appetite was poor and she found the hospital bed uncomfortable. Its mattress was too hard. Mrs. Quinton was waiting for Mercedes Robbins to come; Miss Robbins had started showing up at ten-twenty or ten-thirty instead of at ten o'clock after her second day of work. The following week, the Quintons told Miss Strong that they were dissatisfied with Mercedes Robbins. When Claire had asked her to clean the Quintons' self-defrosting refrigerator—one of her twelve "household functions"—she had asked Claire to turn off the refrigerator, so that she wouldn't catch a cold. She had cleaned the refrigerator as she did most of her other tasks—capably and grudgingly. A nurse from Nursing Sisters Home Visiting Service who came on March 11th to evaluate Mrs. Quinton for physical therapy noted, "Home attendant appeared uninterested."

Claire knew that another of Miss Robbins' duties was to provide companionship to her mother, an outgoing woman. Claire occasionally went into the living room, asked Mercedes whether she minded if she turned off the TV for a while, and attempted to strike up a conversation with her, in the hope of encouraging Mercedes to talk to her mother. Claire learned that Mercedes Robbins had been born in Guinea or Guyana—she almost always mumbled, and Claire wasn't sure of the country—and that she had a five-year-old son, whom her mother cared for. Mercedes went to high school at night and was studying bookkeeping, typing, and English. She was disinclined to talk. She tended to express herself in monosyllables. Her favorites were "Uh" and "Huh." She never referred to her son by name and showed little interest in anything but watching television and leaving early. During Mrs. Quinton's first two

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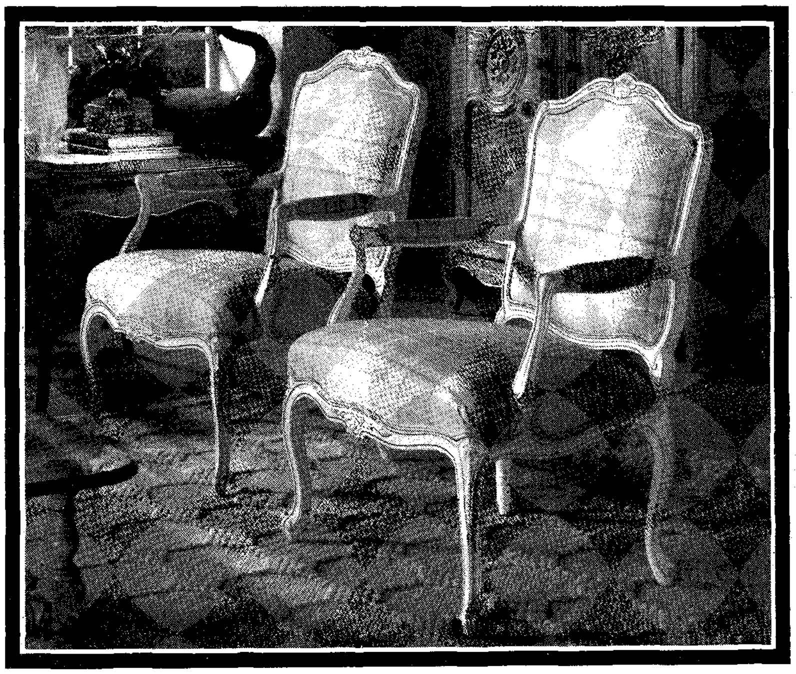

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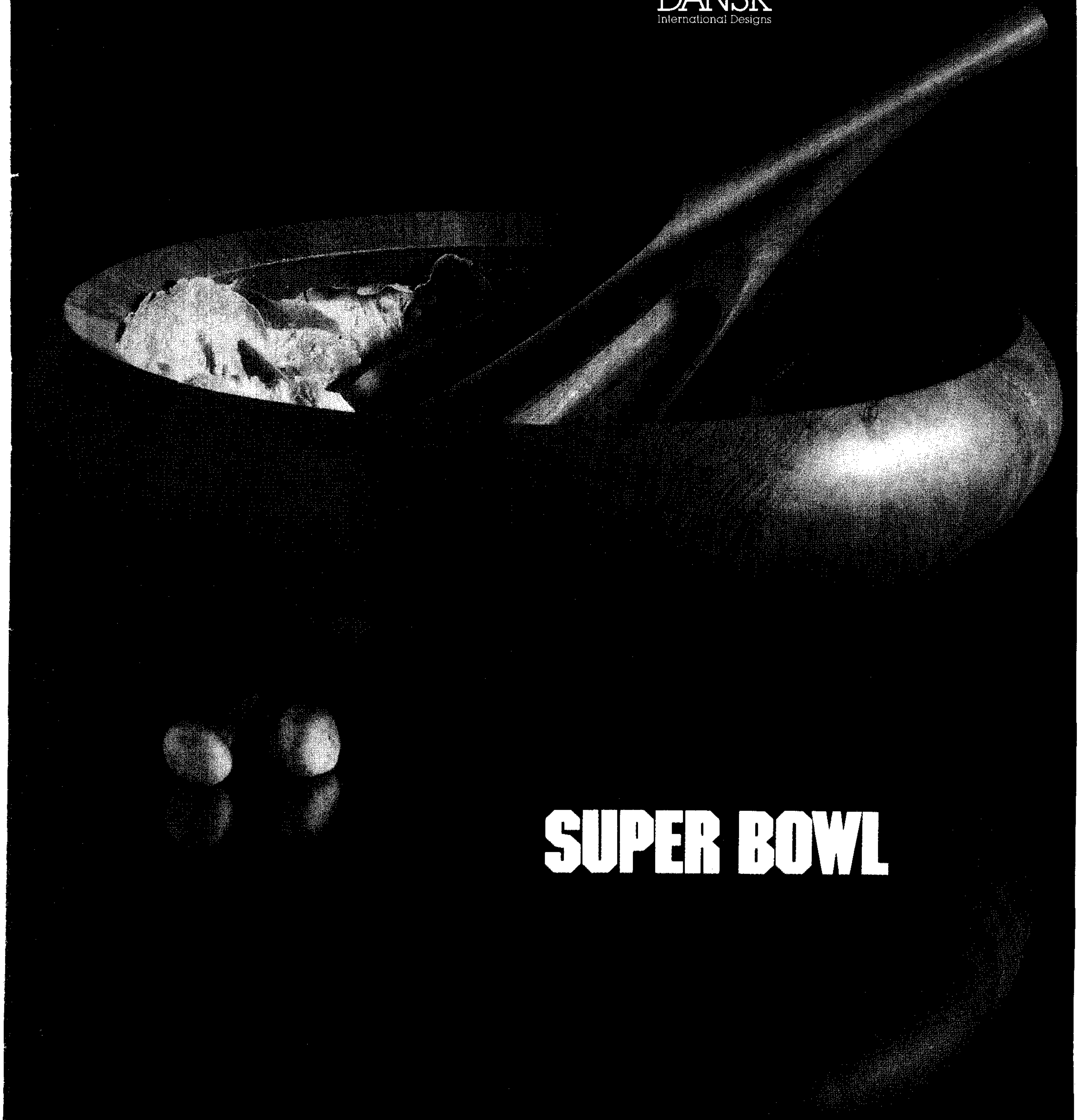

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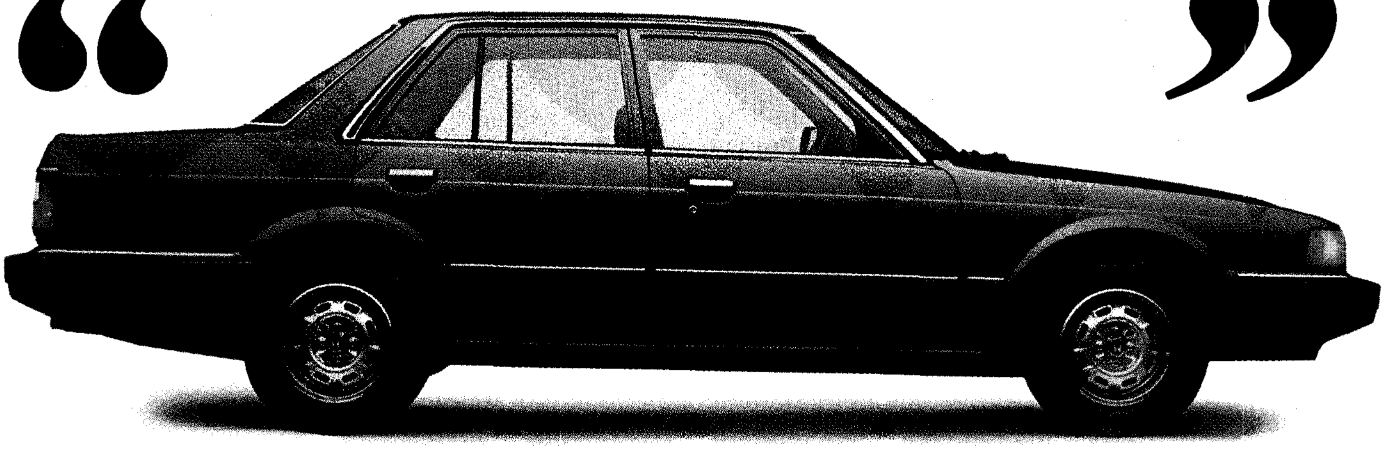

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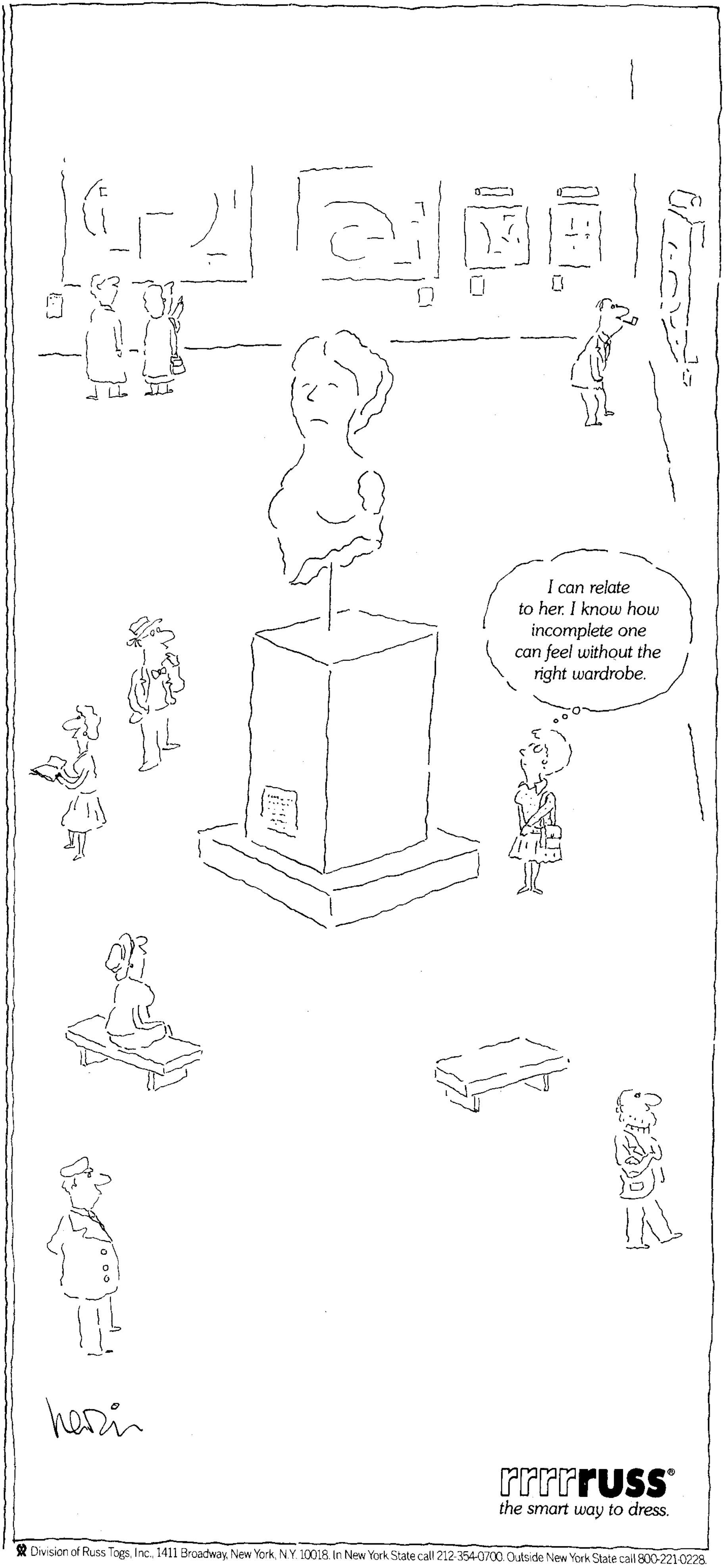
weeks at home, she went to bed at five o'clock. Claire served her a light dinner, usually soup, in bed. Mercedes had her coat on at five-forty.

On March 18th, Cindy Strong told Diane Confalone that the Quintons needed another home attendant, preferably someone who was older and more talkative. Miss Confalone called Evelyn Partisi and asked her to assign Alice Kuster, another of the first eight women she had recruited, to Kate Quinton, starting Monday, March 22nd. When Mercedes Robbins left the Quintons' apartment on the nineteenth, she said to them, in perfectly clear English, "When one door closes, another door opens."

Alice Kuster did not appear at the Quintons' on the morning of the twenty-second. Miss Confalone discovered that she hadn't been given proper directions and hadn't been able to find 292 Seeley Street. Miss Kuster wasn't very talkative anyway, so Miss Confalone asked Evelyn Partisi to assign Tina Ortiz, another of her first interviewees, to Mrs. Quinton, starting on March 23rd. Mrs. Ortiz was a pleasant, efficient, talkative woman in her early forties, whom Kate and Claire Quinton liked at once. When Claire learned where she lived and that she had come to the Quintons' by bus, she told Tina Ortiz that the trip was much shorter by subway. The token booth at the subway station nearest the Quintons' closed at 1:15 P.M. Mrs. Ortiz didn't have a token. Claire lent her one. Tina Ortiz called on the twenty-fourth to say she couldn't work that day, because her son had been in a car accident and had been rushed to the hospital. Mrs. Ortiz had liked the Quintons. She wrote Claire a nice note, in which she enclosed a token to replace the one she had borrowed. A week later, Tina Ortiz took a job in a hospital as a nurse's aide. On the twenty-fourth, Diane Confalone proposed Gabrielle Dumas, yet another of the first eight women she had recruited, to Evelyn Partisi for Mrs. Quinton, but Miss Dumas was unavailable. Miss Partisi assigned Felicity Sánchez, a young woman from El Salvador, to Mrs. Quinton.

The weekend home attendants who worked for the Quintons in March were as transitory as the weekday home attendants. Mercedes Robbins had come on Saturday and Sunday, March 6th and 7th, because Evelyn Partisi had no time to recruit anyone else. Xaviera Johnson, a Jamaican in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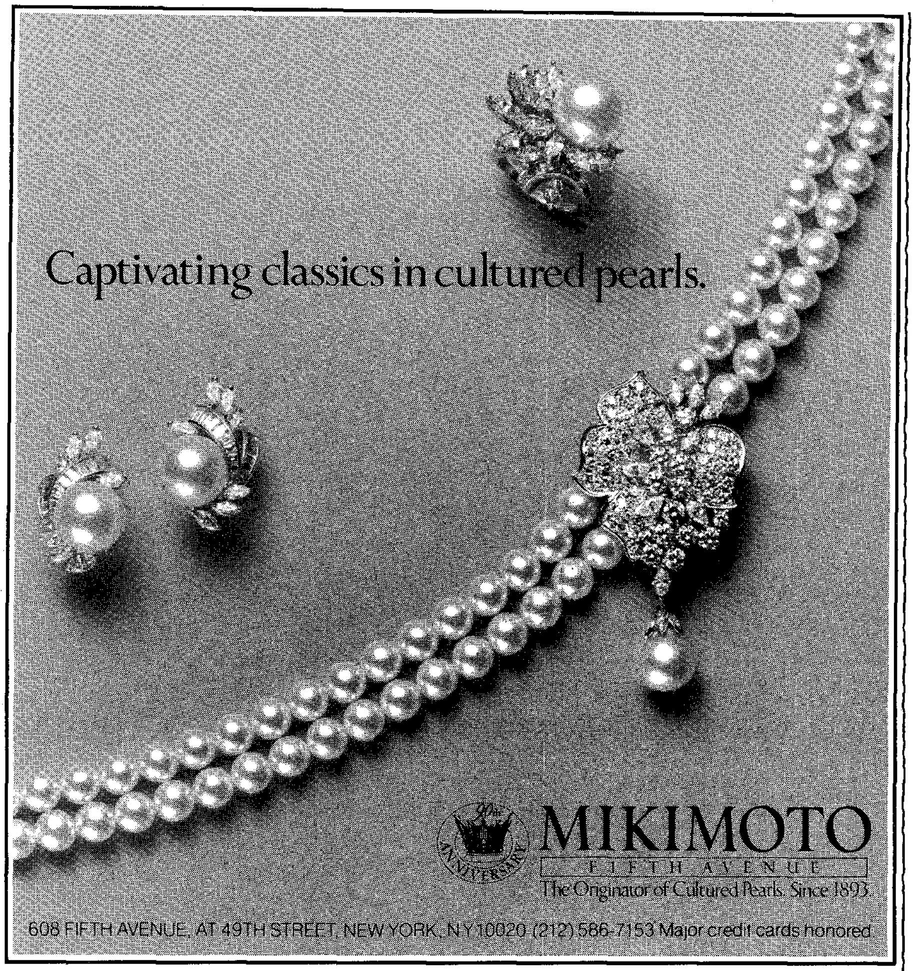

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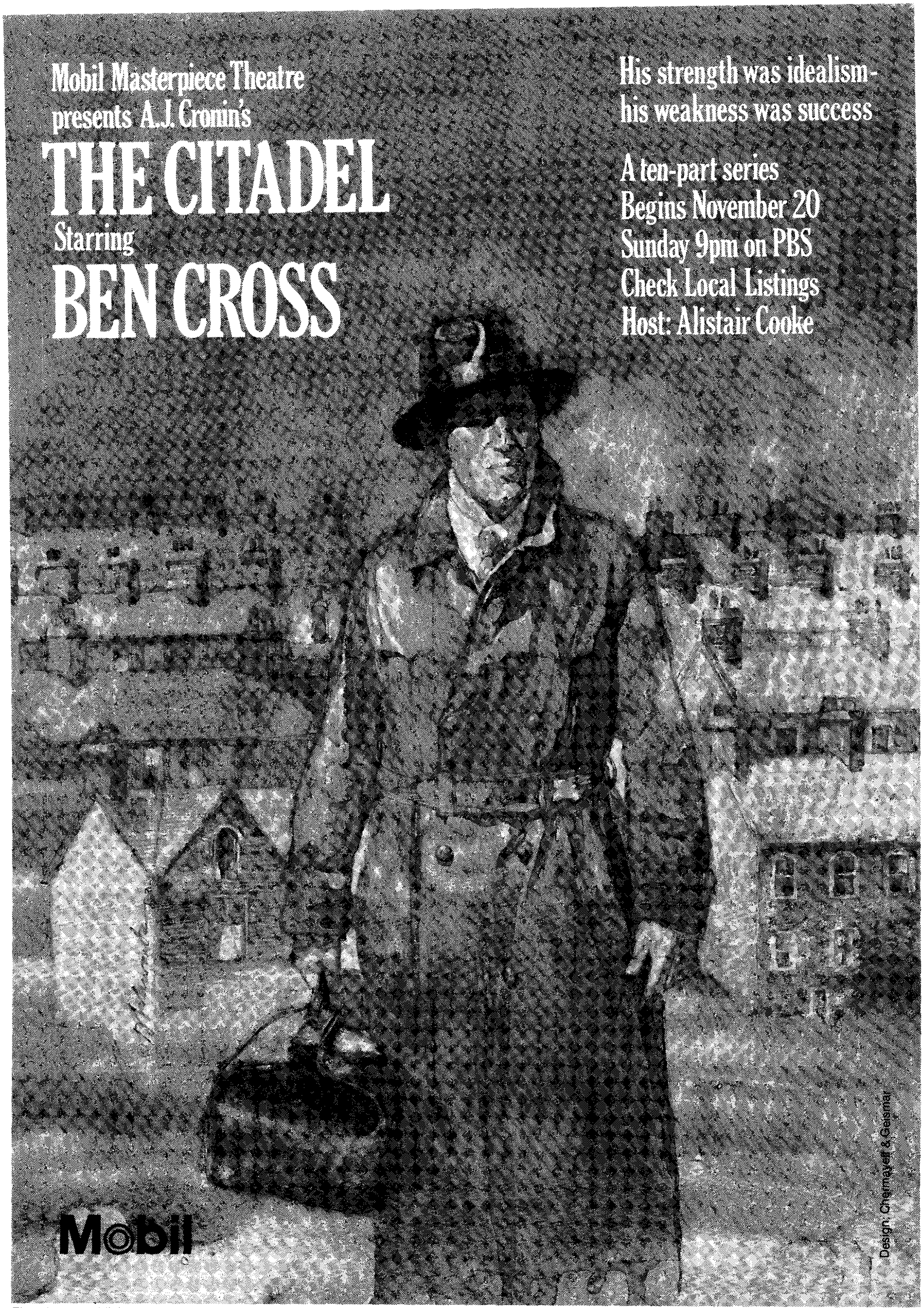
her late teens, had come on March 13th and 14th. Miss Johnson amused Mrs. Quinton by asking her how she wheeled herself down the stairs, but she did not seem up to the job. Margaret Clayton, an American-born woman in her mid-thirties, who came to the Quintons' on Saturday, March 20th, looked promising. She arrived in a pretty dress and high heels and immediately changed into a white dress and flat shoes. She went about her work proficiently and made pleasant conversation. She told Mrs. Quinton that she sewed all her own clothes and that she had graduated from a Seventh-Day Adventist college. Margaret Clayton asked Claire if she read the Bible, and questioned her about her religious faith. On Sunday the twenty-first, Claire Quinton went to the twelve-thirty Mass at Immaculate Heart of Mary with her best friend, Helen Durbin. When she got home, her mother was in bed. Claire was surprised—Mrs. Quinton hadn't taken any naps since leaving the hospital. Margaret Clayton was sitting in the living room reading her Bible and listening to gospel music on the radio. Claire went into her mother's bedroom and found out that after her departure Margaret Clayton had asked Mrs. Quinton to show her how to turn on the radio in the living room. The loud religious music had got on Mrs. Quinton's nerves, and she had taken refuge in bed. Claire asked Mrs. Clayton to please turn off the music and help her mother out of bed. The three women sat together in the kitchen. Margaret Clayton expressed concern about Claire's back and again spoke to Claire about the Bible, the church, God, and love. She left a few pamphlets about Seventh-Day Adventism for Claire to read. The following Saturday, Claire gave Margaret Clayton a few booklets about Catholic missions. Around lunchtime, Mrs. Clayton said to Claire, "This afternoon, while your mother is resting, you and I are going to sit down on the living-room sofa, hold hands, and pray that you will be healed." Claire told Margaret Clayton that that would be very nice, except that she had other plans. She was going to attend four-o'clock Mass. Windsor Terrace is a predominantly Italian neighborhood. The four-o'clock Mass at Immaculate Heart of Mary is in Italian. To Claire, listening to Mass in a language she did not understand was preferable to a faith-healing session in her living room. On Sunday the twenty-eighth,



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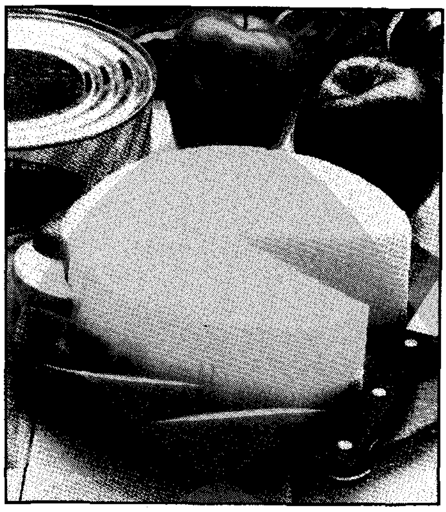

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Claire went to the twelve-thirty Mass with Helen Durbin. When she returned, Margaret Clayton was again playing gospel music, which was again driving Mrs. Quinton crazy. "You know how much I believe in my faith," Mrs. Clayton said to Claire that afternoon. "Seventh-Day Adventists observe the Sabbath on Saturday. I like to go to church on Saturday for three hours. Do you mind if I send my Aunt Nellie in my place next Saturday? It's all right with Evelyn Partisi. When I get my paycheck, I share it with Aunt Nellie." Two days later, Claire spoke to Cindy Strong. She told her about Margaret Clayton's Aunt Nellie and about the religious music that disturbed her mother.

Miss Strong said she knew of an excellent home attendant who was available on weekends—Belinda Fernández, who worked for Gerald Cooper from Monday to Friday. Mrs. Cooper didn't want a home attendant to come in on weekends. She had an independent nature and believed she could take care of her husband on Saturday and Sunday with the help of her son and her grandson. Belinda Fernández wanted to earn additional money. Claire said she would be glad to have her. Miss Strong called Evelyn Partisi, who made arrangements for Belinda Fernández to start working for Kate Quinton the following Saturday.

Claire Quinton was pleased to see Felicity Sánchez, the new weekday home attendant, on March 25th. Her back was sore from lifting her mother on the twenty-second and the twenty-fourth, when she had been without a home attendant. Felicity Sánchez was twenty-four and inexperienced, but her attitude was an improvement over Mercedes Robbins'. When Claire asked Felicity to clean the refrigerator, she took a damp sponge and started to wipe the refrigerator walls. Claire gave her a lesson in refrigerator cleaning. The first step, she explained, was to take all the food out of the refrigerator. The second was to remove the refrigerator grates and the vegetable bins and to wash them in warm soapy water; a Brillo pad might be needed on the grates. Step Three was to dry the grates and bins. And so on. Felicity always had to be reminded to clean the refrigerator, but from then on she cleaned it Claire's way. Felicity seemed content to talk to Mrs. Quinton about her husband, who earned three hundred dollars a week working in New Jersey and got home at 8 P.M.; about her two small daughters, Elena and Rosalie; and about the city-subsidized babysitter who cared for the girls every day for the low sum of eight dollars a week. Felicity did the heavy cleaning lightly. She mopped the linoleum kitchen floor in haste with Spic and Span two or three times a week. Mrs. Quinton apologized to her visitors for its failure to shine the way kitchen floors had always shone wherever she kept house for over fifty years; she had got down on her hands and knees to buff them herself. But Felicity was willing, and that made Mrs. Quinton willing to overlook her shortcomings.

Belinda Fernández's work met Mrs. Quinton's high standards. The first Saturday she came, she noticed that Mrs. Quinton was looking at something in the kitchen.

"What are you staring at, Kate?" she asked.

"The valance over the kitchen sink," Mrs. Quinton answered. "It's greasy."

"I'll take care of it at once," Belinda said. "What else?"

"Well, the bedroom curtains could be dipped in water." They were.

Mrs. Fernández insisted on changing Kate Quinton's bed linen every Saturday and Sunday. She washed the sheets and pillowcases in the kitchen sink and hung them out on the line to dry. She washed Mrs. Quinton's hair and put it up in pin curls every Saturday and combed it out on Sunday. She massaged Mrs. Quinton's legs. She watched Mass on television with her every Sunday morning.

Thanks in large part to Felicity Sánchez and Belinda Fernández, April was a better month for Mrs. Quinton. In late March, she had had a toe infection. Cindy Strong had found a podiatrist, Dr. Andrew Beyer, who was willing to make house calls. Dr. Ruffolo had declined to prescribe diuretics for Mrs. Quinton when Cindy Strong called Mrs. Quinton's edema to his attention in early March. When she conveyed Dr. Beyer's concern about Mrs. Quinton's edema to his attention, he did prescribe diuretics, and her feet and legs gradually became less swollen. Evan Flint, the physical therapist from Nursing Sisters who had helped Mrs. Quinton get back on her feet when she was ill in 1981, returned in late March. By mid-April, Kate Quinton was able to walk about fifteen feet, using her walker, with some assistance from Evan Flint.

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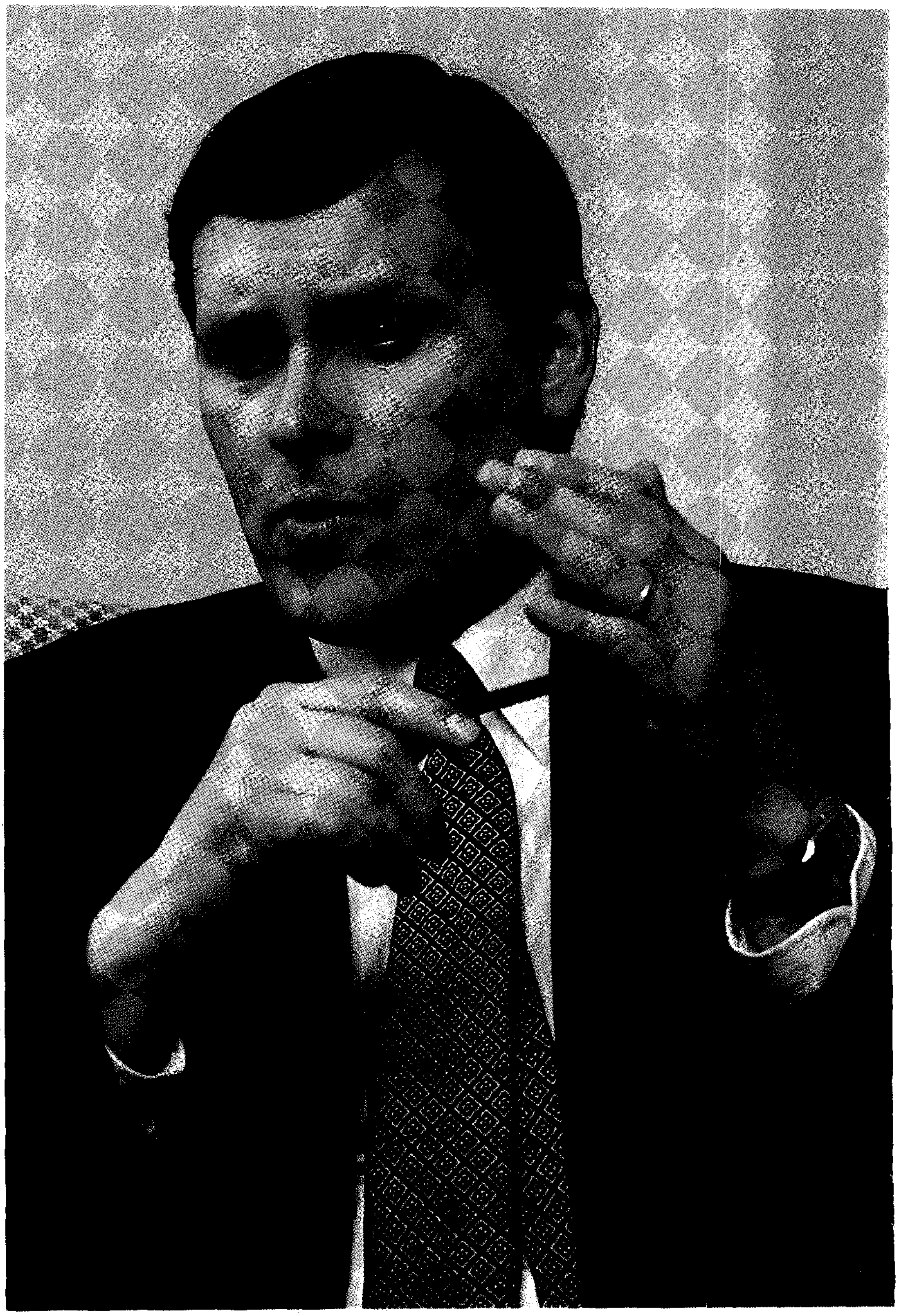

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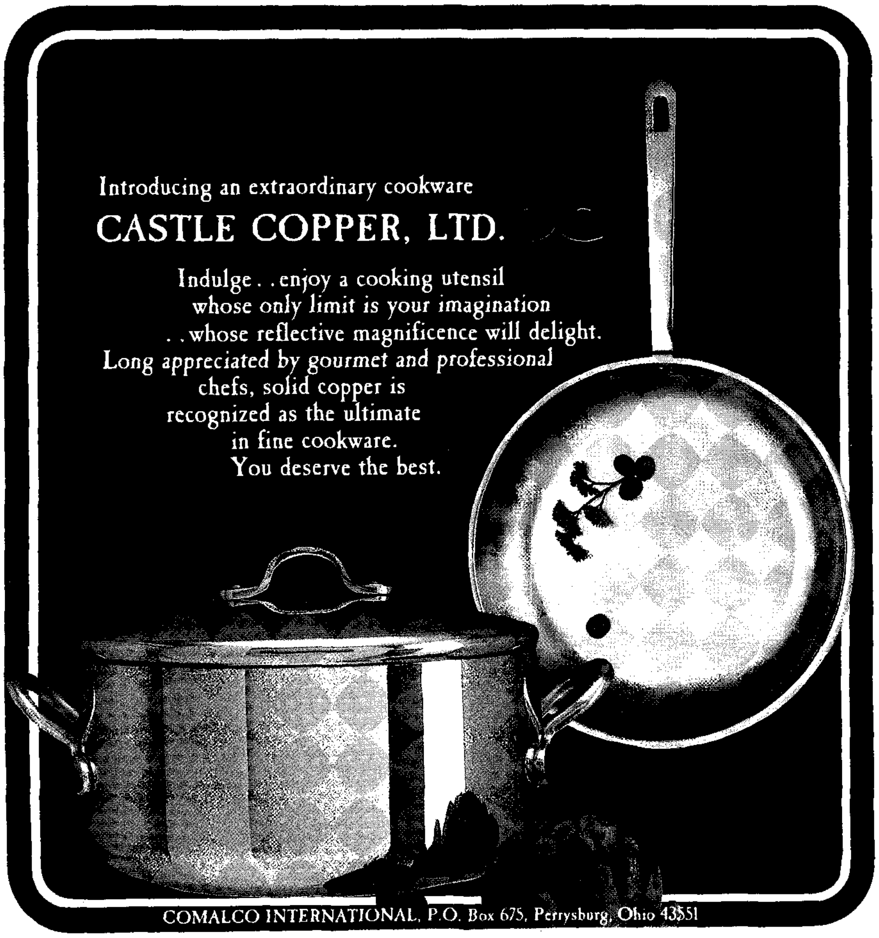
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T.C.P., Mrs. Quinton was not a compliant patient. Miss Strong urged her to keep the rails of the hospital bed up at night, so that she wouldn't fall out of bed; she said the rails made her feel too confined, and kept them down. Cindy Strong told her to elevate her feet when she sat in her wheelchair; every time Miss Strong visited, Mrs. Quinton's feet were on the floor. Mrs. Quinton said her legs got too tired on the wheelchair leg rests. She complained to Cindy Strong that she was lonely and depressed. Barbara, who had telephoned her every day while she was in the hospital, telephoned less frequently, didn't visit, and wanted her in a nursing home. Miss Strong suggested that Mrs. Quinton go to the Metropolitan Jewish Geriatric Center's Day Hospital for "socialization." Sitting around talking to other elderly people about their aches and pains was not the sort of socializing Mrs. Quinton cared to do. When Mrs. Quinton complained about her inability to read, because of her need for new eyeglasses, Miss Strong offered her Talking Books; she declined them. When Cindy Strong reminded Mrs. Quinton of the importance of keeping on a high-calorie, high-protein, low-fat diet, Mrs. Quinton said she had no appetite.

In late April, Kate Quinton became more coöperative. She didn't use the wheelchair leg rests, but she started to put her feet up on an ottoman she kept under the dinette table. She had solved the mattress problem by having a neighbor remove the hard hospital mattress and replace it with her own soft mattress. After a month of wearing socks but no shoes, she decided to wear shoes, to help herself walk. She had had enough of wearing shifts and started to wear dresses. She pronounced her hair a sorry sight and paid a friend of Felicity's, who was a beautician, to come to the house to give her a permanent. One day in late March, Mrs. Quinton had said to Claire, "No more of this eating in bed at five-thirty," and began to eat dinner with Claire in the kitchen at six-thirty, after watching the news on Claire's portable black-and-white TV set. By late April, Mrs. Quinton was able to assist in transferring herself from her wheelchair to her bed, and Claire was able to help her into bed at seven o'clock, when Mrs. Quinton's back hurt and she could no longer sit up.

By April, Kate Quinton had devised the following diet for herself:

10:30 A.M.: Breakfast—a cream-cheese-and-strawberry-preserves sandwich on white bread, two cups of Sanka with milk and sugar.

Noon to 12:45 P.M.: Lunch—an eggnog, composed of twelve ounces of milk, one egg, and three ounces of Gallo cream sherry.

1 P.M. to 5 P.M.: A large bottle of ginger ale.

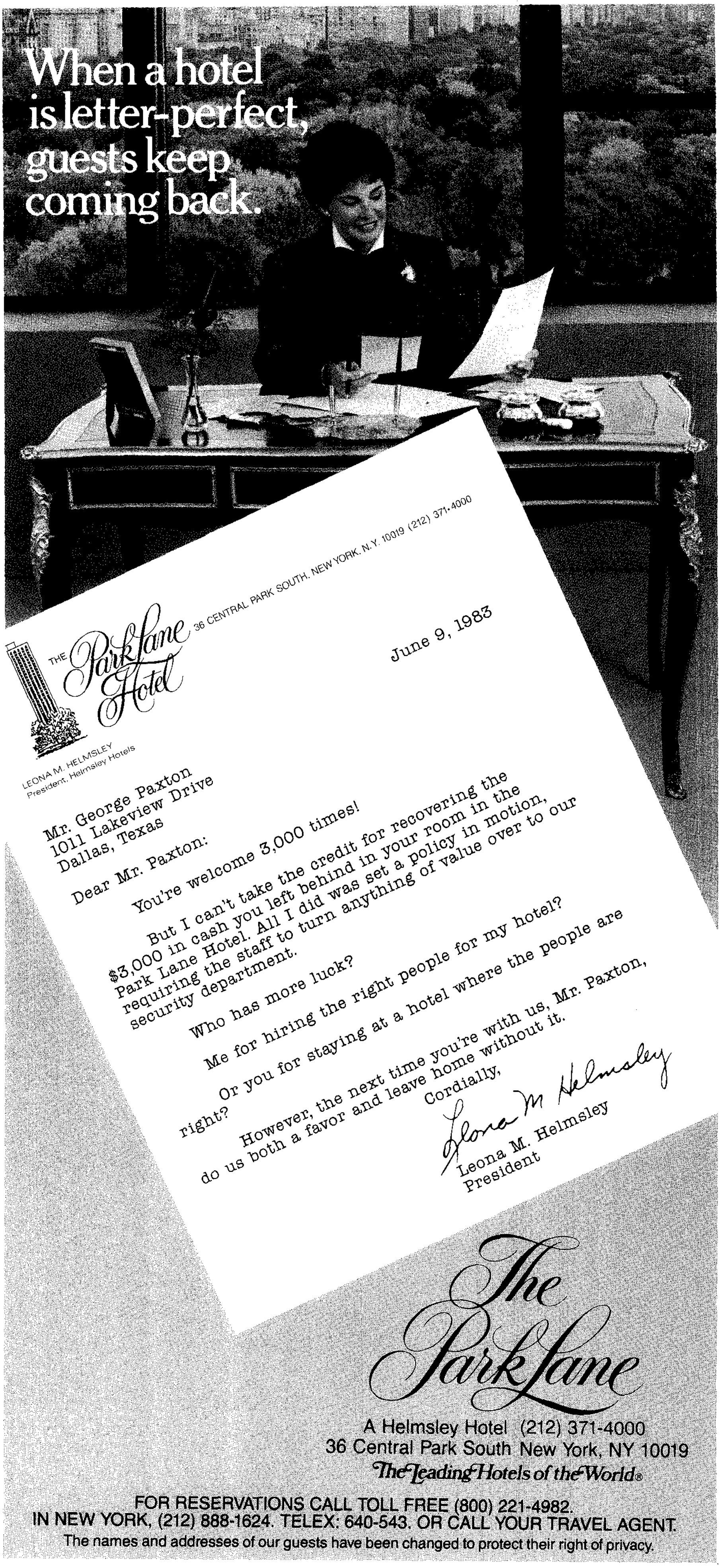
5 P.M. to 6:30 P.M.: Three ounces of sherry, to which Mrs. Quinton gradually added twenty-four ounces of ginger ale, orange soda, root beer, or any other soda that was in the house.

6:30 P.M.: Dinner—usually meat or fish, a vegetable, and a potato.

One morning, Cindy Strong asked Mrs. Quinton what she had eaten for dinner the previous evening. "Chicken, yams, and dull stringbeans," Mrs. Quinton said. "Claire's not nearly the cook I was. She forgot to put a pinch of baking soda into the boiling water before she put the stringbeans in. Baking soda makes them greener. You should always have a colorful plate. Pale-golden chicken, orange yams, and bright-green beans are an appealing sight."

Belinda Fernández telephoned Cindy Strong one Monday in April. She was upset by the amount of Gallo cream sherry that Mrs. Quinton was drinking. Miss Strong ran into Dr. Ruffolo, who told her that Mrs. Quinton could have an eggnog with sherry during the day and from one to two ounces of sherry in the evening. He said he doubted whether T.C.P. would be able to limit Mrs. Quinton's alcohol intake. Cindy Strong then spoke to Mrs. Quinton. "Sherry is only seventeen per cent alcohol" and "I'll drink what I want" were Mrs. Quinton's final words on the matter. Belinda began to have a glass of sherry with Mrs. Quinton on weekends. On Mother's Day, she brought Mrs. Quinton a present—a bottle of sherry. Claire Quinton had given up beer for Lent. Belinda Fernández and Felicity called Claire's beer drinking to Cindy Strong's attention after Easter. When Miss Strong relayed their concern to Dr. Ruffolo, he said, "Both Kate and Claire drink gin when they can get it." The two home attendants admitted that Claire never seemed adversely affected by the beer she drank and that she never neglected her mother. Miss Strong told them that Claire's beer drinking was her own business.

April was a better month for Claire Quinton, too. In March, she hadn't slept well, because she had always wondered whether her mother would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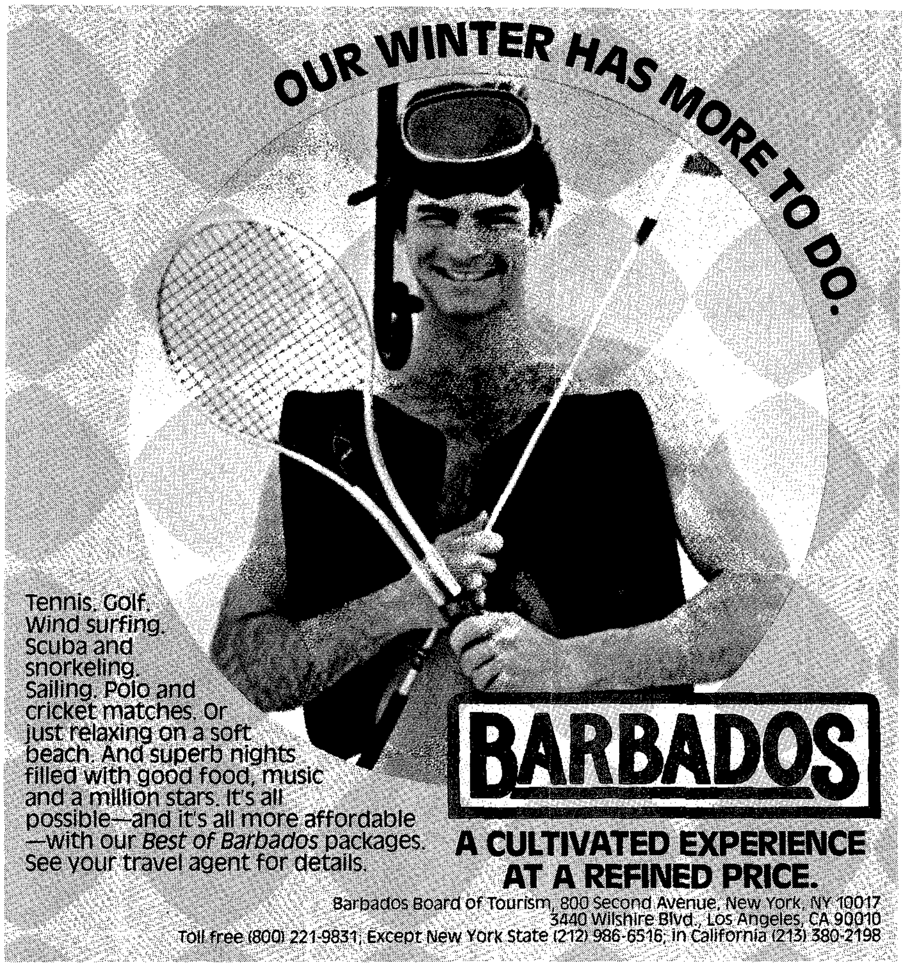

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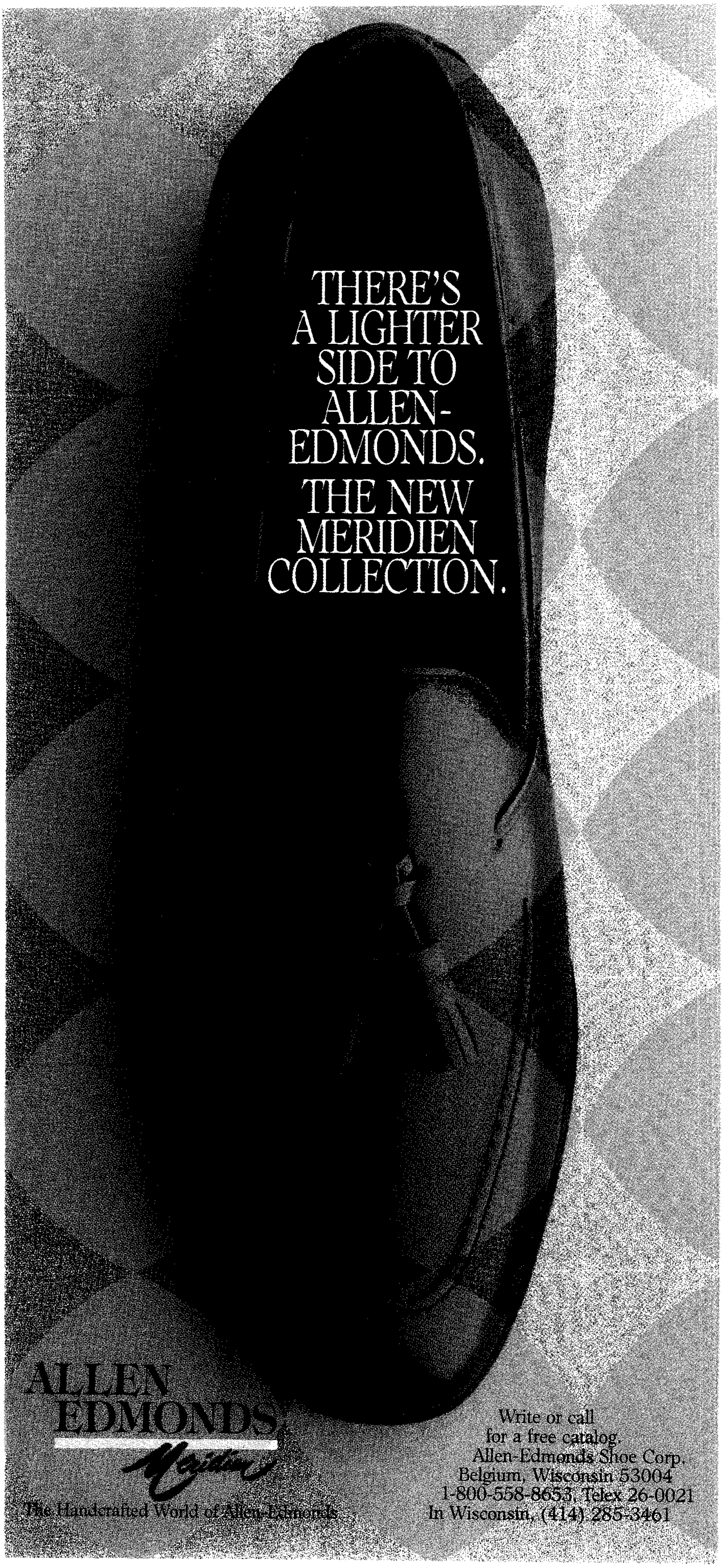
call during the night to ask help to get onto the bedpan. She had hesitated to go out of the house while Mercedes Robbins was there, except to do the grocery shopping and to go to church, because she wasn't convinced that Mercedes would hear her mother if she called out while Mercedes was doing her homework and watching television. Claire's weight had continued to go up while her mother was in the hospital—at the end of February, she weighed two hundred and fifteen pounds—but then it started to go down, and in April she weighed a hundred and eighty. By April, Mrs. Quinton could get onto the bedpan alone. Claire still slept with her bedroom door open, but she slept more soundly. Felicity was dependable, so Claire felt more freedom to come and go. When her friend Veronica O'Connell, a schoolteacher on Long Island, came to stay with the Quintons for four days starting on the Thursday after Easter, Claire enjoyed going with her to see "On Golden Pond" and "Chariots of Fire" and driving her to Sunset Park to look at the house in which Veronica had been born. Claire's friend Helen Durbin had a washing machine. Claire took her laundry to Helen's house or to a laundromat. Every week or two, she went to the bank. Once a month, she went to a local doctor for a Vitamin B_{12} shot, and in April, when she developed a dry cough, she went to see him about that. Once a month, Claire went to see a psychiatrist (for medication) and a psychotherapist (for therapy) at a mental-health clinic. She had become depressed in 1976 and had been taking medication and receiving therapy ever since.

ONE day in early April, Claire had to go to Lutheran Medical Center. In March, she had received a letter from Lutheran's Patient Accounts Department. Her mother's Medicaid application had been returned by the Human Resources Administration's Medical Assistance Program. Someone there had looked at the bankbook Claire submitted to Haydee Santana in January and had wanted an explanation for several "large deposits & large withdrawals" that Mrs. Quinton had made in her savings account between 1979 and 1982. Most of the transactions queried were withdrawals. Kate and Claire Quinton were unable to live the way they wanted to live on their joint income of about seven hundred and fifty dollars a month. Claire had periodically taken money out of her mother's savings account and deposited it in their joint checking account to pay their bills—food, notions, utilities, Claire's Blue Cross and Blue Shield, life insurance, and car insurance. The major transaction queried was a deposit of twenty-three hundred dollars that Claire had made in her mother's savings account on January 18th, three days before she had started her mother's Medicaid application. Claire telephoned Haydee Santana, who told her to bring in some cancelled checks for things like the insurance and the utilities to explain the withdrawals, and a notarized letter to explain the twenty-three-hundred-dollar deposit. Miss Santana wasn't in when Claire went to Lutheran, so Claire gave the cancelled checks and the letter to one of her colleagues. According to Claire's letter, the twenty-three-hundred-dollar deposit was her mother's share of a joint certificate of deposit that had recently matured. Claire wrote that she had reinvested her share of the certificate but had put her mother's share in her savings account in case it should be needed to pay for her mother's medical expenses—Dr. Ruffolo's bill of twenty-one hundred dollars, for example—or, as she said she had feared at the time, for her mother's funeral expenses.

In April, while Mrs. Quinton's Medicaid application was still pending, Cindy Strong and Diane Confalone spoke with the Quintons about their long-range plans. The Quintons' wish was to continue to have Mrs. Quinton live at home with a home attendant provided by the Human Resources Administration, which would take over from Transitional Community Placement as soon as Mrs. Quinton's Medicaid application was approved. On April 14th, Miss Strong filled out a Form M-11q, which was a physician's request to the Human Resources Administration for home-care services, and she had Dr. Ruffolo sign it on April 15th. An M-11q contains information about a person's diagnoses, medication, impairments, and physical limitations. Cindy Strong wrote on the M-11q that Mrs. Quinton needed assistance fifty-six hours a week. On Monday, April 26th, Diane Confalone and David Gould delivered Mrs. Quinton's M-11q to a General Social Services district office in Brooklyn. General Social Services (G.S.S.) is the department of the Human Resources Administration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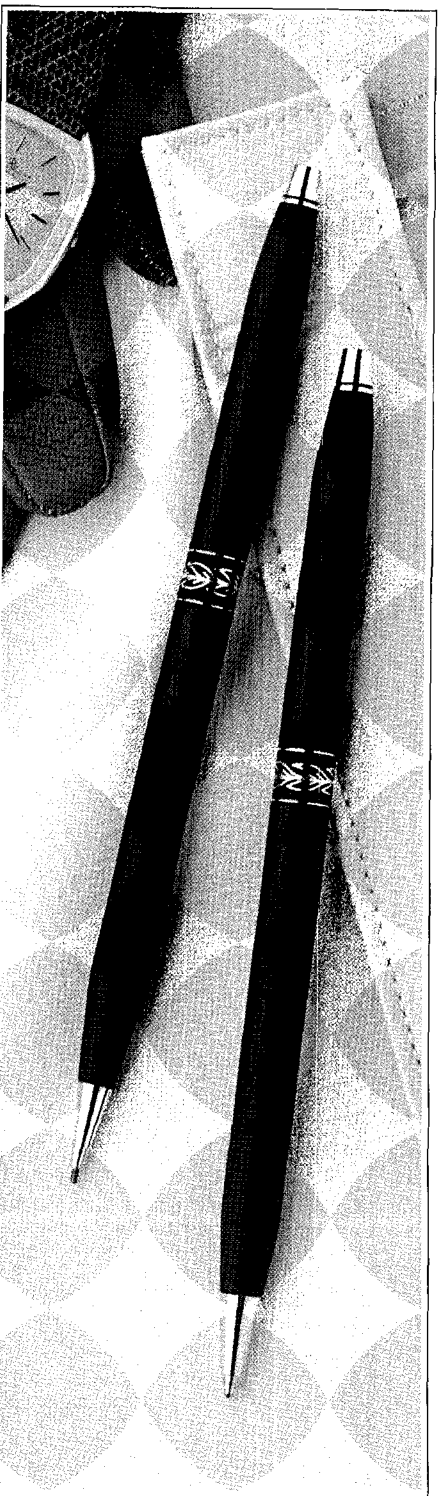
which recommends, among other things, how much home-attendant care an applicant should receive. There are forty-three G.S.S. district offices in New York City. The G.S.S. district office Miss Confalone and Mr. Gould visited handled a thousand home-attendant cases, in several neighborhoods of Brooklyn, including Windsor Terrace. They took Mrs. Quinton's M-11q to the district office, instead of mailing it, because she was the first person on T.C.P. who lived in that jurisdiction. They wanted to meet the director of the office, Seymour Goldsmith, to tell him about T.C.P. They spent a cordial hour and a half with him. In April of 1982, Seymour Goldsmith had a staff of twenty-two, including five supervisors and eleven case managers; each of the case managers handled about ninety cases.

According to H.R.A. procedure, a G.S.S. case manager is supposed to visit an applicant for home care within seventy-two hours of receiving Form M-11q. Within twelve working days, the case manager is supposed to fill out a number of forms and send these forms and the M-11q to the Office of Home Care Services, a division of H.R.A.'s Family and Adult Services, which is situated on East Sixteenth Street, in Manhattan. The Office of Home Care Services reviews the applications submitted by the G.S.S. district offices and authorizes the number of hours of service that the applicant will receive. The most important form that the case manager fills out is an eight-page form called an M-11s. (Of the numbering and lettering of H.R.A. forms there is no end.) On the M-11s, the case manager must list the tasks that have to be done for the applicant, and the "significant adults" living in the home and those not in the home who can assist with these tasks. The case manager must write a narrative account of the applicant's situation and must recommend the number of hours of home care the client needs. According to state law, H.R.A. must make a decision on an application within thirty days of receiving it.

Mrs. Quinton's application got off to a slow start. Her M-11q was logged in at the district office on April 28th. On April 30th, it was assigned to Ida Winkel, one of the eleven case managers. Mrs. Winkel telephoned Claire Quinton on May 6th and made an appointment to visit Mrs. Quinton on the afternoon of Friday, May 7th. She said she would be driving from her office to 292 Seeley Street. Claire asked



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her if she would like directions. "I already know the area, but you might as well give me directions," Mrs. Winkel said. Claire told her which avenue to take from her office to reach another main artery and where to make a left turn to get to Seeley Street. "You can't make a left there," Mrs. Winkel said.

Claire was on the verge of saying, "You could twenty minutes ago," but said, "All right, you come your own way. Make a left wherever it suits you."

Mrs. Winkel did not show up at the Quintons', or call them, on the seventh. Claire telephoned her on Monday the tenth to ask what had happened. Mrs. Winkel said she would be there that afternoon at two.

Ida Winkel, a tall woman in her early sixties, who was fashionably dressed in a pink pants suit and a pale-pink blouse, with pale-pink lipstick and nail polish, climbed the stairs to the Quintons' apartment on the afternoon of the tenth. As Claire and Kate Quinton later recalled the visit, Claire showed Mrs. Winkel around and then offered her a chair at the dinette table, where Mrs. Quinton was sitting in her wheelchair chatting with Felicity. "This is a lovely apartment," Mrs. Winkel said. "How much rent do you pay?"

By May, Claire had told her mother about the rent increase of September, 1981. "Three hundred and forty-five dollars a month," she answered.

"How does your mother get downstairs?" Mrs. Winkel inquired.

"She doesn't, Mrs. Winkel," Claire answered.

"You and your mother should get out of here and move into a three-room apartment in an elevator building," Mrs. Winkel said.

"I don't know of any apartments available in an elevator building in Windsor Terrace," Claire said. "Apartments of any kind are hard to find in this neighborhood. Why do you think we should move?"

"So that your mother can go outside and sit in the sun."

"My mother is allergic to the sun, Mrs. Winkel. She's been to many dermatologists. One of them told her years ago that whenever she went out she should walk on the shady side of the street."

Mrs. Winkel commented that Claire had a dry cough.

Claire said she had been seeing a doctor about the cough.

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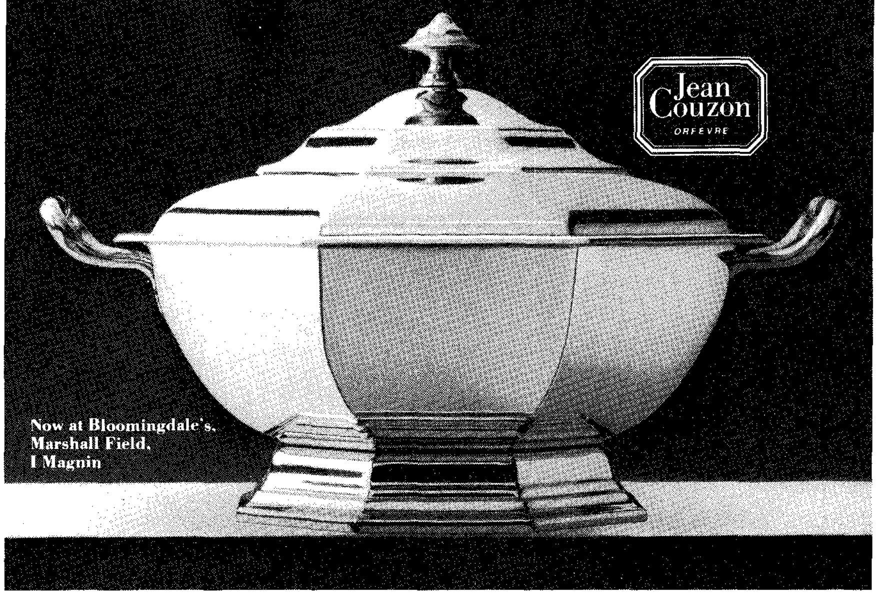

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go to another doctor," Mrs. Winkel said. She then asked Mrs. Quinton about her arthritis and her limitations.

Mrs. Quinton told her that the ball of her left foot was the size of a walnut and that she spent almost all her time in bed or in her wheelchair. She said that in the morning Felicity helped her out of bed and into the wheelchair. During the day, Felicity transferred her from the wheelchair to the commode. Mrs. Winkel asked Mrs. Quinton how often she had been transferred from the wheelchair to the commode that day. "I think seven times," Mrs. Quinton said, explaining that she was taking diuretics for her edema. "Ten times," Felicity corrected her. Mrs. Winkel had a few more questions for Felicity about her chores. Mrs. Quinton said she lived for the visits of the physical therapist, who had her using a walker. She said she could walk a few steps but hoped she would be able to walk better when her Medicaid application was approved and she could order the special molded shoes he had told her she needed. With a walker, she would again be able to go to the toilet; the wheelchair wouldn't go through the door to the bathroom. Mrs. Winkel asked the Quintons about the status of Mrs. Quinton's Medicaid application, about the T.C.P. program and what it provided, and about other close relatives who might be able to help care for Mrs. Quinton. Claire gave Mrs. Winkel the names and addresses of Barbara and of Mrs. Quinton's two sisters—Eileen, who lived in Brooklyn, and Sheila, who lived in Connecticut. She said that Barbara was unwilling to help, that Eileen couldn't help, because she was seventy-three and suffered from arthritis, and that Sheila couldn't help, because she was seventy-nine and suffered from asthma. Mrs. Winkel asked Kate and Claire Quinton how they had managed before T.C.P. Claire told her that her mother had had a home-care worker from Selfhelp who had come in about twice a week for two hours in 1981, before and after her breast operation, and that a nurse from Nursing Sisters had made periodic visits. She also said that her mother had had a physical therapist in 1981, just as she did in 1982.

"If you could manage with four hours a week of home care last year, why do you need someone fifty-six hours a week now?" Mrs. Winkel asked.

Claire said that her mother's poor

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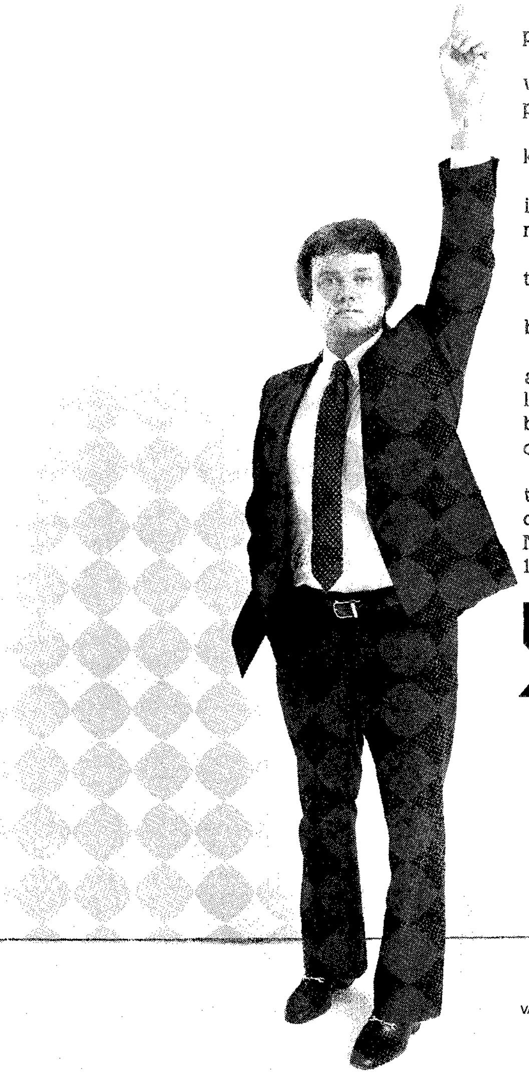

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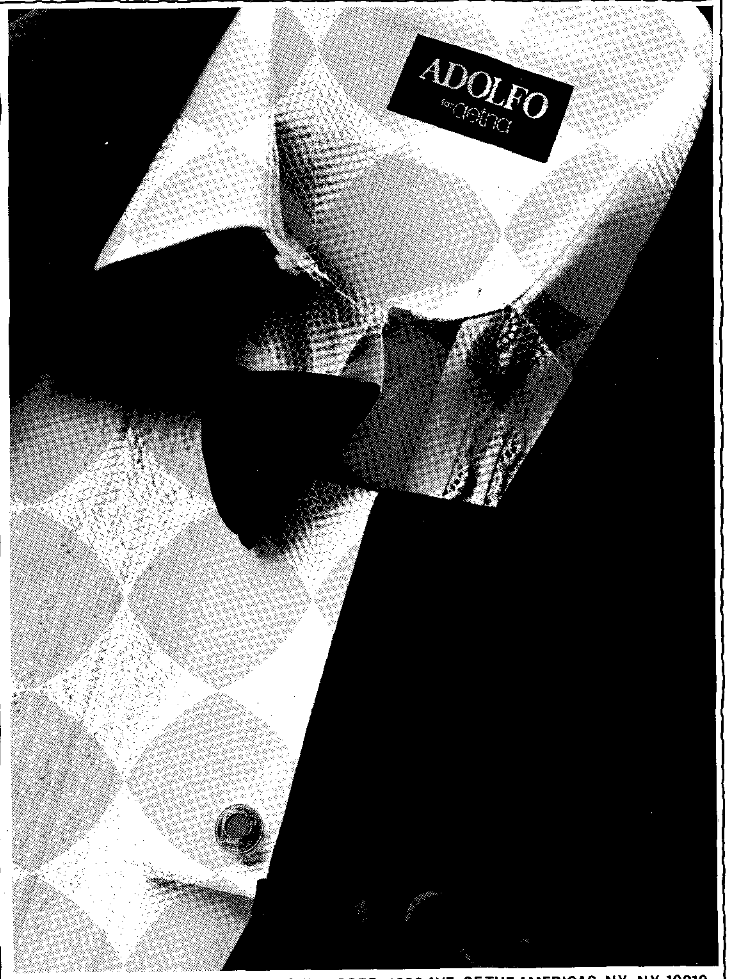

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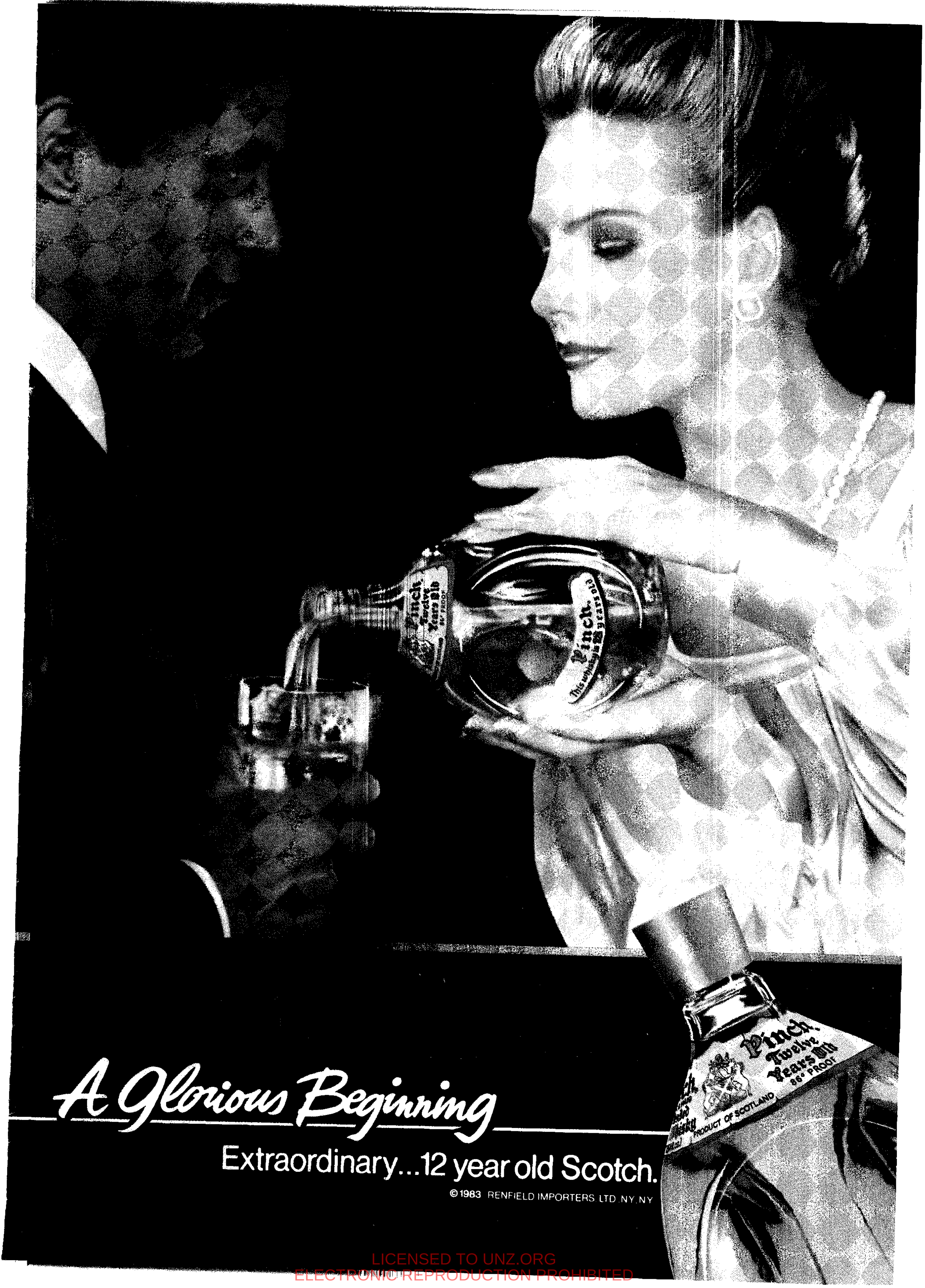
condition in the spring of 1981 had taken a terrible toll, because the hours of help her mother was receiving then were insufficient. She said that in the summer of 1981, after the breast operation, her mother had been able to get right back on the walker. Claire said she believed that it would be more difficult for her mother to get back on her feet in 1982. "If a young woman stays in bed for two months, she'll be weaker when she gets up, but when a woman of seventy-nine or eighty is in bed that long it's much harder for her to bounce back," she said. In a soft voice, so that her mother wouldn't hear her, Claire said, "My mother is slowly withering away, Mrs. Winkel. There were long periods in 1981 when she wouldn't eat, and she went into the hospital this year with malnutrition. I could plot her decline on a graph."

After filling in sections of several forms and scribbling notes on several pieces of scratch paper, Mrs. Winkel said she was ready to leave. She told Claire she wanted to call her office. "It's a funny thing," she said. "The office phone number was changed a couple of months ago. I still can't remember the new number and I don't have it with me." When Claire offered to give Mrs. Winkel the number of her office, she said she had changed her mind about calling. She said she had decided to visit another client who lived a couple of blocks from Seeley Street. First, she said she wanted to look up the client's telephone number in the Brooklyn directory. Then she said she had changed her mind: she wouldn't telephone, she would just drop in. In the foyer, she asked Claire if she had any clout at H.R.A. Claire said that she did. "Who is he?" Mrs. Winkel asked. Claire's cousin Douglas, her Aunt Sheila's son, had a good friend who was a high-ranking H.R.A. official. Claire had asked Douglas to call his friend to see if he could expedite her mother's Medicaid application. Claire named the man for Mrs. Winkel.

"How do you spell that?" Mrs. Winkel asked. Claire spelled the man's name. Mrs. Winkel put her right foot on the first stair step and spun around. "Oh, by the way, Miss Quinton, what do you do for a living?" she asked. Claire said that when she was able to work she had been a secretary, and that she had been unable to work since 1976 and had applied for and had been awarded disability. She said she had had five spinal fusions of lumbars four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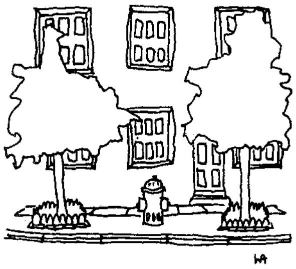
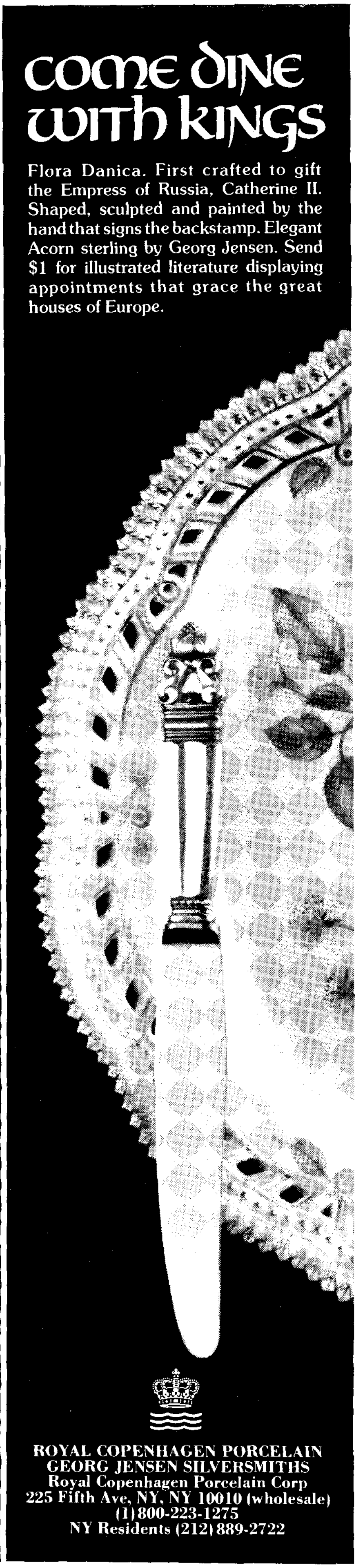
and five, and that she suffered from depression. Mrs. Winkel asked her for the name of the lawyer who had represented her at the disability hearing, for the name of the presiding judge, and for the name of the psychiatrist she had been seeing. Mrs. Winkel then asked Claire how many years of education she had had. Claire told her that she had completed about a year and a half of college. "You should go back to work as a secretary," Mrs. Winkel said. "There are plenty of jobs available on Thirteenth Avenue." Claire said she hoped to return to work when she felt better and her mother was more self-sufficient. If Mrs. Quinton could use a walker, Claire could leave the house without worrying about her mother's safety when home attendants didn't show up.



Most of the jobs that Claire had had in the nineteen-fifties and nineteen-sixties were in office buildings in the Wall Street area. She didn't want to work on Thirteenth Avenue, a shabby place lined with discount stores, fish markets, pizza parlors, and delicatessens. The sidewalks were peopled by peddlers. It seemed imprudent to tell Mrs. Winkel that there were no tall office buildings on Thirteenth Avenue. It troubled Claire that six years had gone by since she had last worked. She often worried that she would never be able to work again, regardless of her mother's condition.

On the morning of Monday, May 17th, when Kate Quinton's application for home care should have been on its way to the Office of Home Care Services, Mrs. Winkel telephoned Claire. Her tone the previous Monday had been crisp and curt. This time, Claire felt, she sounded extremely annoyed. She immediately asked Claire how Mrs. Quinton's grocery shopping was done. Claire said she bought the *News* on Sunday, clipped the cents-off coupons from the paper, and studied the food ads to look for sales and specials. A friend usually drove her to a supermarket on Sunday after church. She read the food ads in the *News* again on Wednesday, when additional specials were often advertised, and usually shopped again that afternoon. Wednesday at two o'clock was a good time to shop at one particular supermarket, because on Wednesdays the boys from a nearby parochial school got out at one o'clock. They hung around the supermarket and carried groceries from the checkout counter to the car for a quarter. Felicity carried the groceries upstairs. Claire said she sometimes went to a fish market on Friday to buy fresh fish. Mrs. Winkel asked Claire if Felicity did any shopping. Claire said she occasionally asked Felicity to pick up a loaf of bread or another item or two when she went out for her lunch at the Burger King. She didn't want to tell Mrs. Winkel in front of Felicity, who was close enough to the telephone to hear what Claire was saying, that she didn't ask Felicity to do much shopping, because she often got things wrong. Once, Claire had asked her to buy a bottle of Lemon Fresh Joy, a dishwashing liquid; Felicity had returned with a bottle of lemon juice. Mrs. Quinton was accustomed to writing out succinct grocery lists for Claire, of items like "milk" or "chicken." If Claire forgot to rewrite the lists for Felicity, spelling out exactly what to buy, Felicity was apt to return with a whole chicken instead of the quartered chicken Mrs. Quinton wanted. If the list said just "milk," Felicity might buy a quart of whole milk when Mrs. Quinton wanted a half-gallon of ninety-nine-per-cent-fat-free milk. Claire's account of the Quintons' shopping habits seemed to infuriate Mrs. Winkel. "I know people who can shop for a family of six once a week," she shouted.

"That's well and good, Mrs. Winkel, but my mother and I have never shopped that way, and I like to shop for the sales," Claire replied. Claire was upset by Mrs. Winkel's tone and by her shouting. She didn't want to raise her own voice, so she hung up. She telephoned the G.S.S. district office and asked to speak to Mrs. Winkel's superior. Seymour Goldsmith got on the phone. Claire told him that Mrs. Winkel had given her a bad time. She said she thought it was none of Mrs. Winkel's business to tell people who lived in four rooms that they ought to live in three. Mr. Goldsmith told Claire he was writing down what she said, and asked the senior supervisor in the office, Jacqueline Laroche, to call Claire Quinton. Claire repeated to Mrs. Laroche what she had already said to Seymour Goldsmith, added some details, and said that she had



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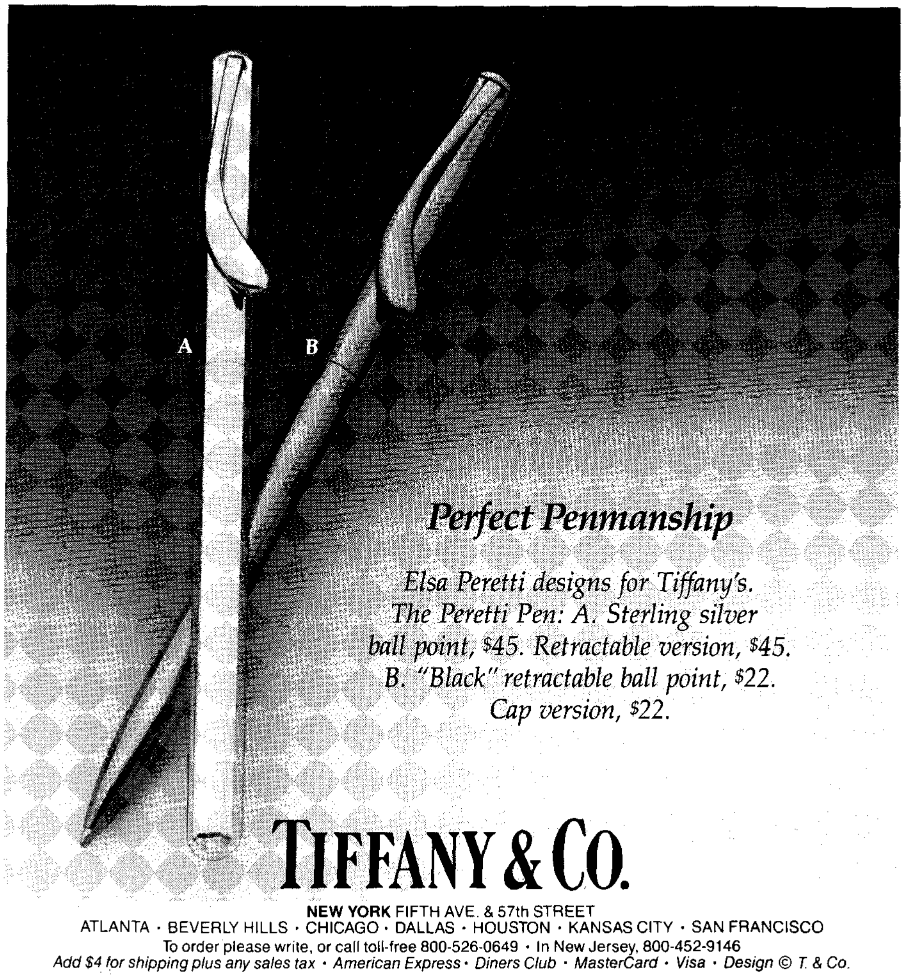
found Mrs. Winkel arrogant and verbally abusive.

SHORTLY after Mrs. Winkel had annoyed Claire Quinton on May 10th by telling her how to live her life ("If I were you, Miss Quinton, I'd go to another doctor. . . . You should go back to work as a secretary"), Claire saw Barbara for the first time since January 20th, when Barbara had exasperated her by telling her, as was her custom, how to live her life ("Get yourself together, Claire. . . . Lose weight. Get a job. And get someone in to share the expenses of the apartment"). On May 10th, Felicity had washed Mrs. Quinton's hair. Mrs. Quinton had put it up in pins and left the pins in until the fourteenth, so that her hair would last the weekend. (The permanent that Felicity's friend had given her hadn't taken.) On Saturday, May 15th, Kate Quinton's granddaughter Sarah was getting married in Teaneck. She had been looking forward to the wedding for months. On her eightieth birthday, Sarah had said to her in the hospital, "Grandma, you're not going to miss out on my wedding even if I have to drive in and get you myself."

Claire was not looking forward to the trip to Teaneck, but she was eager to see her nephew and nieces—she hadn't seen Charles for two years, and she hadn't seen Sarah and Elizabeth for about six months. She felt close to the children, because Barbara and Dwight were still living with Kate and Claire Quinton, in a house that Mrs. Quinton had owned in Brooklyn, when their first two children were born. Claire had done a lot of babysitting for Charles and Sarah. The four Gaylords had moved to Teaneck before Elizabeth was born, but Claire had spent time at their house in Teaneck recuperating after her spinal fusions, in 1960, 1964, 1965, 1968, and 1969. She had taught Charles how to play backgammon, and had watched endless hours of Saturday-morning television cartoons with Sarah and Elizabeth. Claire dreaded Sarah's wedding, however, because she didn't want to see Dwight or Barbara. Neither she nor her mother had spoken to Dwight since February, when Dwight told Claire her mother was a bitch. Barbara usually telephoned Mrs. Quinton when she thought that Claire would be at church. If Barbara called when Claire was home and Claire answered, Barbara said "May I please speak to my mother?" and Claire



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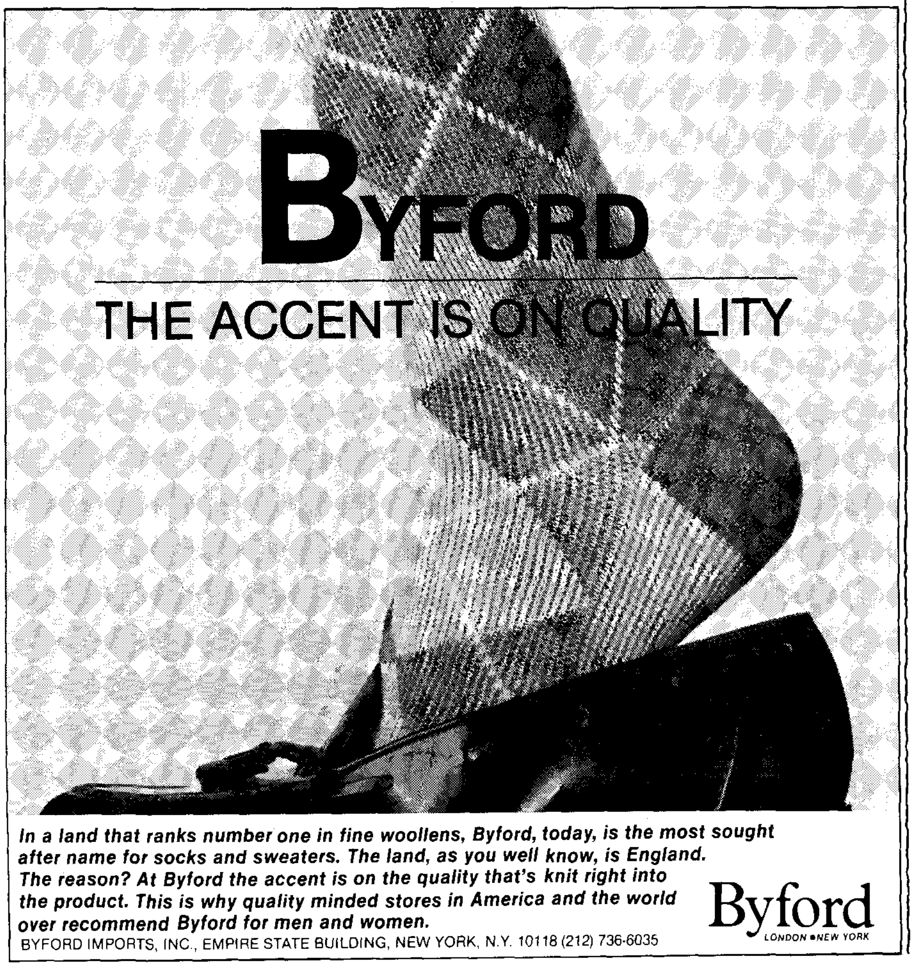

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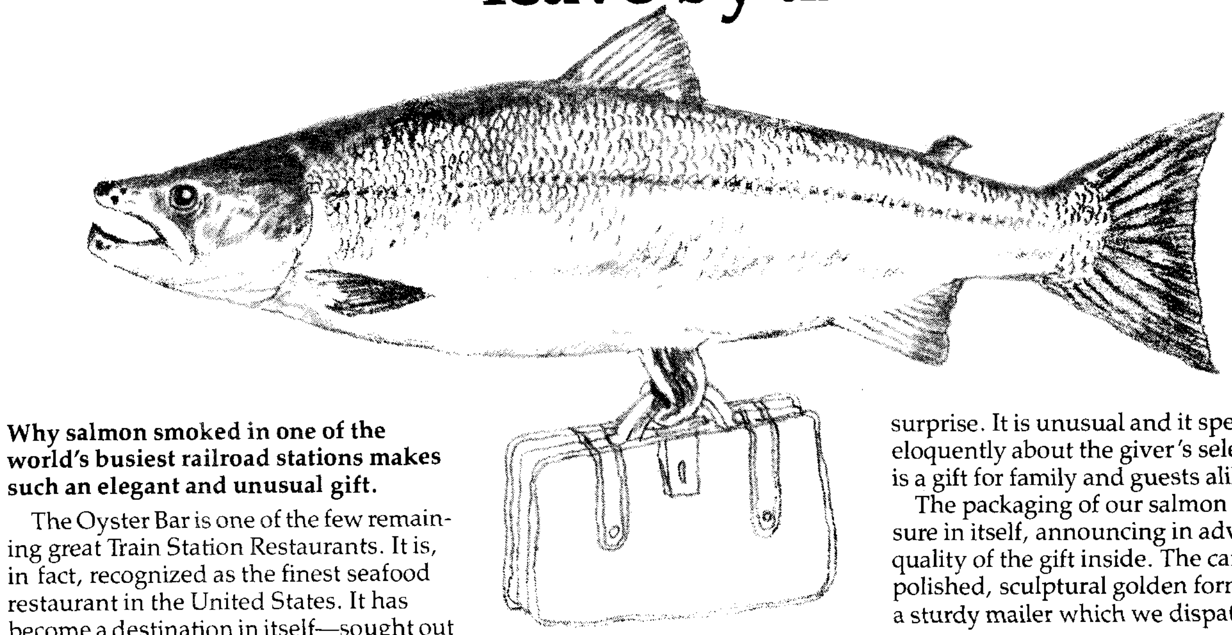

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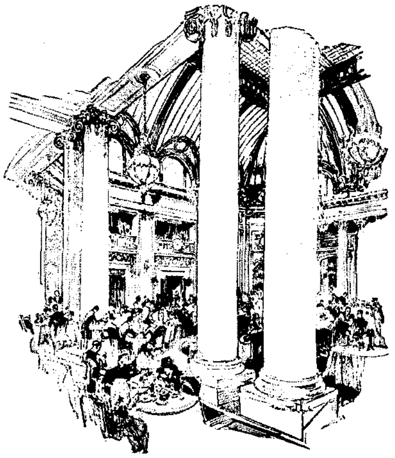

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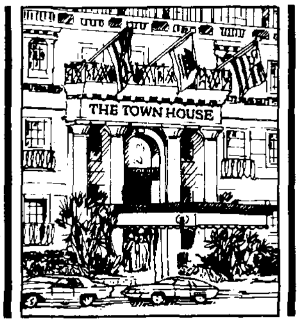

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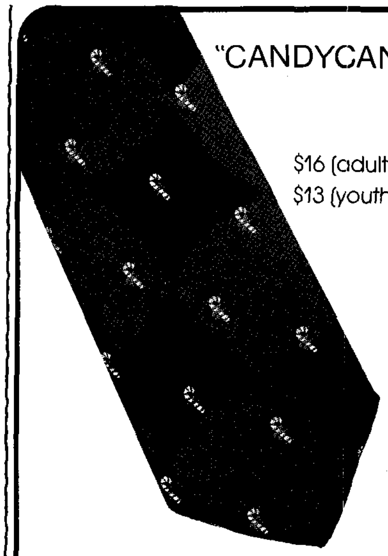
handed her mother the phone. In April, when Claire's invitation to Sarah's wedding came in the mail, she telephoned Sarah, and asked to be seated at a table as far away as possible from her sister and brother-in-law at the reception.

On Thursday, May 6th, Barbara had telephoned her mother to tell her that she was arranging to have Brian's brother and brother-in-law pick her and Claire up and drive them to the home of Donald and Betty Healy, in Teaneck, where they would spend Friday and Saturday night. Mrs. Quinton and Claire knew the Healys. Mrs. Quinton had bought a house in Teaneck in 1972, and she and Claire had lived there until December of 1975. Barbara said she would call soon with more details. She didn't call on Friday, Saturday, Sunday, or Monday. Mrs. Quinton was fretful. She liked to know her precise plans well in advance. When Barbara called on Tuesday evening, the eleventh, she told her mother that Brian's brother and brother-in-law would fetch her and Claire on the afternoon of the fourteenth, between three and four. She said that on Friday, before the rehearsal dinner got under way, Mrs. Quinton and Claire would come to her house to have a light dinner with Glenda and Liam, Mrs. Quinton's two great-grandchildren.

Claire was sitting at the dinette table when Barbara called. Barbara's voice is loud, and Claire heard every word she said. She took the phone out of her mother's hands. "Barbara, you must be a little bit out of your mind," she said. "After all that happened in the last few months, I'm never going to take another crumb from you, and I'm never going to set foot in your house again. All I want is a ride to church in Teaneck on Sunday morning with Elizabeth."

Early on Friday, Mrs. Quinton unpinned her hair, and Claire went to the dry cleaner's to fetch the clothes she and her mother were going to wear to the wedding. The dry cleaner had promised to have them ready on Thursday night. They weren't ready on Friday morning. He told Claire to return in an hour. Shortly after she got home, at ten-forty-five, the telephone rang. It was Brian's sister Julia calling to say that her husband and her brother would be there in about half an hour or forty-five minutes. Claire told Julia that she couldn't be ready that soon because the dry cleaner had let her down. She didn't want the two



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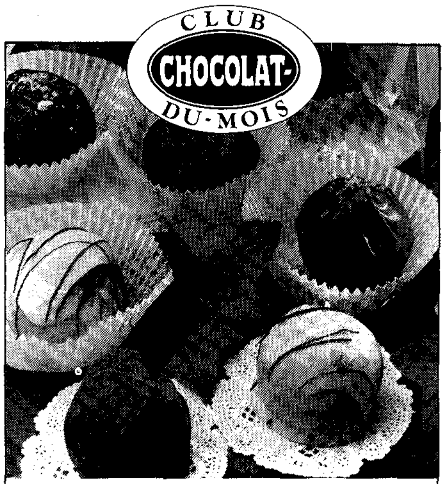

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young men to have to wait, and suggested that they come at twelve-fifteen. They agreed to. In spite of all the fretting about plans, Mrs. Quinton had a good time seeing her great-grandchildren that evening, and Claire had a quiet time at the Healys'.

On Saturday morning, Claire helped her mother put on a becoming print dress and jacket, a string of black beads, and a pair of open-toed shoes. The day was warm but not humid, and Mrs. Quinton's hair stayed up. An usher pushed her wheelchair up the aisle of the church and parked it adjacent to the first pew on the bride's side, where Barbara and Dwight were seated. Claire wore a powder-blue suit that complemented her eyes. She was escorted to the second pew and sat with her Aunt Eileen and her friend Helen Durbin. Charles' wife, Jessica, and their two children and Jessica's mother, Noreen, were in the third pew. During the wedding Mass, when the priest said, "Now let us turn and give each other the sign of peace," Claire shook hands with Helen and Eileen and quickly turned to the third pew. Jessica, Glenda, and Liam kissed Claire, and Claire shook hands with Noreen, who was out of kissing reach. "I'm not going to be a hypocrite and shake hands with Barbara and Dwight," she later recalled thinking as she avoided the first pew.

Dwight Gaylord pushed Mrs. Quinton's wheelchair up the aisle after the ceremony. She and Eileen sat at Barbara and Dwight's table at the reception. Mrs. Quinton made small talk with Barbara. She didn't speak to Dwight. So many people came up to her to tell her how well she looked that she felt, she said, like a queen. Claire's table of ten was congenial. Two people who realized that Claire had kept her mother out of a nursing home complimented her on her mother's appearance, and a third said to her, "I know what you're going through. Let me know if ever you need help."

On Sunday morning, Barbara telephoned the Healys' house. Betty Healy answered the telephone. Barbara told her that Elizabeth would be over to fetch Mrs. Quinton and Claire at eleven to drive them back to Brooklyn, because she had to take some people to the airport in the afternoon. Donald Healy followed Elizabeth's car to the Quintons', to help lift Mrs. Quinton. They carried her up the stairs. After Mrs. Quinton was settled in the kitchen, Claire walked to church.

A few days later, Claire went to see

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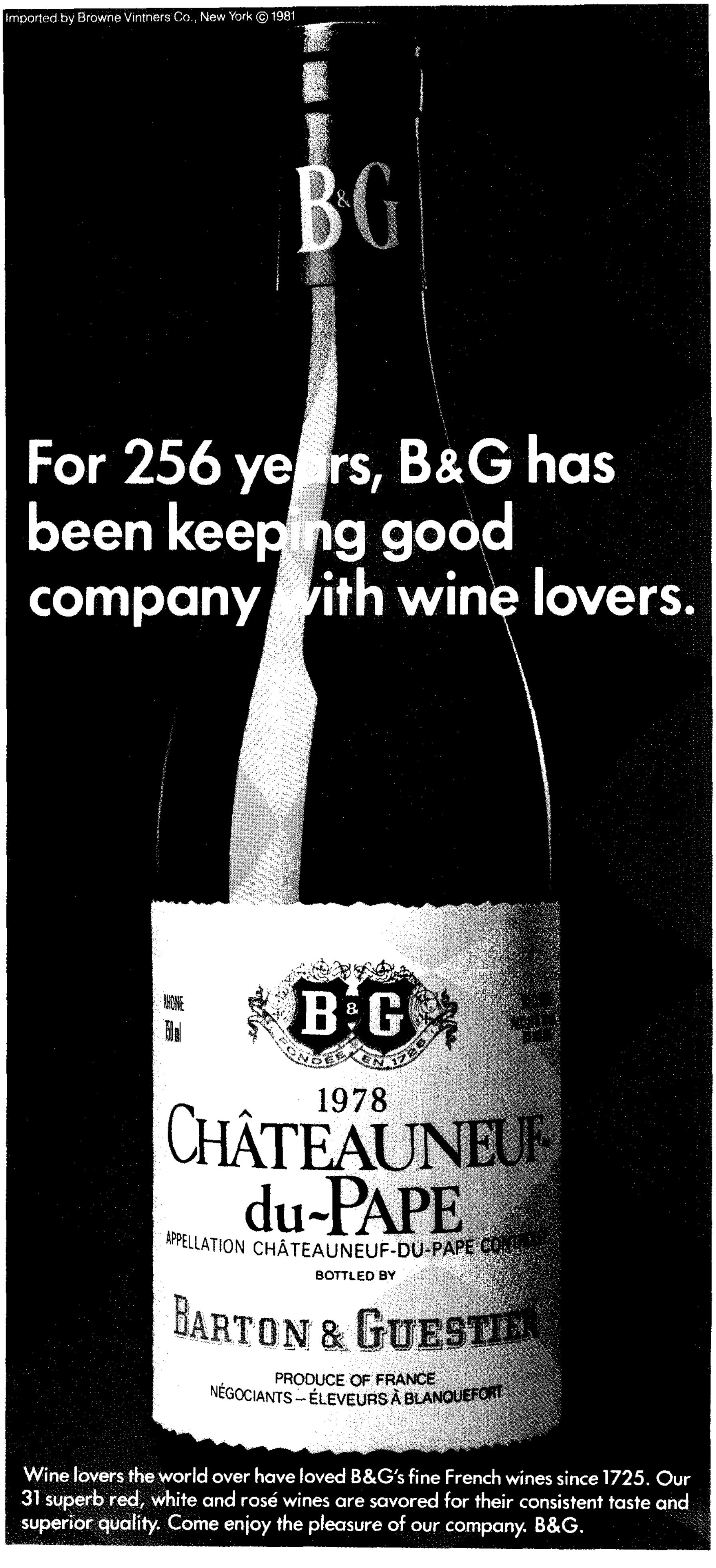

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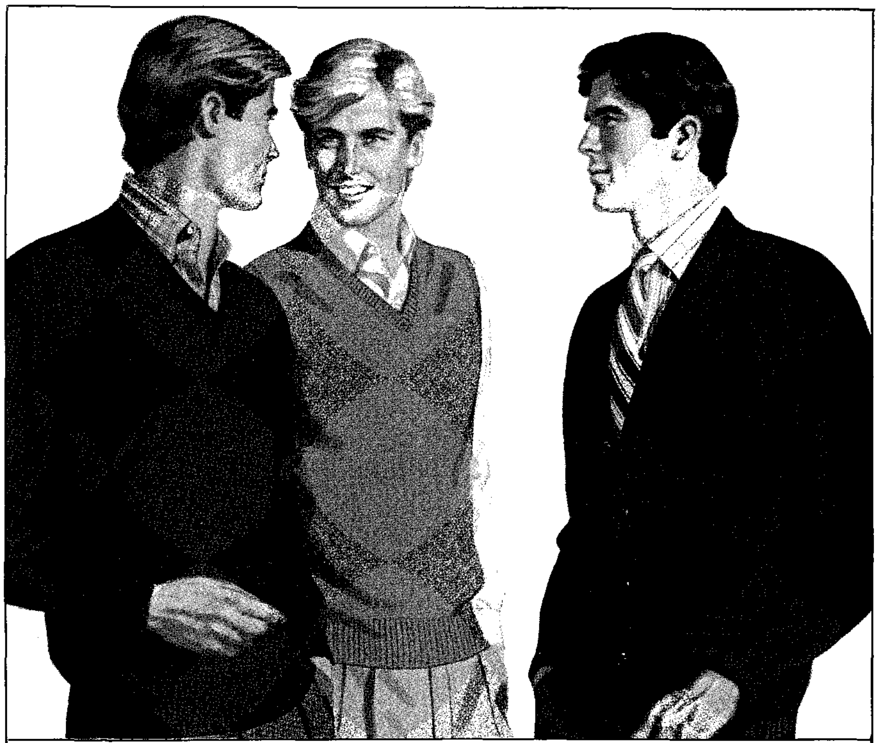

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her therapist, Irene Garcia, who knew how anxious she had been about the wedding.

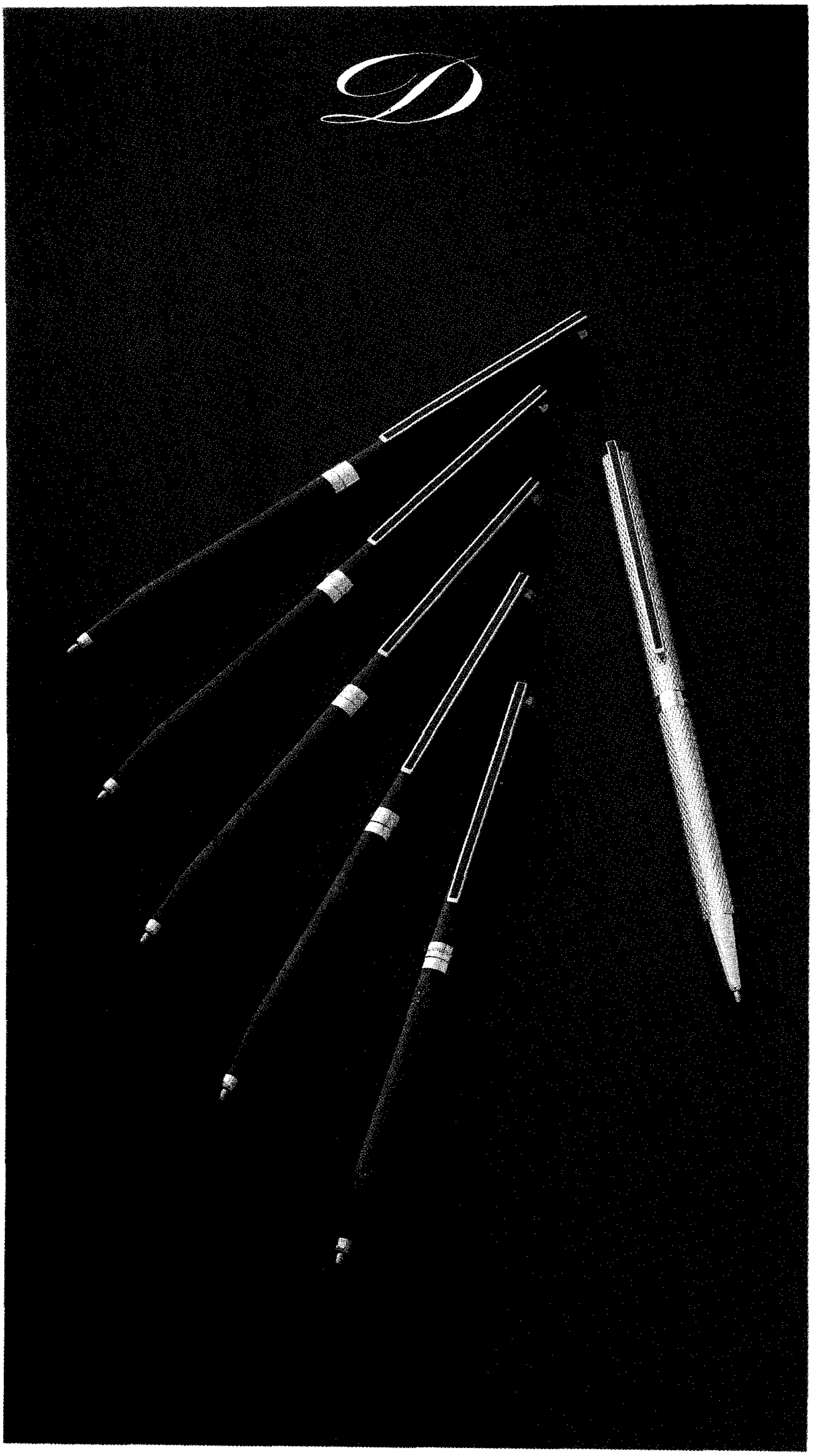
"How did it go?" she asked Claire.

"It bothered the hell out of me," Claire said. "I can't believe my sister. She's unreal. Sweetheart in Teaneck can gloss over all the trouble in the family between January and April and act as if everything were a bed of roses in May."

Irene told Claire to scream if she thought that would help get the rage out of her system. Claire didn't scream, but she cried, and then she talked. She told Irene how much she resented Barbara for keeping her mother cliffhanging from Thursday to Tuesday about the precise plans to get to the wedding and for denying her the one favor she had asked—a ride to church—with the transparently phony excuse that Elizabeth had to go to the airport. She said it troubled her that her mother had been upset between Barbara's telephone calls but had later refused to admit her feelings. Irene reminded Claire that she knew her mother had blinders on as far as Barbara was concerned, and that deep down Claire cared for her sister and would help Barbara if she were in adversity. Claire agreed that she didn't wish Barbara any misfortune, but she said firmly that she didn't need the "aggravation" that Barbara caused her every time she saw her. "Fine, stay away from her," Irene said. "You want to avoid trouble, and that's a very healthy thing to do."

A FEW days before the wedding, Claire Quinton had notified Louisa Dyson, the Family Home Care case coördinator who had taken over the T.C.P. cases from Evelyn Partisi in late April, that her mother would be away the weekend of May 15th and 16th, and therefore wouldn't need Belinda that Saturday and Sunday. Belinda Fernández worked for Mrs. Quinton for two more weekends. When she left on May 30th, she didn't tell the Quintons that that was the last day she would see them. Diane Confalone called Claire later to tell her that Belinda would not be coming back. She didn't tell her precisely why. Mrs. Cooper and Belinda had been on very friendly terms. Olivia Cooper felt as if they were partners in a good cause: caring for Gerald Cooper. As the weeks passed, however, Mrs. Cooper apparently had begun to realize how much she and her husband depended on Belinda. She began to act resentful. She behaved as if she were afraid of becoming too dependent on Belinda herself. She stopped taking her daily nap and wouldn't let Belinda fix her lunch. She turned cold to Belinda, who was hurt by the change in her attitude. Belinda also found the Quintons too "picky." She decided that being a home attendant was too stressful. She told Diane Confalone that she would stay with the Coopers only until the end of the month, until they could find another home attendant. She eventually returned to work in a garment factory.

The month of June began inauspiciously for Mrs. Quinton. On June 2nd, she got a urinary-tract infection. Claire made a number of telephone calls and found a urologist who would come to the house; he prescribed medication to treat the infection. On June 3rd, Mrs. Quinton's joints ached so much that she couldn't do her leg exercises. For the weekend of June 5th and 6th, Louisa Dyson had assigned Mrs. Quinton a temporary weekend home attendant named Cecille DuFief, a Haitian immigrant who was studying nursing. Mrs. Quinton found her slovenly and inefficient; Miss DuFief spent a good part of the weekend sleeping in a chair. The following weekend, Mrs. Dyson sent Mrs. Quinton Cecille DuFief's sister Jeanne, who was also taking a nursing course. Jeanne DuFief brought some needlepoint work with her. Whenever Mrs. Quinton asked her for something, Jeanne said, "In a minute." Mrs. Quinton waited seven or eight minutes each time she had to use the commode. Louisa Dyson assigned Mrs. Quinton a permanent weekend home attendant, a Haitian woman named Dominique Jaqua, who was supposed to arrive at the Quintons' at ten o'clock on Saturday, June 19th. At eleven, she telephoned and said she was lost. Claire told her how to find the house. Mrs. Jaqua appeared at eleven-thirty, wearing four-inch-high stiletto heels and a party dress. Claire called Family Home Care's emergency number and spoke to the woman who answered about Dominique Jaqua's lateness and inappropriate apparel. The woman asked to speak to Mrs. Jaqua. She informed her that she had been late and was improperly dressed, and asked if she wanted to stay. She said she didn't. The woman told Claire she would send Mrs. Quinton another home attendant on Sunday. Dominique Jaqua left at twelve-fifty. Later that afternoon, Claire received



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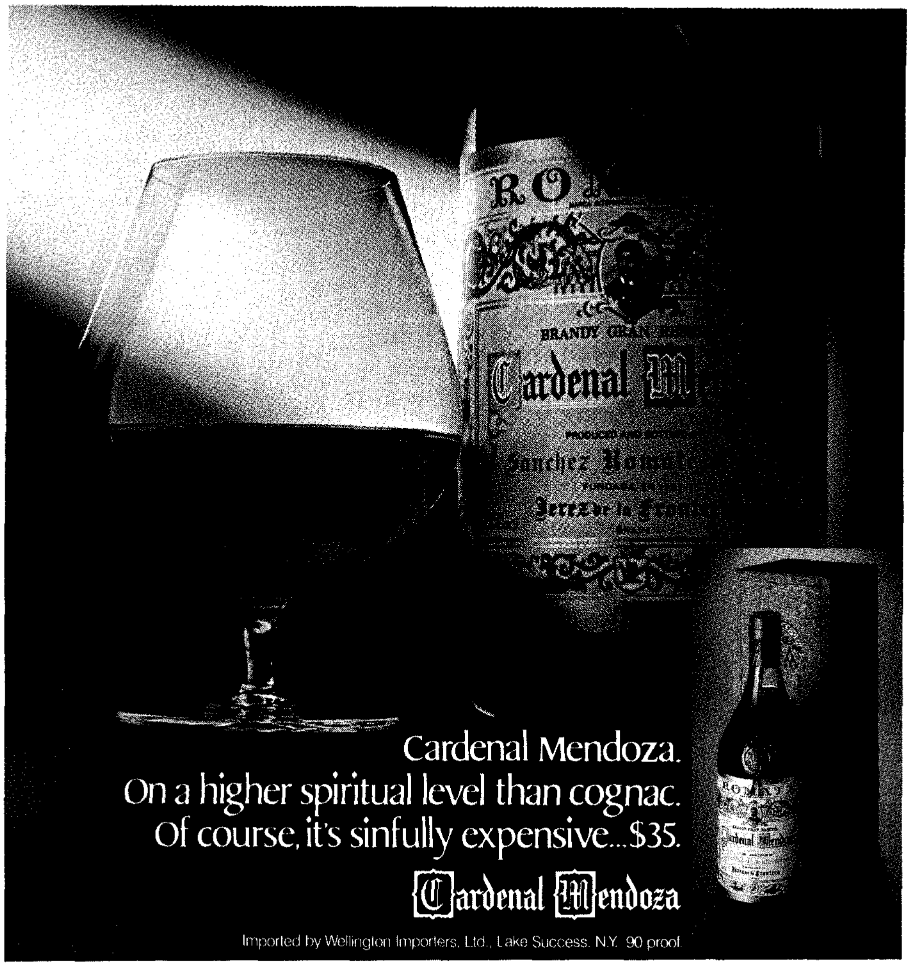
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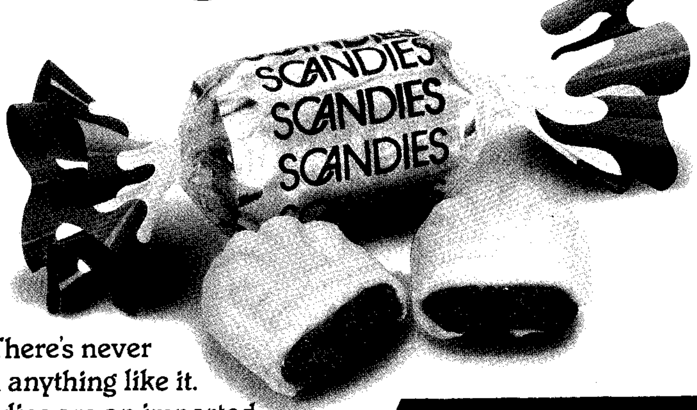

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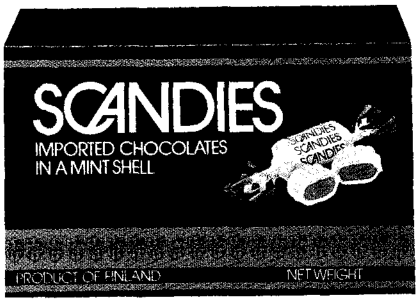

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two threatening telephone calls. The voice at the other end of the line sounded like Dominique Jaqua's.

Zenobia Nelson, who came to the Quintons' on the twentieth, was a considerate, middle-aged American who had a full-time job in a nursing home. She worked as a home attendant on her days off. She was one of only six "on call" weekend home attendants that Family Home Care employed for its eleven hundred and fifty clients. Louisa Dyson had made a home visit to the Quintons' and had liked Kate and Claire. She thought she had found a good home attendant for Mrs. Quinton for the weekend of June 26th and 27th, and called Claire to say she was sending a home attendant who had wonderful experience. This home attendant called Mrs. Dyson on Friday afternoon to say she couldn't work that weekend. Louisa Dyson picked another person—Martine Latour—out of the Cardex of a colleague, called her, and assigned her to the Quintons. Martine Latour didn't know how to empty a commode. When she made Mrs. Quinton's bed, she put her afghan between the bottom sheet and the top sheet. On Monday the twenty-eighth, when Claire telephoned Louisa Dyson to complain about Miss Latour, she learned that the woman who had worked at the Quintons' that weekend and who had answered to the name Martine was a woman named Élise Gentil. Miss Latour had worked on another case that weekend. Her roommate, Élise, had answered the telephone when Louisa Dyson had called on Friday, and had taken the job. "It's difficult to get good home attendants on weekends, and summer weekends are especially difficult," Mrs. Dyson said. "The majority of home attendants in New York City are foreign-born, and most of them are from the West Indies. In June, they start leaving for the islands."

Kate Quinton's Medicaid application had been approved in May. Dr. Beyer was in the process of moving from Brooklyn to Long Island, and Claire spent several weeks tracking him down. He wrote out a prescription for Kate Quinton's molded shoes on June 18th. On June 23rd, Evan Flint told Mrs. Quinton he would not visit her again until she had the molded shoes. Nursing Sisters Home Visiting Service is reimbursed by Medicare for short-term acute care or rehabilitative care. Once a person's condition is stabilized, as Kate Quinton's had been, the person is considered a chronic case, and Medicare will no longer pay for services such as physical therapy.

Claire Quinton's back had become worse in late June. She went to see an orthopedic surgeon. He recommended that she have a CAT scan of the body. Claire had the CAT scan at Lutheran on June 28th. The orthopedic surgeon told her it showed that she had a degenerative disc between the third and fourth lumbars and might require another operation.

The month of June ended as inauspiciously for the Quintons as it had begun. It was probably fortunate that they had only an inkling of what was happening at the G.S.S. district office with Kate Quinton's application for a home attendant. When Ida Winkel told Claire to use all the clout she could at H.R.A., Claire thought Mrs. Winkel meant that clout was useful to get on Medicaid. She had no idea that Ida Winkel was planning to do her best to cut back on the number of hours of home care her mother had been receiving.

NOT long after Claire Quinton hung up on Mrs. Winkel on May 17th, Ida Winkel telephoned Cindy Strong. She told her she didn't believe Kate Quinton needed a home attendant fifty-six hours a week; something like thirty-five hours a week would be more than sufficient. Claire Quinton appeared capable to Mrs. Winkel, and as she wasn't working Mrs. Winkel thought she could do more for her mother than she was doing. Cindy Strong had decided in late February that Mrs. Quinton required a home attendant fifty-six hours a week. Nothing she had seen since had made her change her mind. Although Cindy Strong was about to leave T.C.P.—she was moving from Brooklyn to New Jersey and had found a new job there—she wanted Mrs. Quinton to be able to stay at home. She didn't like having her nursing judgment questioned, and Mrs. Winkel struck her as obnoxious. She was furious, and went to David Gould to tell him about Mrs. Winkel's call.

David Gould telephoned Ida Winkel on Friday, May 21st. He said he agreed with Miss Strong's professional judgment, and inquired, diplomatically, what he could do to move Mrs. Quinton's application along. Ida Winkel bombarded David Gould with questions. What was City Planning doing in the field of home health care? Why didn't City Planning stick to

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issues like housing and zoning? Why should she have to take any recommendations from T.C.P.? Before Mr. Gould could answer any of Mrs. Winkel's questions, she interrupted him. "Mrs. Winkel, you'll have to be quiet and let me finish my sentences," he said. He also indicated that the application should have been processed long ago.

"Why don't you just get us more case managers, so that we won't be so overworked?" Ida Winkel asked.

"I wish I had such power, Mrs. Winkel," he answered. "There's no point in continuing this conversation, so won't you please process the application?"

On Monday, May 24th, Seymour Goldsmith, Mrs. Winkel's superior, telephoned David Gould. He acknowledged that there was a problem with the processing of Kate Quinton's application, and said that he would let David Gould know when it had been solved.

On June 1st, David Gould received a call from Jacqueline Laroche. Mrs. Laroche told him that she disagreed with Ida Winkel's assessment of Kate and Claire Quinton. She had been aware of the case since May 17th, when she spoke to Claire. Mrs. Winkel had been stalling; she had asked Mrs. Laroche why she should have to make two evaluations of Mrs. Quinton's needs—one before she got her molded shoes and one afterward. Jacqueline Laroche told David Gould that she had had some prior bad experiences with Ida Winkel and had therefore wanted to proceed cautiously. She was finally taking the case into her own hands, she said, because she was going to be out of the office on jury duty for a week, starting June 7th, and wanted the application on its way to the Office of Home Care Services before her return. In her opinion, Kate Quinton needed fifty-six hours of home-attendant care. She was afraid that because Mrs. Quinton's primary diagnosis was gallbladder disease and her secondary diagnosis was severe osteoarthritis she might not get the fifty-six hours without some additional proof of need. She asked David Gould to send her Kate Quinton's latest DMS-1 score. He did so. It was 250—still skilled-nursing-care level. Mrs. Laroche said she would call Claire Quinton to request evidence of her inability to care for her mother. Mr. Gould telephoned Claire to ask her to coöperate with Jacqueline Laroche. Mrs. Laroche called Claire and ex-

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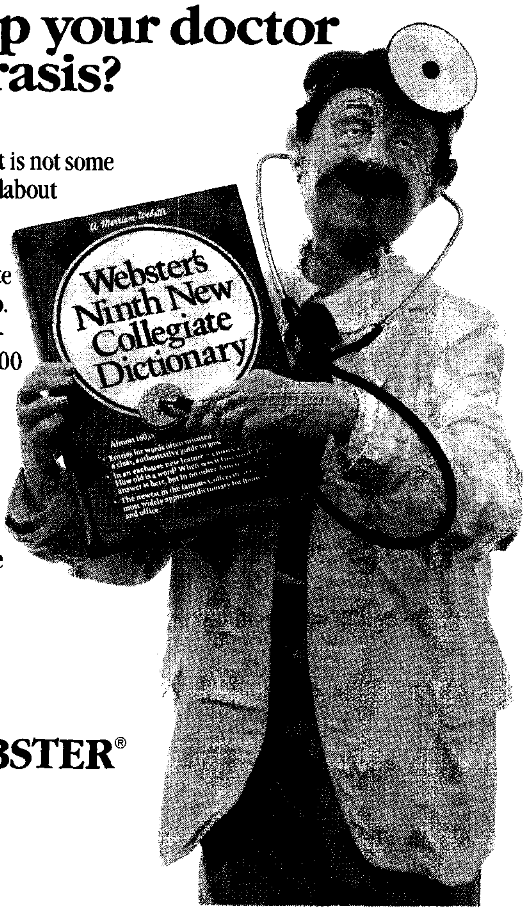
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plained the situation. Claire photostated a copy of a letter that an orthopedic surgeon had written for her in the fall of 1977, when she was applying for disability benefits. The letter described Claire's back problems and mentioned her broken ankle, which had not healed properly. Claire told Mrs. Laroche she would get a letter from her psychiatrist; he wrote to the district office promptly on her behalf. Mrs. Laroche also telephoned Nursing Sisters Home Visiting Service. The social worker who had been assigned to the Quintons in April of 1981 and had helped them over a crisis that spring wrote to Mrs. Laroche. "It is our belief that Mrs. Quinton requires an attendant for eight hours per day, seven days a week, to allow her to improve her functioning, to prevent further deterioration in her condition, and to allow for supervised physical activity on a daily basis as recommended by our physical therapist," the social worker's letter read. "We further believe that the patient's daughter is not capable of providing the care needed by the patient because of her own physical and psychiatric limitations."

On June 9th, Seymour Goldsmith called David Gould to say that the district office would be sending Kate Quinton's application to the Office of Home Care Services in a day or two. He told him that because of the disagreement within the district office the application would be directed to O.H.C.S.'s Division of Medical Review (most applications were simply sent to O.H.C.S.), with Mrs. Laroche's recommendation of fifty-six hours and the data she had gathered, along with Ida Winkel's recommendation of thirty-five hours and her M-11s form.

On June 23rd, David Gould had lunch with an old acquaintance, the head of H.R.A.'s Family and Adult Services. He told him he had a problem case, and asked what to do about it. Eight and a half weeks had gone by since Kate Quinton's M-11q had been delivered to the G.S.S. district office, and Kate Quinton had now been on T.C.P. for over three and a half months. The acquaintance referred him to his deputy at Family and Adult Services. David Gould called her on the twenty-fourth. She called him back on the twenty-fifth to say that the Division of Medical Review had agreed with Mrs. Laroche and had authorized fifty-six hours a week of

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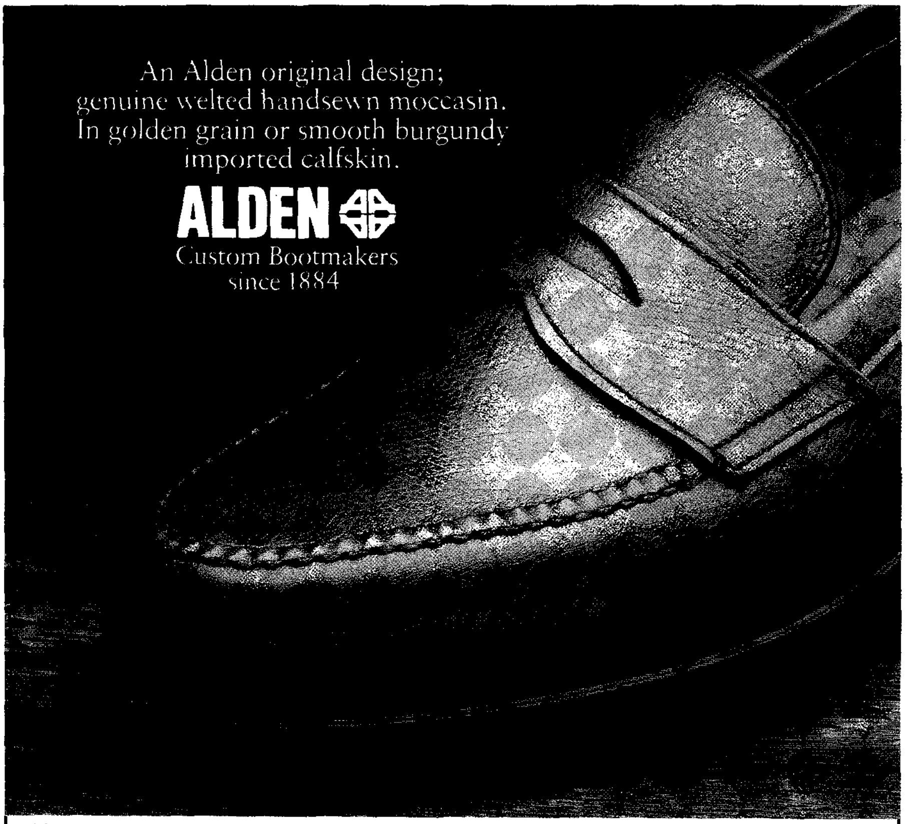

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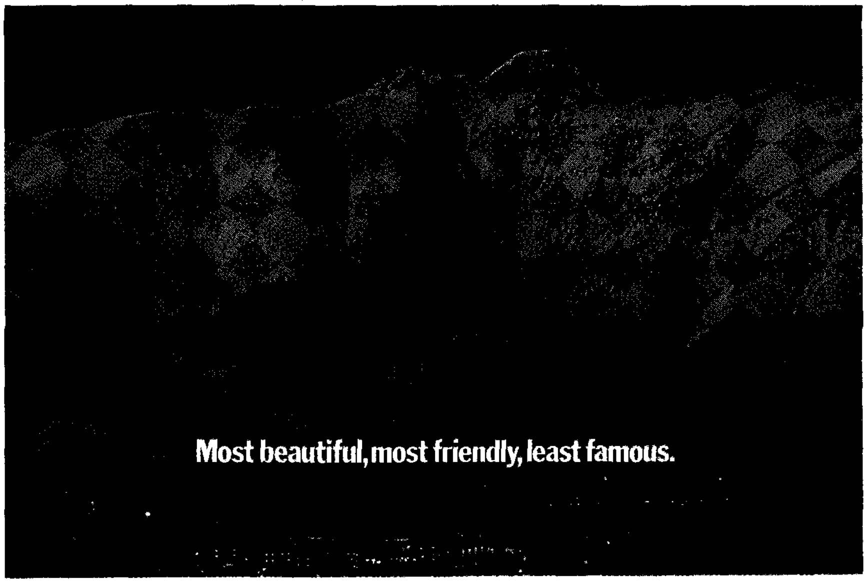

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Even after Mrs. Quinton's application was sent to O.H.C.S., Ida Winkel kept trying to defend her point of view. She telephoned Diane Confalone on June 18th. The call was essentially a repeat performance of her May 21st conversation with David Gould. After twenty-five minutes, Miss Confalone told Mrs. Winkel to speak to Mr. Goldsmith if she had any further questions. "It's obvious that you don't want to talk to me," Ida Winkel said. Diane Confalone said that that was correct. Even after O.H.C.S. granted Mrs. Quinton a home attendant for fifty-six hours a week, Mrs. Winkel continued to attempt to justify her position. She kept a curiously inaccurate record of the case on a form that stayed at the district office. In her last entry, dated July 26, 1982, Mrs. Winkel wrote that David Gould had agreed that six hours a day of home care would be adequate for Kate Quinton—something he had never done.

On July 28th, Ida Winkel fell out of a chair in the district office and went on sick leave. Her supervisors, who had given her a poor evaluation as a case manager, found it ironic that she had been screaming at a home attendant when she fell. The home attendant was taking care of two elderly sisters who were terminally ill with lung cancer. The sisters were spinsters; one was blind, the other threw up most of the night. The home attendant slept on a bed between them. She was working twenty-four hours a day but getting paid for only twelve hours. (In December of 1982, H.R.A. had four thousand seven hundred and twenty-one home-attendant cases it called "twenty-four-hour sleep-in" cases, in which the home attendant was there twenty-four hours but was paid for only twelve hours of work; it had just three hundred and eighty-four "twenty-four-hour split shift" cases, for which two home attendants were paid for working twelve hours apiece.) The home attendant had come in to the district office to tell Mrs. Winkel that the case was more than she could bear, and Ida Winkel was shouting at her because she didn't think that the attendant was handling the case well. The case wouldn't have existed if it had not been for Ida Winkel. One sister had been in a hospital, and the hospital had planned to send her to a hospice. When Mrs. Winkel learned of this plan, she had intervened and had the woman sent home, so that one home attendant could care for both women, thereby saving the taxpayers' money. As soon as Mrs. Winkel went on sick leave, Jacqueline Laroche got in touch with O.H.C.S.; within one day, the case was on a twenty-four-hour split shift. Several years earlier, Ida Winkel had put through an application recommending that a family be given a home attendant for half an hour a day seven days a week. Mrs. Laroche had taken the case away from her. Over the years, Jacqueline Laroche had tried to understand Ida Winkel and to counsel her. She knew that Mrs. Winkel perceived herself as a dedicated woman who was doing her job by saving the taxpayers' money, by encouraging relatives to do as much as possible for clients, and by dissuading clients from becoming dependent on home attendants. Ida Winkel had made many sacrifices in taking care of her aged father and father-in-law, and of her husband before his death; she believed that others should make similar sacrifices. When Jacqueline Laroche told her, "You can't save money at the expense of human beings"—according to one colleague, several people to whom Ida Winkel denied sufficient care had died in misery—the words had made no impression on her.

Seymour Goldsmith expected Ida Winkel to return to work and waited until fall to redistribute her cases among the ten other case managers. When they took over, many of them told Mr. Goldsmith that Mrs. Winkel's cases were characterized by her "unwillingness to give." Many of them also found that Ida Winkel's clients were intimidated. When the case managers offered to increase home-attendant hours, the clients hesitated to accept, fearing that Mrs. Winkel would seek revenge after she returned. Ida Winkel successfully applied for workmen's compensation. She has since retired and moved to California.

Seymour Goldsmith does not like to find himself in the position of defending Ida Winkel. He claims that H.R.A.'s philosophy is "If we must err, let us err on the side of leniency." He does, however, acknowledge the rapid increase in the size of the home-attendant caseload in recent years and says that the authorization of hours of service to clients is the one area in which H.R.A. has some ability to try to hold back the equally rapid rise in cost. In December of 1978, there were 11,900 H.R.A. home-attendant cases in New York City. In December of

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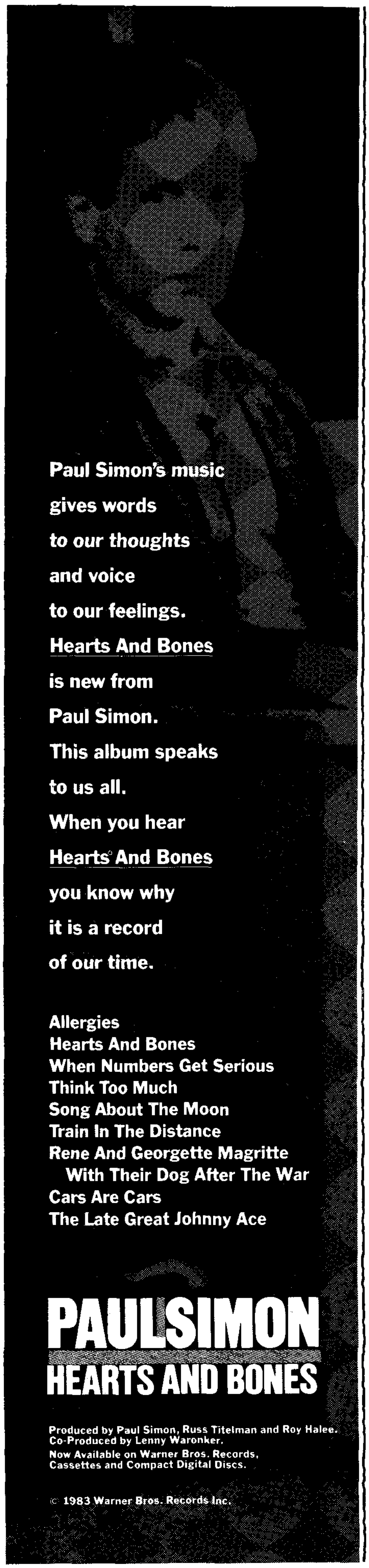

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1982, there were 26,443 cases. In fiscal year 1977, home-attendant care cost $69.2 million; in fiscal year 1982 it cost $279.34 million. Of this $279.34 million, approximately twenty-five per cent was paid by New York City, approximately twenty-five per cent was paid by New York State, and approximately fifty per cent was paid by the federal government. In December of 1982, the median number of hours a home-attendant client received per week was fifty-one and four-tenths. The hourly cost of this care was $4.85: $3.35 per hour to the home attendant in salary, $1.06 an hour for fringe benefits, and forty-four cents an hour to the vender agency for administrative overhead. The yearly cost of the fifty-one and four-tenths hours a week of home-attendant care was $12,963. In December of 1982, the average annual cost of keeping a patient in a skilled nursing home in New York City was $29,500.

Critics of home care say that comparing the cost of nursing-home care with the cost of home care is deceptive, because home care requires additional expenditures for things like food, rent, and utilities, on top of the cost of home-attendant services; they don't see the two as an either/or proposition. They believe that home care is an "add on" cost, and contend that if it weren't available, or were more limited, families would not necessarily put their elderly in nursing homes but would make sacrifices (as Ida Winkel did and would have others do) to keep them at home. Many H.R.A. officials dispute this, and point to people like Kate Quinton, who would have gone to a nursing home if Claire had been unable to obtain adequate home-attendant care. These officials say that there is also an unfair double standard. If a person qualifies for Medicaid and is accepted by a nursing home, Medicaid covers the costs and expects nothing of the person's children. If the children choose to keep the person at home, thereby saving Medicaid thousands of dollars, they bear a great deal of the burden. The officials say that home attendants supplement rather than supplant relatives.

In fiscal 1982, New York State spent seventy-eight per cent of all the Medicaid dollars spent on home health care in the United States. Seventy-three per cent of the state's Medicaid home-care cases were in New York City. In early 1983, the number of home-attendant cases was increasing by about two hundred and seventy-one

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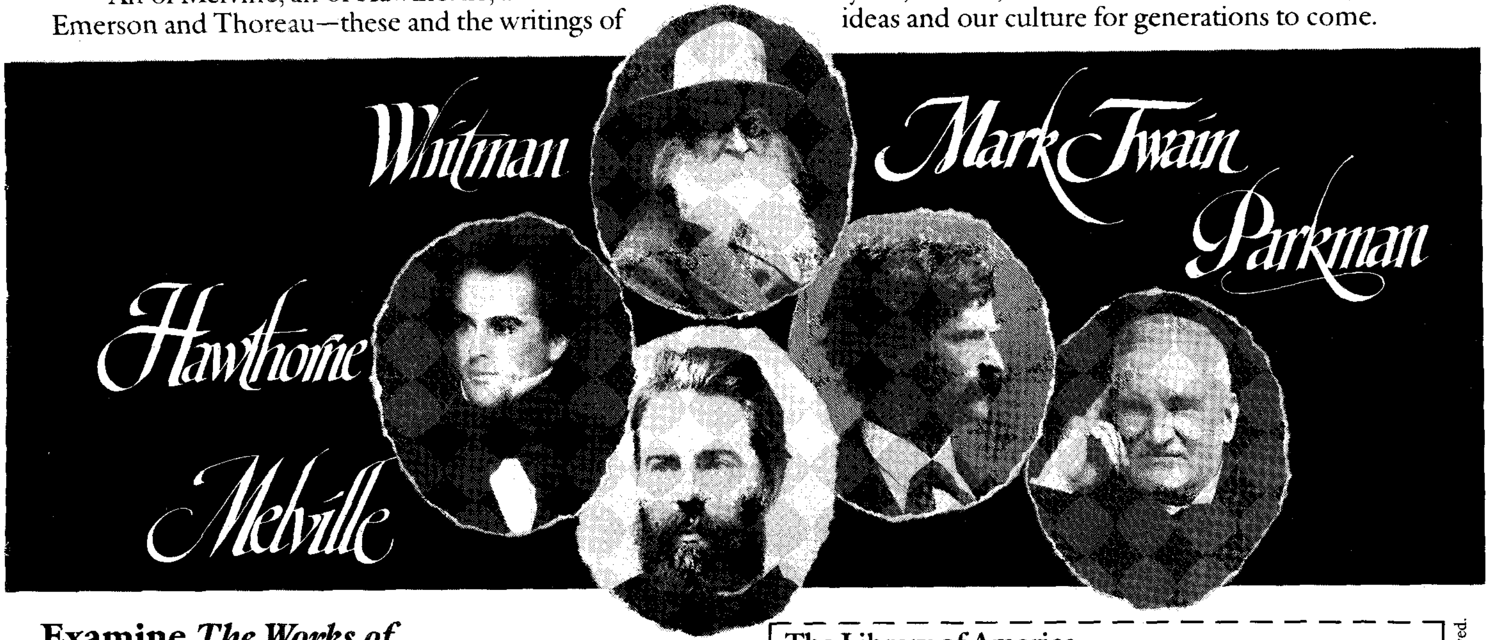

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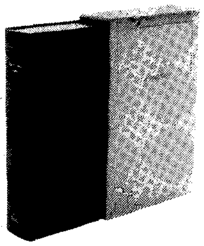

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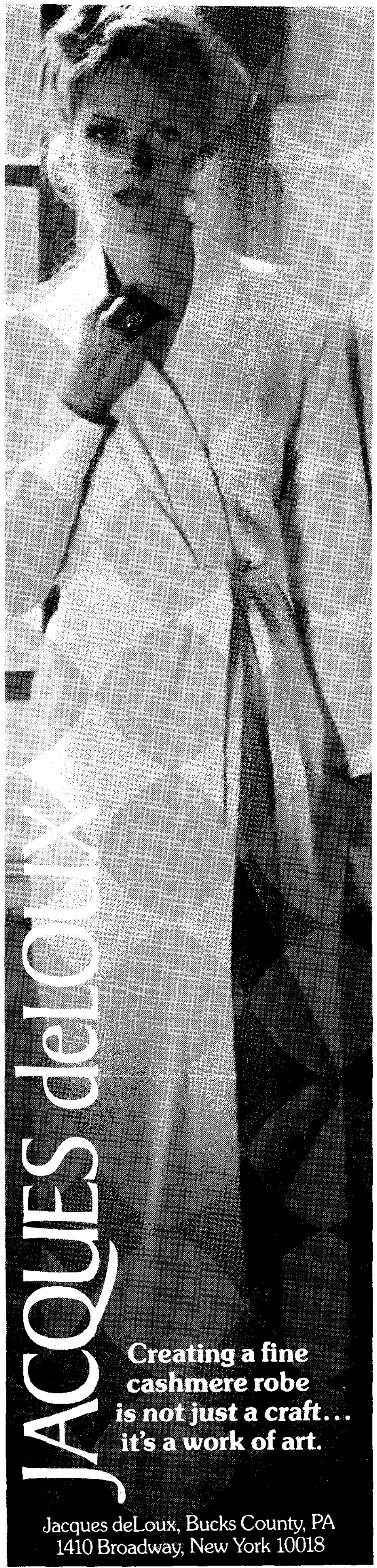
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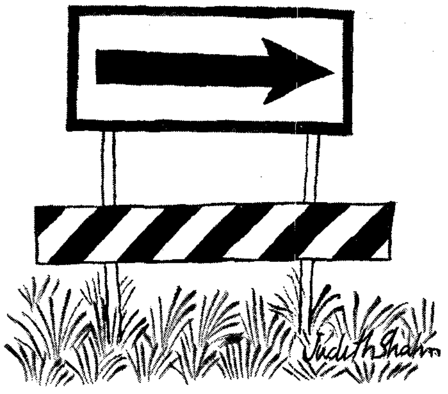
a month. The larger caseload was not the only reason for the rise in costs, however. Many home attendants have become unionized, and unions have begun to exact a wage increase of thirty cents an hour from most vender agencies for home attendants who have had more than twenty-one hundred hours of work experience. The rapid increase in the caseload is attributable to such factors as the larger Medicaid-eligible population; the shortage of nursing homes in New York City; more widespread knowledge of H.R.A.'s Home Attendant Program; the increasing percentage of New York City's population that is elderly (many of the elderly live alone); and a growing emphasis on deinstitutionalization. In his first State of the State message, in January of 1983, Governor Mario Cuomo said, "I shall support programs that encourage in-home care for the elderly among families and friends, that avoid their often inappropriate placement in nursing homes."

THE Office of Home Care Services' Vender Assignment Unit did not notify Family Home Care Services of Brooklyn and Queens that Kate Quinton had become one of its eleven hundred and fifty H.R.A. clients until July 6th, so she remained on T.C.P. in June. One day in late June, Diane Confalone learned that Mrs. Quinton had again been accepted by Cobble Hill; it was her obligation to call Mrs. Quinton with the news. By then, Kate Quinton knew more about Cobble Hill than she had known when she hadn't wanted to go there in January. Breakfast was served at seven, lunch at noon, and dinner at five. There was no choice of menus. Of five hundred and twenty patients at Cobble Hill, only a hundred and fifty usually were brought down to the dining room; a fair number of them were slumped over in their wheelchairs and talked to themselves rather than to each other. Almost all the patients shared sparsely furnished rooms; they were allowed very few personal possessions. Seventy-five per cent of the patients had come to Cobble Hill at the insistence of their families and against their own wishes. As is true in most nursing homes, many patients quickly became depressed. No matter how badly things were going on T.C.P., Mrs. Quinton always told Cindy Strong she never wanted to hear the words "nursing home." Claire had never expressed regret over taking her mother home. Mrs. Quinton declined with alacrity her second opportunity to go to Cobble Hill.

In late June, Claire Quinton found out that Dr. Ruffolo would not accept Medicaid. He later told Diane Confalone that there was too much paperwork involved. Rose Carrese, Cindy Strong's replacement, helped Mrs. Quinton become a patient of Lutheran's Family Physician Service, which is a group of doctors doing a three-year residency in family practice, a specialty recognized by the American Medical Association. A family-practice physician treats all a patient's ailments to the limit of his competence before referring the patient to a specialist, as distinct from the currently more common method of having the patient go directly to a specialist for each ailment. The residents, who are supervised by Lutheran's attending doctors, make home visits, run an outpatient clinic, and admit patients to Lutheran when necessary. T.C.P. had made an arrangement with Family Physician Service to take care of patients on the program who did not have private doctors. One resident, Dr. Louis Romero, was to be Mrs. Quinton's primary doctor, but the other doctors in the service would cover for Dr. Romero when he was not on duty. Family Physician Service charges patients on a sliding scale according to their ability to pay; there is no charge to Medicaid patients. When Rose Carrese and Diane Confalone visited Mrs. Quinton in early July to officially discharge her from T.C.P., she and Claire expressed their gratitude. "Oh, I'll miss you," Mrs. Quinton said. "When I can walk, I would like to make dinner for you."

As far as David Gould and Diane Confalone were concerned, Mrs. Quinton was a successful T.C.P. case. While she was on T.C.P., her DMS-1 score had dropped from 394 to 209. The program had accomplished its main goal, which was to keep her at



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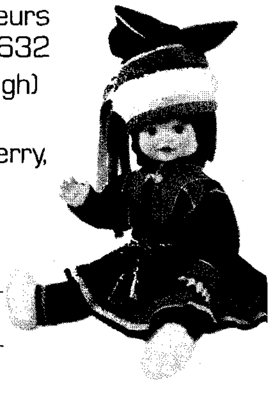

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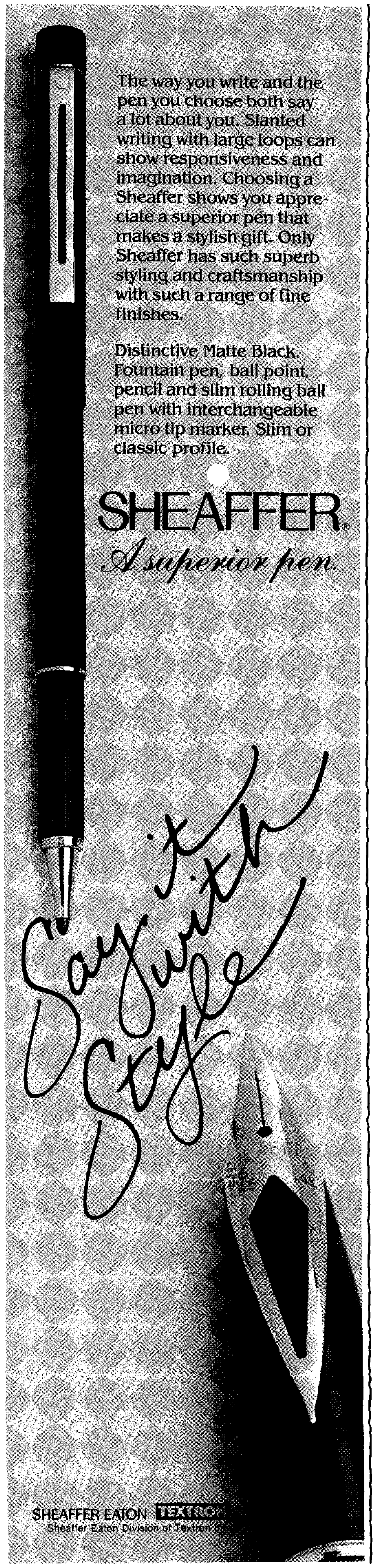
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home until she had Medicaid and could become an H.R.A. client. In early 1983, Diane Confalone and David Gould did a study of the first twenty-four patients discharged from T.C.P. Twelve, including Kate Quinton, eventually got Medicaid home-care services. Of the twelve, one died three months after leaving T.C.P.—Gerald Cooper. Another, Frances Goya, had been evicted from her apartment several months after returning home on T.C.P., and had gone to live with her adopted daughter. The daughter's husband threatened to kill her. She was rehospitalized, and this time was discharged from Lutheran to a Health Related Facility. Another patient died on T.C.P. before her Medicaid application had been processed. Of the first twenty-four patients, six who were not eligible for Medicaid left the program with home attendants for whom they paid privately. Two of the six died after leaving T.C.P. One patient went home on T.C.P. and decided a day later that she didn't need a home attendant. Another patient went from T.C.P. to a pilot program that is sponsored at Lutheran Medical Center by the New York City Department for the Aging. It is a program for people with Medicare but not Medicaid who don't qualify for Medicare's home-health-care services, and who, in order to stay at home, need no more than twenty hours a week of homemaker services. Three others died before T.C.P. was able to transfer them to long-term care.

T.C.P. has helped unblock beds at Lutheran; patients have been diverted, at their request, from nursing homes; and it has cost the taxpayers considerably less money to have them remain at home than it would have cost to have them stay on in the hospital and later to maintain them in a nursing home. By early 1983, T.C.P. had hired a second nurse and a secretary, and had increased its original caseload of five patients a month to fourteen patients a month. It had also raised additional private funds and had begun taking patients home from two other hospitals in Brooklyn.

IN July, Kate and Claire Quinton scarcely noticed that Mrs. Quinton was an H.R.A. client rather than a T.C.P. patient, because they were still getting the same number of home-attendant hours from the same vender agency, and because they were so caught up in their troubles with these

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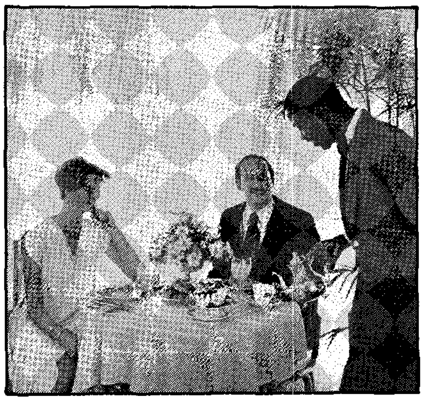

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home attendants. Felicity Sánchez had started to slack off in June, just as Kate Quinton was becoming more mobile—at least, in her wheelchair. After bruising her hands several times going through doorways, she had learned to give her wheels a good push and quickly put her hands in her lap while she glided through the doorway. As she got about more, she became more aware of Felicity's sloppiness. Felicity put wet dishes back in the cabinets. Instead of closing the dresser drawers by using the drawer handles, she pushed the drawers shut with her hands, leaving fingerprints on them. She also left fingerprints on the walls. By June, Mrs. Quinton was able to do some cooking with Felicity's assistance. If she was preparing a stew, Felicity did the things that the arthritis in Kate Quinton's right hand prevented her from doing, such as scraping carrots. Felicity had no aptitude for cooking. She was also arriving late and pleading to leave early. In June, Felicity told the Quintons that she was about to lose her eight-dollar-a-week babysitter and was having trouble replacing her. She said she would be taking the first two weeks of July off, to go on a vacation. She said she was going to Niagara Falls and Canada with her husband and children. Then she said that she was planning a trip to the Poconos. Then she was off to the Jersey Shore. Her stories about her babysitting situation were similarly varied. Felicity's last day of work before her two-week vacation was July 2nd. After having five weekend home attendants during the four weekends in June, Claire told Louisa Dyson that her Aunt Eileen was visiting over the July 4th weekend and that she would manage without a home attendant then. She knew that July 4th was one of the paid holidays that home attendants receive. Mrs. Dyson promised to send her a permanent weekend home attendant the following weekend. On July 6th, Anita LaLuz came to substitute for the vacationing Felicity. Miss LaLuz was an amiable young Puerto Rican woman who was much more skillful than Felicity. She was the first home attendant the Quintons had had since Belinda to look at the kitchen valance and decide that it needed washing. She entertained Mrs. Quinton by telling her about the elaborate plans for her forthcoming wedding. The Quintons were sorry to say goodbye to Anita on July 16th. Yolanda Encalada, who had become Mrs. Quinton's weekend home attendant on

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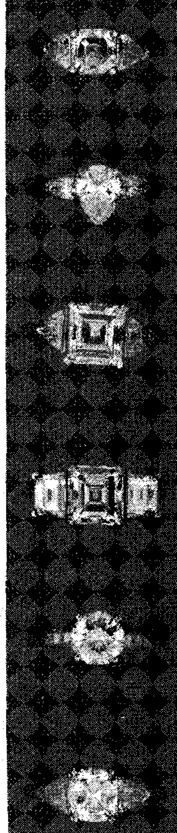

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July 10th, was anything but promising. She was a twenty-two-year-old native of Ecuador who spoke little, hummed a great deal, and cast a cold eye on the commode. "It goes with the job," Claire told her. On the sixteenth, the Quintons made plans to crack down on Felicity when she returned to work on the nineteenth. Kate Quinton hadn't let Anita do some of the chores she had offered to do, because she wanted Felicity to do them. On Monday, she would ask her to clean the oven and the broiler. She would insist that she arrive at ten o'clock in the morning and stay until *six o'clock in the evening.*

Felicity Sánchez did not show up at ten, at ten-twenty, or even at eleven on Monday, July 19th. Claire was upset. A number of times in May and June, when Felicity was not feeling well, Claire had driven her to the babysitter's house and then driven her home. It was one bus ride from the Quintons' house to the babysitter's house and another bus ride from the babysitter's house to Felicity's house. Then Felicity had to walk up three flights of stairs to her apartment carrying her younger child, who was not yet walking. Claire had always asked Felicity to call Louisa Dyson first thing in the morning if she was ill and couldn't come to work, so that Mrs. Dyson could send a substitute. At eleven on July 19th, Claire called Louisa Dyson. Mrs. Dyson tracked Felicity down and called Claire back to say that Felicity's son had diarrhea and she would be out for the rest of the week. Louisa Dyson, who was about to become Family Home Care's office manager, asked Grace D'Agostino, who would be the Quintons' new coördinator, to send Mrs. Quinton a substitute home attendant on the twentieth. Mrs. D'Agostino sent Eugenia Warren, a middle-aged woman who was also a far more accomplished home attendant than Felicity Sánchez. A few days earlier, Claire had learned that Medicaid would cover the cost of her mother's molded shoes. Eugenia Warren accompanied Kate and Claire Quinton to the shoe store by ambulette and stayed patiently with them for several hours while Mrs. Quinton waited her turn, while plaster strips were wrapped around her feet, and while they waited for the ambulette that would take them home. The Quintons were sorry to see Eugenia Warren go on the twenty-third.

On Monday, July 26th, Claire had an errand to run. She went downstairs

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at five of ten and sat in the car waiting for Felicity. When Felicity hadn't come by ten-ten, Claire left to do her errand. When Claire returned, at ten-twenty, Felicity was standing on the sidewalk looking peeved that Claire hadn't been there to let her in. Claire told Felicity she was supposed to be there at ten. Felicity went upstairs. She was pleasant to Mrs. Quinton and told her she hadn't gone anywhere on her vacation.

At noon, Claire said, "Felicity, could you please tell me one thing. Why didn't you call me last Monday to say you weren't coming in?"

Felicity's answer was "If you don't want me, Claire, I'll go."

When Claire said that wasn't the point, and asked her at what time she had realized she wasn't going to come to work and at what time she had planned to call, Felicity simply repeated, "If you don't want me, Claire, I'll go." That afternoon, Felicity started to leave shortly after five. Claire told her she would have to stay until six. On Tuesday and Wednesday, Felicity said her husband had complained that she was getting home too late; until then, she had said he didn't get home until eight. The following day, Felicity said she didn't think she was going to work as a home attendant any longer. She told a few conflicting stories about her babysitting situation. On July 30th, Felicity said she thought she would stay home and take in children while caring for her own. Claire telephoned Grace D'Agostino. She told Mrs. D'Agostino that she and her mother had been patient with Felicity but that enough was enough, and also that Yolanda Encalada, the current weekend home attendant, was no good. Claire said she needed someone who could take care of her mother—preferably someone reliable, to whom she could give a key, so that she wouldn't have to go downstairs every morning to let the home attendant in. Grace D'Agostino said that she could do nothing about Yolanda but that she would send the Quintons a new weekday home attendant starting August 9th.

Saturday, August 7th, was a dark day for Mrs. Quinton. Yolanda Encalada's humming and crude manners got on her nerves. "Wash yourself or you will smell like fish," Yolanda had told her that morning when she handed her a washcloth. Mrs. Quinton was worried about the new home attendant who would be coming

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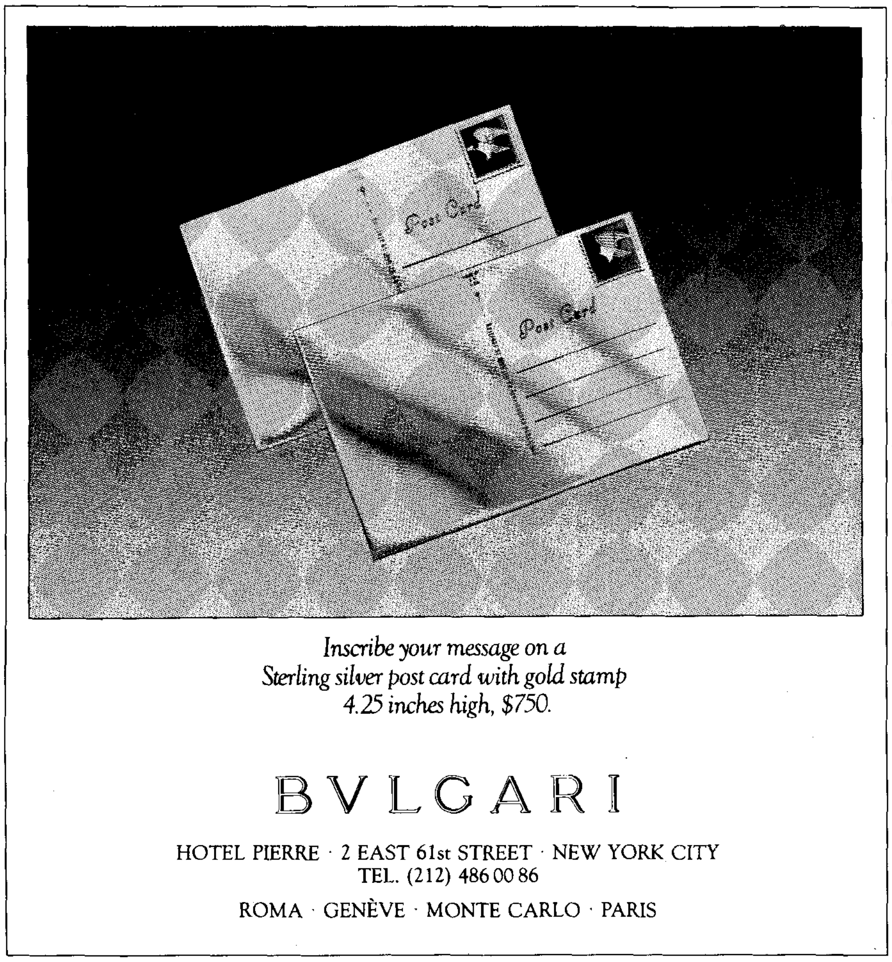

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on August 9th. What if she proved to be another Mercedes Robbins? Although Mrs. Quinton had been told by the shoe store that her shoes would not be ready for at least six weeks, she exasperated Claire by asking her daily if anyone from the shoe store had called. On August 7th, Mrs. Quinton said, "Sitting in this wheelchair is the worst thing that has ever happened to me. No one was ever more active than I was when I was young." Mrs. Quinton had been in a similar predicament a year or so earlier, but in 1981 she had got rid of her wheelchair, and had even managed to walk downstairs. In August of 1982, she said she hoped that she would be able to walk downstairs by Christmas, but she had begun to fear that she would never be able to get downstairs on her own two feet again. After she told Dr. Romero how nervous Yolanda made her, he prescribed Valium for her. She still couldn't sleep. During the day, she would describe her sleepless night to Claire. As Mrs. Quinton lay awake in the early-morning hours of August 8th, she couldn't bear to think of the future. Her thoughts turned to the past—all the way back to her childhood, when life had seemed as bright as a silver ribbon. She thought of her mother, a lighthearted woman who had sat up late sewing pinafores and chemises for her by hand. "Lord rest Ma," she said whenever she spoke her mother's name. She thought of her father, a quick-tempered but kind man ("Lord rest Dad") who was loved in the village where she was raised for nursing sick neighbors at night after he had come home from work, often staying with the sick until dawn.

—SUSAN SHEEHAN

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From the Friday Harbor* (*Wash.*) *Journal of the San Juan Islands*]

Commenting on the utility's position on its Chapter 11 decision, which it will be facing next month, Worman remarked, "We don't want to jump out of the frying pan if it serves as a good umbrella" to protect Opalco from any future litigation.

•

NOON (5) CHEYENNE AUTUMN (1964). James Stewart, Richard Widmark, Carroll Baker, Edward G. Robinson, Ricardo Montalban. Powerful drama of mistreatment of American Indians by the old master, John Ford.—*The Times.*

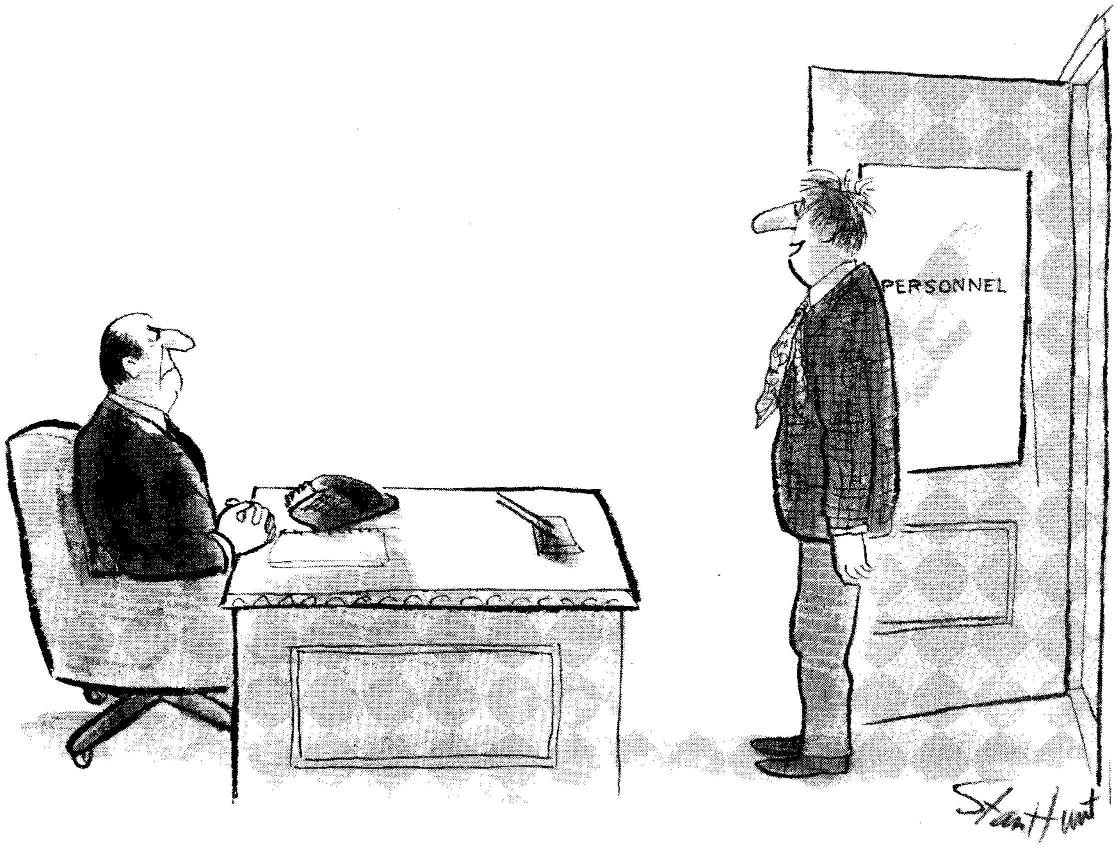
The dirty rat.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR WOMEN

THE most striking new arrival for this Christmas-shopping season is the Atrium of Mr. Donald Trump's new tower, on Fifth Avenue at 56th Street—a vertical mall of six stories lined with some forty small establishments. To fault the place on the ground of vulgarity would be as churlish as to suggest that Santa's Workshop or Barnum & Bailey's Circus is too garish and ought somehow to be toned down. The Trump Tower Atrium is a fantastical celebration of the idea of spending, an incredible Turkish Delight of a pavilion filled with thousand-dollar toys. "Experience It!" read a sign by the entrance when we first went there, as if to emphasize the ties between a Disneyland or a Great Adventure and this space, which is like all the expensive mail-order catalogues in the world sprung to glittering and tangible life. The already much discussed Trump Tower doormen—startlingly dressed up in huge, ragged busbies and red tunics, like toy grenadiers in "The Nutcracker"—send credit-card-heavy visitors spinning into the rosy marble halls to be enfolded by the sounds of trickling waterfall and tinkling piano, then sent sleepwalking to heaven and back on escalators and in and out of stores. When we visited the Atrium recently in search of gifts that might be suitable for women, a sense of pre-Christmas urgency seemed already well established, at least among people working there. Carpenters beavered away at Harry Winston's niches; a display worker arranged and rearranged the menagerie of stuffed wild animals in the window of Lina Lee; an artist was up a ladder painting cherubs on the ceiling of Buccellati; and the hands of salesman and customer met over a frilled gold-and-white paper package from Chocolaterie Corné Toison d'Or as if they were pulling on the ends of a Christmas cracker.

"Noble materials age well," murmured Robin Raw, president of the New York offshoot of the old London firm of Asprey, when we met him in his store on Level 2 of the Atrium. Bending slightly in his striped suit, under the gaze of the royal Asprey patrons who smiled from silver frames on surrounding displays, Mr. Raw touched the navy-blue lizard surface of the Orient Express travelling writing case. Tenderly, he placed his two thumbs on the brass fittings and pressed them outward; the lid opened at his touch, but discreetly. "The same locks as those for official dispatch boxes," he said. "This kind of quality is like the proverbial closing of the Rolls-Royce door." The case, which measures ten inches by thirty, costs $1,850. It was made in the workshops of Asprey, which was established in 1781 and, in 1862, received a royal warrant to become the dressing-case, travelling-bag, and writing-case maker for Queen Victoria. The firm now sells jewelry and all kinds of luxurious items as well as leather goods. "Many of our customers don't *want* the latest thing," Mr. Raw said, showing us the Asprey Cocktail Handbag, a simple, double-handled style with a frame easily opened with a single free hand while the other is holding a glass of sherry. The seven-by-eight-inch bag comes in a choice of black, brown, gray, claret, scarlet, or green lizard skin and costs $1,745. In ten years' time, when the style will be neither more nor less in fashion than it is right now, Asprey will take the bag back into its workrooms and make it look as good as new. Customers may still get fitted jewel cases made to order, specifying the number of tiers for rings, bracelets, tiaras, or *colliers rigides;* a ready-made case of black buffalo-finish leather, with a red velvet lining and a separate, removable case for depositing in the safe, is $395. Elaborately fitted hampers for picnicking in style have tablecloths and fine-quality china plates (Royal Worcester in the Mountbatten pattern) and range in price from $780 for the two-person basket to $3,250 for the eight-person basket. Heavyweight cashmere lap rugs for motoring or picnics measure seventy-two inches by ninety and cost $550. Two-and-a-half-inch-high carriage clocks of gilt and stone cost $520; a set of two ivory-backed hair-



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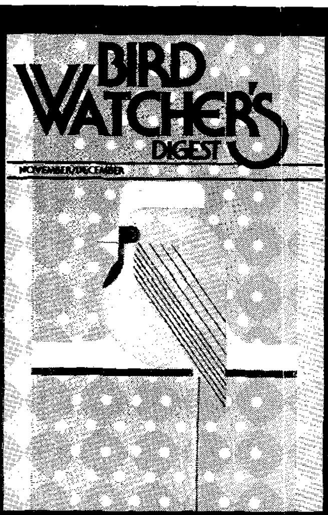
brushes, two clothesbrushes, a comb, and an oval hand mirror in a fitted case is $2,150; a sterling-silver handbag mirror is $110; and a pair of finely ground French needlework scissors with blue enamel handles and a matching rose-patterned thimble are $200.

Trump Tower shopping is nothing if *not international*; gilt-lettered listings of sister establishments elsewhere on the glass doors of the stores point to a global network of big spending from Texas to Tokyo. Ludwig Beck of Munich, on Level 5, is a microcosm of international luxury in itself, though its character remains predominantly Alpine and Bavarian. The New York Ludwig Beck carries the same high-quality linens woven in Italy from Franco-Belgian flax as it carries in its home base, in Munich, as well as dramatic Florentine-made leather garments and Limoges or Nymphenburg porcelain. These goods may be found in sometimes astonishingly eclectic conjunction with beer steins, feathered hats, and quillwork lederhosen belts, in a deer-antlered décor. The young German woman who manages Ludwig Beck here showed us loden coats and capes with the enthusiasm that Mr. Raw evinced for dispatch-box-style locks. "This is Schladminger loden," she told us, waving at the green garments with pride. Appenzeller belts made in Switzerland by people who are normally kept busy making cowbell collars have small ornamental cows of brass marching in frisky-looking procession round red or black leather fields; $85. Hand-knitted wool Austrian knee socks are $100. Lacy solid-color cotton knee socks are $50, and cable-stitch wools with contrasting embroideries of dot-and-dash and hearts are $35. Old-fashioned Alpine house shoes, made of mouse-colored cattle-hair felt and looking like clog-type bedroom slippers from outer space, are $28. Classic Austrian Janker cardigan jackets are of washed, felted, and therefore wind-resistant wool and have lapels edged in a contrasting color (black, for instance, on red or blue) and pinned back with traditional coin buttons; $140. Antique silver-coin buttons with German eagles are sold separately; from $8.50 to $20. Blouses by Gaisberger of Salzburg are like pure mountain air, in fine-quality white, checked, or pinstriped cottons with tiny rounded collars, schoolgirl-smock tucking, with old-fashioned horn-and-cotton buttons; $160. Those Italian-woven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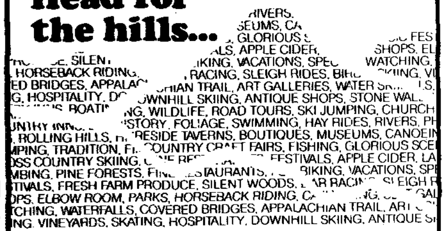
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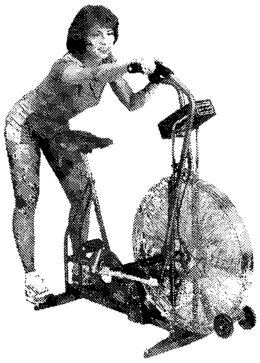

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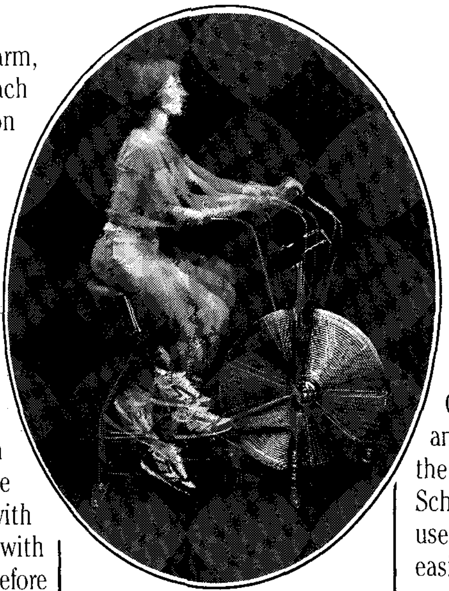

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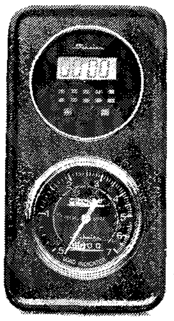

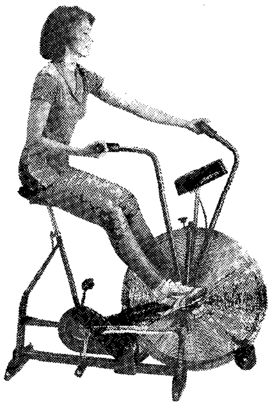

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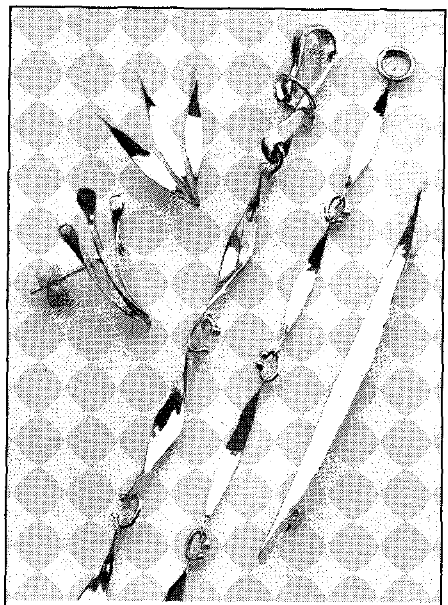

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THE duplex store of Martha (of Park Avenue, Bal Harbour, and Palm Beach) is on Levels 3 and 4 of the Atrium and is like a little Versailles. It has face-powder-colored sofas for ceremonial scrutiny of gowns by customers; seraglio-style ottomans for couturierlike consultations; spindly-ankled escritoires and Louis-style chairs; a glittering chandelier and banks of perfumed flowers; and a mirror-lined staircase, for practicing entrances and precedence. The store is a particular favorite with Donald Trump, who happened to drop in on the afternoon of our visit. We found some gloves there by the Spanish-born, Paris-based designer Isabel Canovas, which are like gauntlets thrown down to show what Paris and fashion and the ancien régime are all about. They are of imperial-purple kidskin, with two encircling rings of fox-fur trim: the first, dyed red, around the wrist, the second, dyed black, around the hem, which is almost at the elbow; $755. The same challenge comes across, but sheathed, in an Anna Karenina muff of purple suède with a lavish trim of red and black fox fur and with a hidden zippered pocket-purse; $985. Multi-strand necklaces are sparkling assemblies involving such things as pewter-tinted, silver-dollar-size cut-crystal discs ($1,000); clear crystal lozenge shapes ($565); and baubles like miniature Lalique-frosted beach balls ($200). Linda Rossbach's evening cardigan jackets and coats in dense and furlike hand-knitted angora tend to snow-princess schemes—white with touches of pale nacreous sequins, tinsel texturings, or sprinklings of rhinestones; from $950 to $2,100, depending on intricacy. The antique-lace confections of the designer Pat Kerr can get quite intricate themselves. "Men love lace. Women love lace. Everyone loves lace," said Miss Kerr, who also happened to be at Martha on the day of our visit. One short black dress she showed us has three-quarter-length puffed sleeves and a barely existent bodice of Chantilly; a large shaped and stiffened bertha collar serves as combination modesty vest and showcase for a panel of rare Caen lace and antique jet beadings. Below this, Miss Kerr judiciously elected to keep things on the simple side: a skirt of fine black silk

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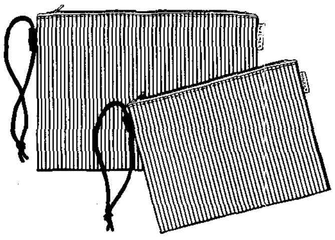

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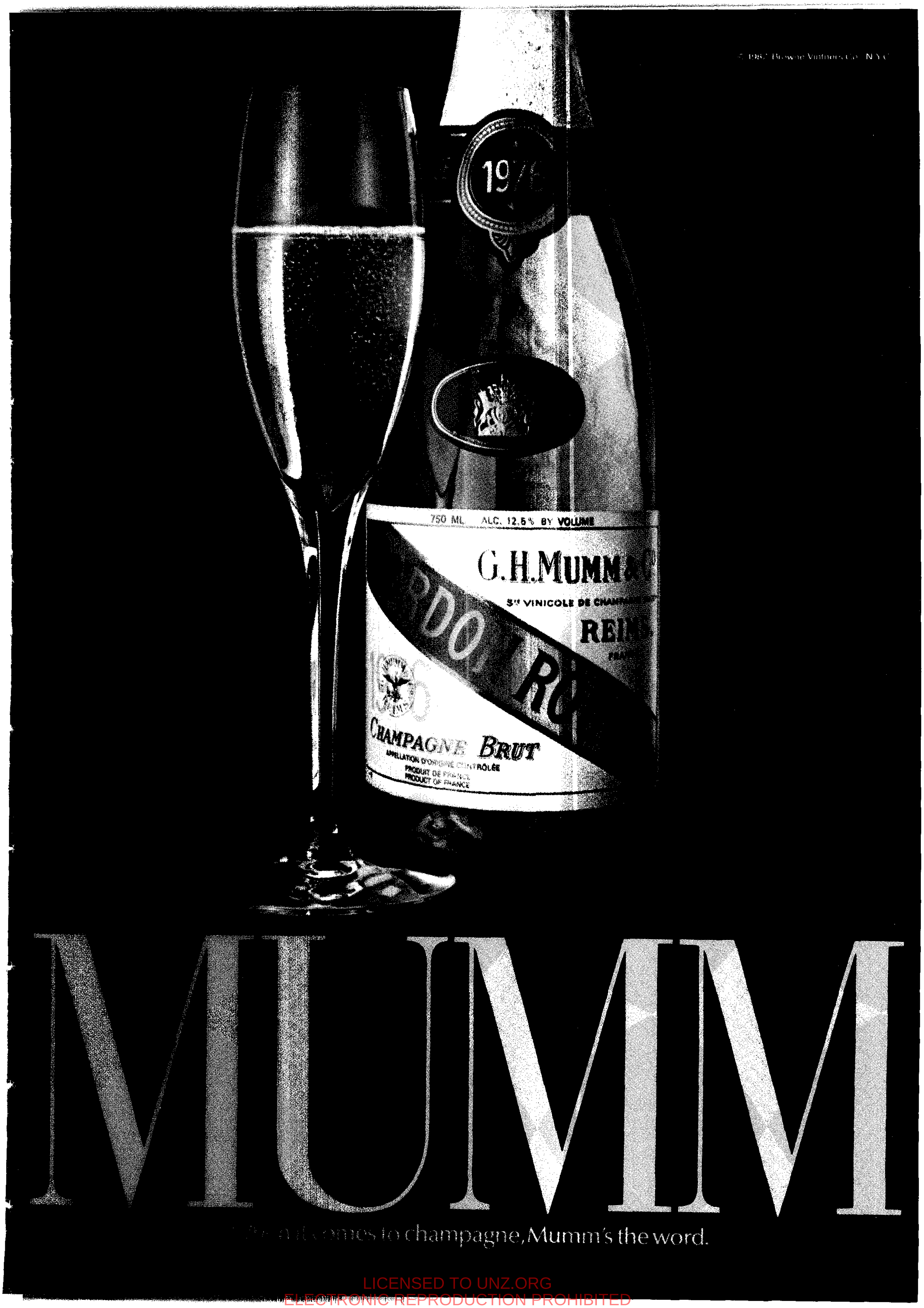
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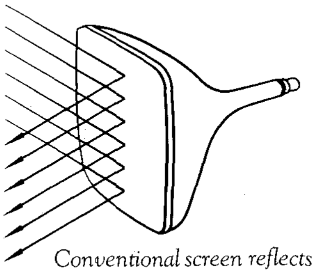

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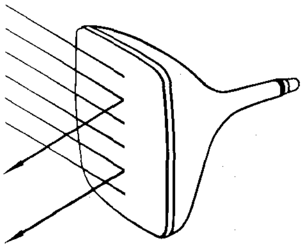

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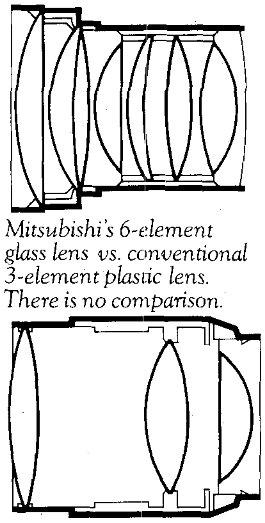

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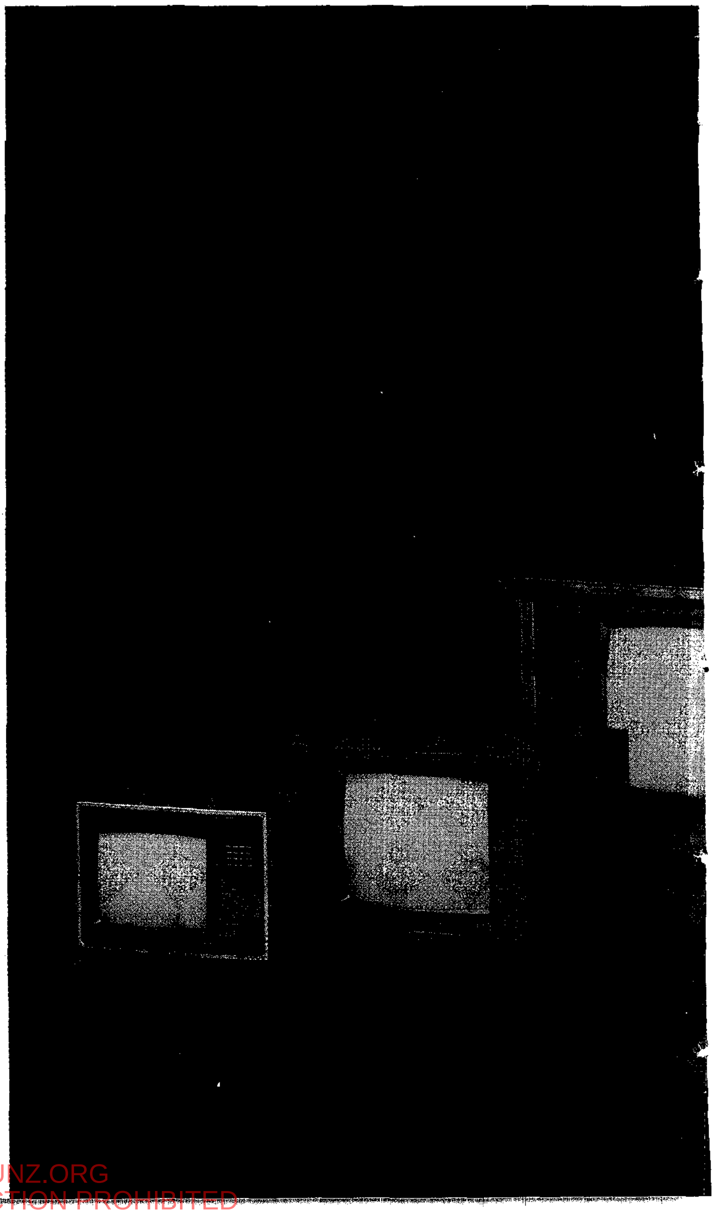

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taffeta drawn in at the knee-high hem in a subtle bubble effect; $3,700. A full-length dress of silk blonde lace lacks both shoulder and sleeve on one side; on the other is a sleeve made of parfaitlike layers of cobwebby Honiton lace, champagne-colored mink, and floating, satin-edged silk tulle. It's $4,200. The search that leads to Martha is for something other than gemütlichkeit and house clogs, *après tout*.

Pineider, whose mother store is in Florence, has also established a bridgehead at Trump Tower, on Level 5. New American customers of this stationery, engraving, and small-leather-goods firm, which was founded in 1774, will come upon fine ideas for Christmas, including stationery in a wide choice of colors, ready-packaged in compendiums whose boxes are a stately form of gift wrap in themselves. The paper has a high rag-and-linen content, is hand-bordered, deckle-edged, and watermarked; envelopes are tissue-lined and embossed with the Pineider logotype. A compendium—perhaps in red lined with white, gray with red, or champagne with brown—consists of fifteen sheets of notepaper, five correspondence cards, twenty envelopes, and ten gift-enclosure cards with matching envelopes; $30. The store can also offer a wide choice of books, agendas, diaries, and albums in all kinds of finely worked skins and in a choice of bound or loose-leaf versions. A purse-size address book in ribbed calfskin is $56; a nine-and-a-half-by-ten-and-a-half-inch memorandum-cum-notebook holder, covered in black, brown, or red crocodile, is $1,775. A bound photograph album, fourteen and a half inches square, has acid-free pages between sheets of protective tissue, and its cover is of dark-green suède with polished-brass corners; $190. A well-designed "French purse," smaller—three and a half inches by four—than the checkbook-size purses usually called by that name, fits handily over a belt or into an evening pocketbook. The purse is lacking in no detail, unfolding to reveal snappered change purse, compartments for business or credit cards, and a place for bills and the accompanying money clip. In green, burgundy, brown, caramel, or black lizard, it is $86.50; in a choice of calfskins, it is $66. Pineider also carries an elegant array of briefcases and attachés, desk sets, and wood-framed travelling beauty cases—these last luxuriously fitted to order—for from $930 to $4,800, depending on skins.

THE
TAVERN
T. Goddard

BONWIT TELLER, whose original quarters were razed to make way for the Trump Tower, is now in smaller premises adjoining it. The store's space has come into its own of late by the opening up of passageways on various levels which frame vistas and provide access to the rose-pink glow—the larger and more potent glamour—of the Trump Tower Atrium. Moreover, the ground floor of the store doubles as a passageway to the bamboo-filled public space at the base of the new I.B.M. Building as well. Like two great powers, the atria send citizens between them, to traverse Bonwit, meeting or passing among the belts and gloves and hosiery. In this area, at the moment, as in many other stores, the hunger for glamour and razzle-dazzle makes itself felt. Ultra-sheer black panty hose with a dotted line of "diamonds" forming a seam up the back of the leg are $16 a pair. Panty hose by the company called Hue come in either black or white, with enigmatic hand-painted brushstrokes of blue and cranberry among sandman scatterings of glittery dust; $12. At the jewelry counters, too, all is flash and sparkle, with an emphasis on the ostentatiously fake. A paste set, dating from the nineteen-thirties and labelled "A Treasure from Faces of Time," has a massed domed pin of marquis-cut rhinestones and glass rubies, together with matching clip-on button earrings; $275. Other clip-on earrings—these contemporary—cover the earlobe with facetted Lucite buttons or with huge pearly ones, and dangle in either case a sparkling, crystal-like inch-and-a-half-long heart; $35. The handbag department has Judith Leiber's pouchy red snakeskin clutch bag—like most clutches these days, it has an optional shoulder chain—with an ornamental clasp and a shiny gold-metal frame curved and ribbed like a ram's horn; $610. A matching red snakeskin belt, an inch or so wide, fastens with an amber lozenge and has ornamental gold-and-silver-metal trim where it dips to a front V like the girdle of a medieval chatelaine; $210. Cece Kieselstein-Cord, whose husband's name is to be found on very expensive belt designs, lends her name to a less expensive yet still handsome notion: a two-inch-

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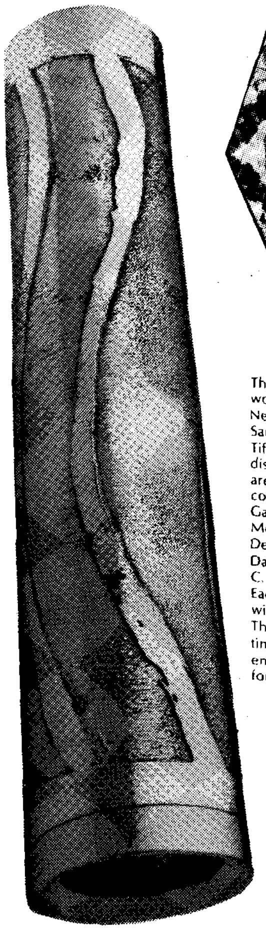

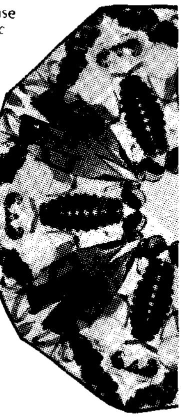

The Artist, **Stephen Auger's** work has been shown in New York, Dallas, San Francisco and in Tiffany and Company's display windows. His works are included in the collections of The National Gallery, Washington D.C.; Mobil Oil Corporation; *Dean, Whitter, Reynolds*; Dartmouth College and C. Gene Moore.
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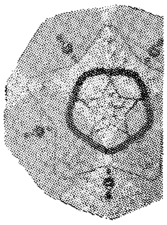

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wide belt of alligator-textured leather in either black or brown, with a substantial silver-metal Art Nouveau-meets-Texas buckle; $86.

In Port of Call, on the fourth floor, a collection of accessories and jewelry from India, Burma, Thailand, and the Philippines includes a necklace comprising golf-ball-size versions of those facetted globes that twirl over dance floors; carved beads of pale jade; amber-colored beads; and dragonfly wings of abalone shell. It's $130. The soothing, well-edited fifth-floor lingerie department has something to suit most tastes. Peggy Jennings' glamorous schemes run to thirties-style bias-cut, cowl-necked gowns of peach silk satin ($160) and matching robes trimmed with lace and seed pearls ($375). The current collection of the Christian Dior company includes a range in a pale-peach-colored silk-and-polyester printed with pale patterns of orchids in pink, white, and gray. This range is represented at Bonwit by a lightly padded floor-length robe with trapuntolike flower embroideries, for $250, and by a simple Grecian-style gown trimmed with lace and self-fabric rosettes, for $110. A ballerina-length gown by Priamo is of pink satin that has a brushed interior surface, for warmth; gathered V neck and elbow-length sleeves are trimmed with lavish highwayman flounces of white lace. This is $94. Fine-wool camisoles with pink-and-white candy stripes are $27, and matching tap pants are $18; boxed sets of lace garter belt and panties and sheer stockings come in red or black, and are $20; and bias-cut crêpe-de-chine teddies with ombré shadings in taupe and with a trio of calypso ruffles at each high-cut leg are $75.

IT would be redundant to post a sign outside Bloomingdale's urging visitors to "Experience It!" Surely no one goes there simply to *shop*? The latest of the store's great cultural-commercial festivals has been a celebration of France, and this year's Christmas shoppers will continue to benefit from a selection of merchandise specially imported in homage to La France and, by extension, to La Femme. A special boutique on the fifth floor is dedicated to the inner circle of French perfume-makers, the Prestige de la Parfumerie Française, and carries a number of perfumes in bottles and packages specially commissioned by the store. These include Miss Dior in a Baccarat flacon, containing 1.8 ounces of

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(Answers at the bottom of the page.)

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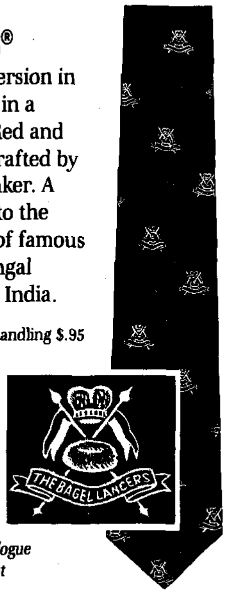

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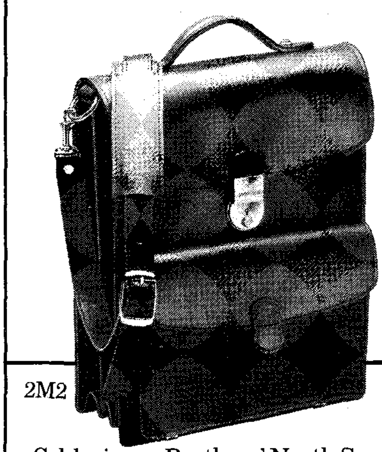

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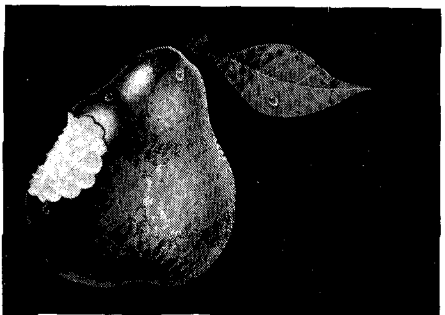
perfume for $150, and Caron's Bellogia in a miniature, dimpled, minaret-stoppered Baccarat bottle like something the Wise Men might have carried, which is $250 for 1.69 ounces. And a wonderful old jasmine-based formula by Jean Patou, which was named for the liner Normandie and had been out of production since her last sailing in 1939, has been revived and is being sold at Bloomingdale's in a limited edition of the original Baccarat bottles; $175 for an ounce of perfume or $55 for an ounce of toilet water. The store's fourth-floor glassware department has Baccarat crystal perfume bottles of recent manufacture and empty of any perfume at all. They come in Art Deco square or rectangular shapes from three to four inches high, and are like small-scale decanters in all but the applicators (for touching pulses with perfume), which descend from the stoppers in slender spirals, like the horns of unicorns; from $130 to $170, depending on size. In the nearby silver department, inexpensive silver-plated accessories by Towle include a jotter pad with pencil ($25.50), a pocket calculator ($28), an oval photograph frame ($80), a checkbook cover ($30), a contact-lens box ($18), and a round makeup mirror that opens like a compact and lights up ($20). Any of the pieces may be inscribed by an engraver who will be on hand in the department as Christmas nears. The Bath Shop, on the eighth floor, has French toilet-water atomizers with rubber-bulb sprays; black glass with a helter-skelter of gilt speckles is $40, and pink porcelain with pale flowers is $48. Swansdown powder puffs in either pink or lavender are $10 apiece; sleek, cosmetic-looking bathroom scales by Terraillon are colored peach, aquamarine, or lipstick-red and cost $38; zippered toilet kits ($18) or cosmetic bags ($10) have feathery paisley prints on either red or navy grounds; and scallop-shell-shaped inflatable bath pillows are $9.

The Giorgio Armani boutique, on the third floor, has luxurious blouses of double-weight crêpe de chine, in a style that would have found itself quite at home on the Normandie. A long-sleeved black dinner blouse has a simple high-necked front with gathered detail at the throat, padded shoulders, and a draped, wrapped back with a swoop of V; $570. Cul-de-Sac, on the Arcade level, has jewelry designs by Wendy Gell, who softens the current passion for magpie glitter by the ten-



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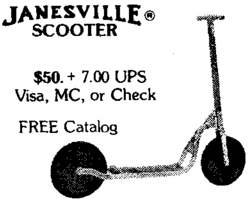

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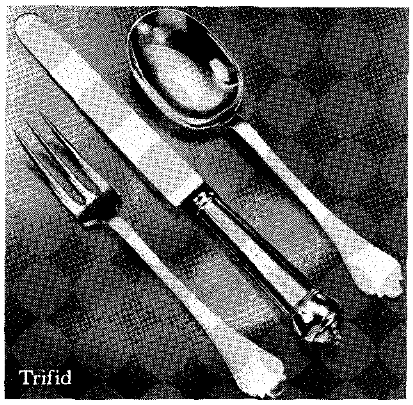

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derness of her color palette in glass that is cut in Austria and Germany or hand-blown in Italy, then combined by her in crystal-like formations and winging shapes. Three-inch earrings made from pink and turquoise-blue glass are like two hummingbirds in a dream ($115); pink, blue, and lilac make up a cuff bracelet of light-filled flowers and feathers ($425). Lisandro Sarasola brings his sure eye and refined manufacture to some big, soft mailbag-style pouches with wavy, spontaneous-seeming outlines; a coral-red suède version, with a deep, rounded flap, is $275, and a purple glove-leather version with double handkerchief-pointed flaps and an ornamental, grape-colored stacked-tiddledywink-and-tassel trim is $249. His free-form sash-belt of purplish-brown cotton mesh, with more of those grape-colored tiddledywink stacks, together with thong-sewn splashes of chestnut-colored snakeskin, is like a forest-floor still-life with skeleton leaves; $175.

HENRI BENDEL's main-floor Scentiments shop has old-fashioned Victorian-style Christmas cards—portly Santas and scenes of rosy-cheeked and unself-conscious family life—covered with fine gold mesh, trimmed with gold lace, and padded out with potpourris; from $18 to $20, depending on size. Leopard, tiger, and cheetah patterns being as much of a fad with some fashionables of late as sparkle and glitter, Bendel has displays of both. Chic Parisian portfolios covered with black-and-white jungle-cat mottled paper are $14 in the stationery department. Black panty hose with a glittering silver snake design squirming up the calf are $16 at the hosiery counter, while black panty hose rendered almost heavy with encrustations of rhinestone basketweave are $24. By way of contrast, the hat department has some antic pillboxes or earmuffed hunter's caps in rabbit fur dyed to eccentric hues such as hot pink or bright turquoise, often silk-screened with black leopard spots, and sporting Davy Crockett-style dyed-coyote tails to boot; $130. A new Jane Wilner linens boutique has, in addition to such welcome gifts as square down pillows ($112) covered with crocheted-lace-and-linen shams (from $58 to $85), hand-woven mohair throws in the palest sort of rainbow mixtures ($330). The perfume counter has another recently revived old favorite: Sheherazade, by Jean Desprez; $90 for one-half ounce, $150 for one ounce. A

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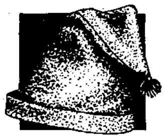

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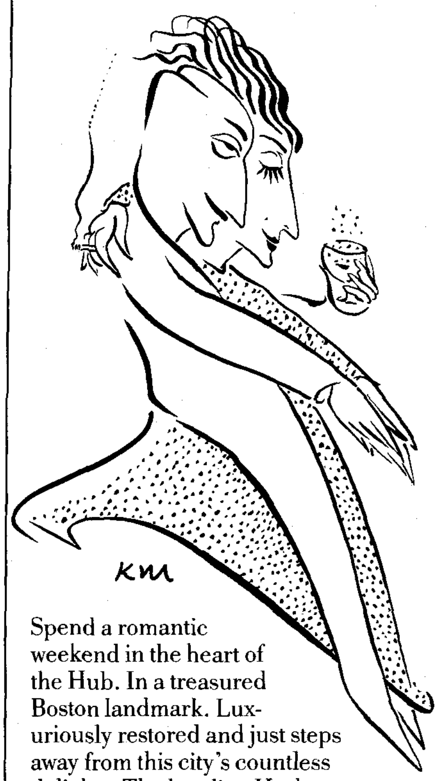

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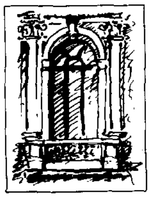

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box of twenty-five bath-oil beads like huge gray pearls, perfumed with Nocturnes de Caron, is $25. Six ounces of a body cream perfumed with Giorgio Armani's fragrance and packed in a domed hexagon of frosty glass is $45; harmonizing dusting powder is $25. In the lingerie department, kimono-style robes of country-house-bedroom cotton chintzes (full-blown hydrangeas and china-pattern birds and flowers are but two of several prints) are lined with plain white terry cloth; $195. Anne & Catherine de Clippel designs, for the Pluto label, long-sleeved, high-necked, smock-yoked gowns of ivory-colored cotton flannel ($110) and accompanying sleeveless knit vests with a café-au-lait diamond border pattern ($78). Pluto also makes ballerina-length gowns of soft dotted-swiss cotton muslin, with milkmaid puffed sleeves and Gainsborough-style fichu necks; $120. And the Japanese firm of Wacoal sends cotton nightgear of contrasting styles: simple drop-shouldered striped pajamas, for $46, and copies of snow-white Victorian gowns in the Costume Institute at Kyoto, for $145 and up.

BERGDORF GOODMAN shoppers may ascend with the greatest of ease, on the store's newly installed escalators, to the fourth floor, where they will find a dramatic, neo-Oriental evening outfit made of imported silk by a firm named Petals. Like any kimono-based ensemble, this one goes on in layers: first, a long V-necked tunic of purple satin; next, a floor-length cardigan coat in leaf-patterned black silk jacquard; then, a short kimono-style jacket-of-many-colors, comprising striped and flowered silk sections in purple, black, green, and tan; and, as the fourth ingredient, a reversible obi-style cummerbund, to be worn under or over the short jacket. The whole thing is $1,300. On the floor below, Stephen Manniello's snugly enveloping cape of two-ply Scottish cashmere comes in charcoal and is $625. Down on the ground floor are some more of the unprosaic kinds of gloves that are much in evidence this year—in this case, Carlos Falchi's black kidskin trimmed at the cuffs with diagonal stripes of black, tan, or white snakeskin; $210.

THE main floor of Saks Fifth Avenue is a storehouse of evening black and moonlight silver. Cummerbund-style evening belts of braided black cord are trimmed with jet beads and Art Deco-style rhinestone clips; $195. Kenneth J. Lane's bracelet of rhinestone "diamonds," set in geometric patterns, is $65. Here's the handbag designer Judith Leiber again, this time represented by a black snakeskin clutch with an ornamental gold-metal frame that dips to a V effect in the middle; $630. The millinery department, up on the third floor, has black cocktail hats trimmed with plumes, rhinestone-studded veils, and more fake diamonds (from $56 to $105). The lingerie department (fourth floor) has boudoir black, in the form of silk-charmeuse teddies with double ruffled flounces at the legs; $95. There are also some underwear ideas in paler color schemes here, though they are far from conveying melting femininity. In fact, this range of underwear for women is inspired by underwear for men, and it includes bikini panties based on the idea of jockey shorts, for $6.50; broadcloth boxer shorts, for $12.50; T-shirts with contrasting band collars, for $8.50; and cotton-knit undershirts, also $8.50. Apart from the boxer shorts, which come only in black, pink, white, or blue, all the styles come in a choice of fourteen colors, including mint, lavender, pink, and apricot. The signature on all this is that of Calvin Klein. Who else?

LORD & TAYLOR's main floor has an array of combs, including some trimmed with seed pearls and crystal beading ($21); some with Lalique-style flowers that have seed-pearl stamens and pistils at the center ($21); and some with facetted jet rhinestones and peppercorns ($15). A nearby collection of antique and merely old jewelry contains a white-gold-and-diamond nineteen-thirties wristwatch, for $3,100, and a nineteen-twenties flexible gold bracelet set with sapphires cut in a variety of ways, for $4,000. Up on the third floor, a dolman-sleeved evening top with black, silver, and gold paillettes set in V formations and vaguely reminiscent of the Chrysler Building is $360. The department called Fantasia has a white angora evening sweater, by J. J. Orr, with lightly puffed sleeves and flower-and-leaf patterns worked in pearls and rhinestones forming unmilitary epaulets at the shoulder; $440. Maureen Cullinane's Louisa May Alcott ensemble might have stepped away from a family party on one of those Victorian-style Christmas cards at Bendel. The ankle-length skirt in rustling café-au-lait taffeta is rendered more

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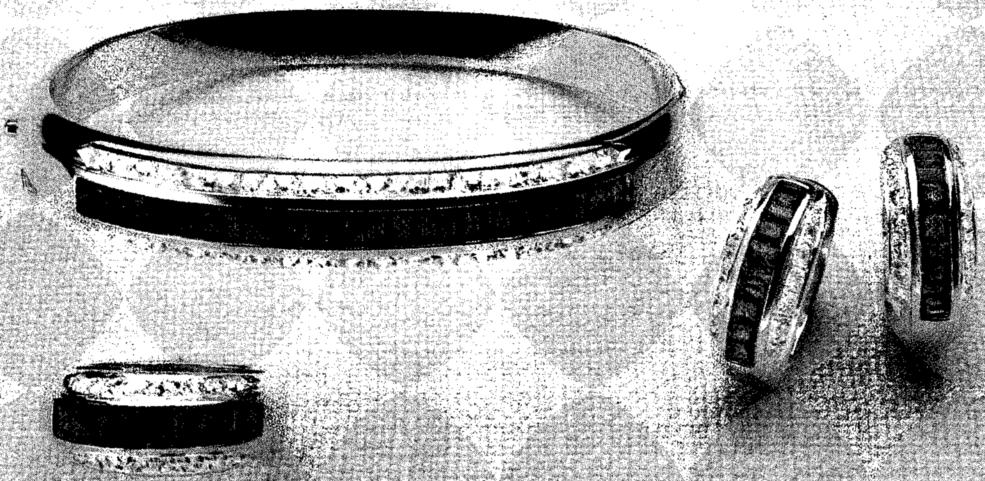

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bouffant by an underskirt of organza ($170); sheer white organza makes a long-sleeved, pleated-front, Peter Pan-collared blouse ($132), and a surplice-style cotton-knit vest with Tyrolian flower embroideries may be worn with skirt and blouse ($86).

THE LITTLE SHOPS, on the third floor of Macy's, have Perry Ellis's idea for a party dress: V-necked princesse-style black velvet, with a fitted bodice, long, slim sleeves, and a swirl of gored skirt. Jet buttons fasten the sleeves from the wrist almost to the elbow and line up down the back from the V of the nape to mid-calf. This is $650. The Club House has Anne Klein II's contribution to jungle fever: a gentle combination of turtleneck blouse in leopard-spotted purple, cream, or red polyester ($106) with a matching wool pullover ($84). On the main floor, among the evening bags, is a small clutch-or-shoulder purse shaped like a scallop shell and worked with black beading; $139. By contrast, a shop in the Arcade called Working Parts is turned over to the industrial-chic style, with belts, bags, and other accessories made of rubber. An Italian-made shoulder-slung saddlebag has a surface texture of horizontal ribbing and comes in red piped with black, black with tan, or gray with red; $60.

The Women's Duplex, down at Barneys, has Patricia Roberts sweaters ($400 and up), Armani kid gloves ($65), and Chloe's blouse in either gray or white silk, with a large Pilgrim-style collar ($425). Chelsea Passage, on the store's first floor, has kimono-cut robes of waffle-patterned cotton piqué in solid white, pink, or yellow, or in peach-and-white or pink-and-white stripes; $75.

THE two most significant arrivals in SoHo over the past months happen to represent polar opposites in the aesthetic struggle that fashion is experiencing between the historically allusive, ornamental, feminine (even aggressively sexy), and colorful Western fashion tradition and the more radical style principally associated with the Japanese designers and inclined to strange-seeming silhouettes, sexual ambiguity, and a neutral palette. The Gallery of Wearable Art, 480 West Broadway (just south of Houston), may be found behind a Victorian-style storefront that looks somewhat incongruous in this avant-garde neighborhood and is entered under a little lipstick-pink canopy that is downright unfortunate. But then the store's owner, Bronnie Storch Kupris, is passionately committed not only to the maintaining of old traditions of fine, elaborate workmanship and materials but also to romance and out-and-out excess. The store's décor is appropriately rose-tinted and suggests a crossing of the Brighton Pavilion with Mae West's boudoir. Half the craftspeople and designers represented here are from this country and half are from Europe—many of these from Britain, a nation known for its expertise in fashioning the visually exquisite out of nostalgia for a vanished dream. Fans of the British knitwear designer Diana Leslie, who used to design for the store formerly called Countdown, on Greenwich Avenue, will be happy to rediscover her work here; a long, hooded wool-knit cloak trimmed with ripples and pheasant feathers is $595. Miranda Holland, another British designer, sends evening bags and belts confected with delicacy, which may have silk-and-sequin trims or flirty fans of pleated nylon; from $125 to $350. Eavis & Brown, also of England, sends exquisitely detailed evening ensembles in silk and lace and with an "Upstairs, Downstairs" period flavor. There is a collection of lace blouses, also with an Edwardian tone, made by Barbara Kates, which have sections of antique materials, for between $500 and $600. Here are also all kinds of hand-worked and hand-adorned sweaters, gloves, bags, and amazing hats. Parasol-style umbrellas with mock-ivory knobs sculptured like the heads of whippets, ducks, or bulldogs are $50 each. All this exuberant femininity ("We get a lot of *lovers* coming in to shop," Mrs. Kupris told us cheerfully) makes the Gallery of Wearable Art a valuable resource for old-fashioned craft traditions not, in the general run, commercially viable yet still with the power to move us. "I wanted to see if I could run a business without compromising at all," Mrs. Kupris said as she stood among her embroideries and ostrich feathers.

Rei Kawakubo, owner and designer of the Japanese clothing company Comme des Garçons, which has arrived at 116 Wooster Street (just south of Prince), is also uncompromising, but she is associated with the most austere and modernist expression of the new Japanese fashion aesthetic. The store design conforms to the strict minimalist principles carried out in Miss Kawakubo's other stores, in To-

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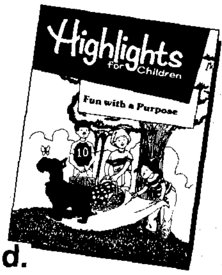

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kyo, Milan, London, and Paris. A large, bare space with a gray cement floor and industrial lighting echoes faintly with the reedy, birdlike fluting of some New Music. Black stair railings and silently passing black-clad salespeople cast sharp shadows on the white walls, like something out of an Expressionist film. Dense lines of predominantly black garments hang as if magically suspended in the great, pure space, occasionally stirring to and fro, like thoughts. Basic garment shapes may be combined in many ways and worn with accessories such as jacquard-textured tights of white, navy, or black wool, which are made long enough to reach up to the rib cage and are intended to wrinkle at the knee and fold in concertinas at the ankles. The quality of fabrics and manufacture conforms to the highest standards; shapes can be quite surprising. Wool-knit gauntlets in navy, cobalt, or black have strange drooping wattles under the wrists, and are slit so that several sets may be worn, one over the next; $60. Miss Kawakubo also produces a line of sleepwear, called Robe de Chambre; pajama tops ($125), drawstring pants ($115), and robes ($245) are man-tailored and in a choice of white or black satin. Black cotton sheets are $190 a set, and you can even get black cotton handkerchiefs.

The Hong Kong-based designer David Sheekwan, who has opened a shop for his knitwear and woven goods at 381 West Broadway (Broome), charts a middle course between the minimalist style and the consolatory-cuddly. The knitwear designs are made of high-quality Italian yarns and loomed (with a hand-worked texture) in Hong Kong, in relatively limited editions. Some of the sweaters are of indoor winter-weight and quite urbane. These include a dolman-sleeved black, with a panel of red like a triangular flag on the front, for $225; a style in charcoal, brown, or camel with triple flag panels on the front, for $395; and a plain, chic French-sailor style in blue, black, or charcoal with a funnel neck and dolman sleeves, for $110. These sweaters all come fitted with Sheekwan's special shoulder pads, which are cupped over the shoulder bone to stay in place. The styles may be paired with matching skirts in knee- or mini-lengths. Heavier-weight sweaters and sweater-jackets include poodle-bouclé textures with huge cowls, mandarin-collared buttonless shrugs, intarsia notions, and race-car-winner's-flag checkerboard

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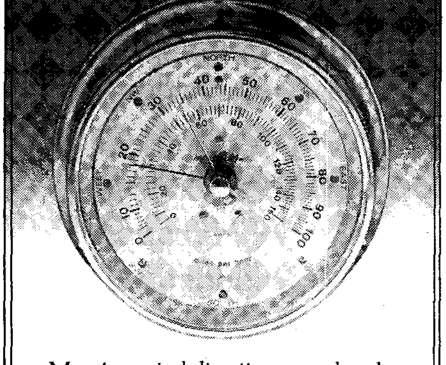

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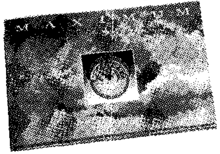

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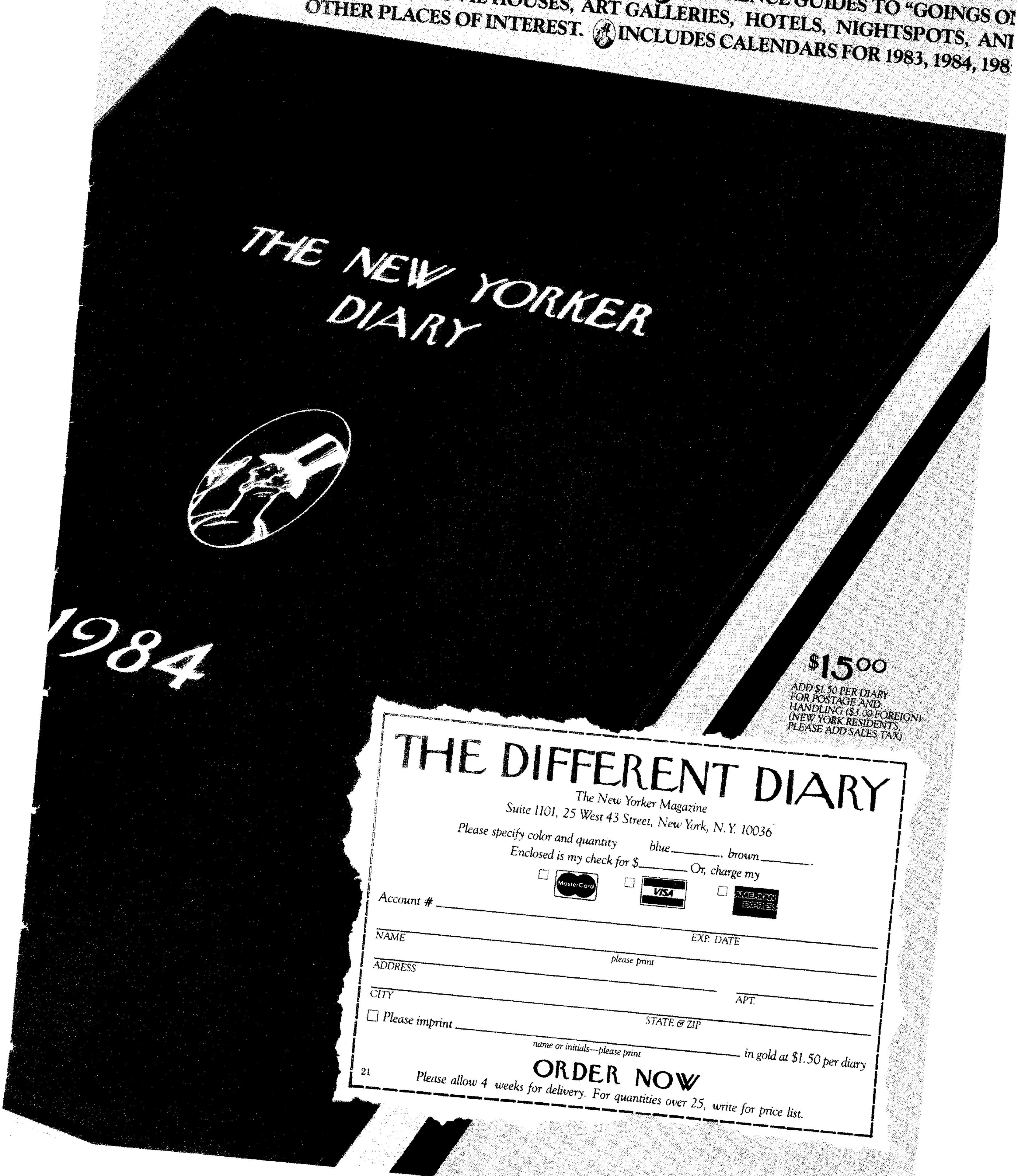

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knits—generally in muted schemes of brown, blue, and blue-black. There are sweaters here for men as well, and they are often bought for wear by women. In any case, the women's sweaters are often roomy and long enough to be worn alone over tights. A representative price is $400.

A CROP of new boutiques devoted to internationally known designers has sprung up on Madison Avenue, generally clustered within a few blocks of the newly restored Westbury Hotel, at 69th Street. The name of Sonia Rykiel, the French designer known particularly for her knitwear, has gone up at 792 Madison Avenue (67th). One of the cornerstones of her current stock is a range of separates to mix, match, and layer. In a choice of pearl-gray, khaki, slate-blue, or old-brick wool jersey, the range includes roomy, below-the-knee culottes ($185), a sweater with a crew neck and horizontal contrasting stripes across the chest ($295), straight ($160) or pleated-front skirts ($175), large wool-challis squares ($65), and a turban-style hat with three large pom-poms over one ear ($50). Black crêpe evening skirts come in short ($145) or long ($165) versions; a black knit top has a U neck, a black lace dickey, and a back zipper outlined with stitch-size rhinestones ($345).

The boutique called La Lingerie shares the address of the Rykiel store, and, in fact, the two have a common owner. La Lingerie is scarcely larger than a dressing room or a walk-in closet, but it has an ample supply of expensive and luxurious nightwear and underwear—intended, the store avers, to satisfy the sort of woman who normally wears couture-quality clothes. The sumptuous, let-'em-eat-cake stock includes a Harlow-style nightgown-and-robe set in fluid white silk satin with flower-embroidered lace on bodice and yoke; $1,600. White dotted-swiss cotton organza goes into a gown (or evening or wedding dress) with short, puffed sleeves and with three big satin bows on the lace-trimmed, high-waisted Empress Josephine bodice; $1,050. Peggy Jennings makes a floor-length cashmere robe, in black, rose-quartz, or red with tea-gown-style bands of scalloped écru lace down the front, for $795. A range of underwear from France and Italy includes hand-embroidered panties or garter belts, for $125, and teddies, camisoles, or tap pants of blush, ivory, or black

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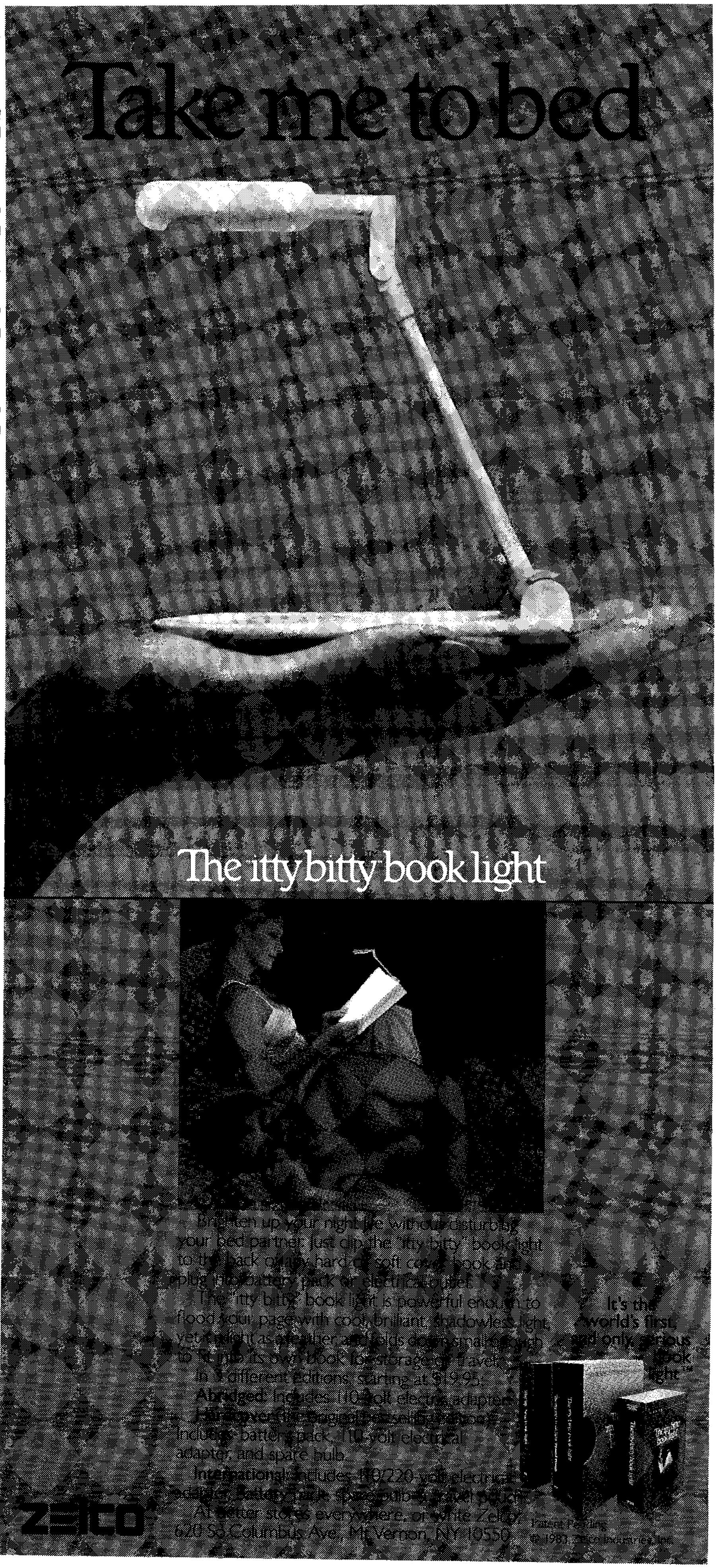
silk trimmed with lace, for $135.

Joseph Tricot, 804 Madison Avenue (67th), is a sparsely decorated store given over to the simple, layered designs of Joseph Ettedgui, who has stores in London and in Paris, and who is known for his association with the Japanese fashion mode. The color schemes are generally neutral: black, gray, white, or taupe. Most of the elements are made of wool knit. Ankle- or knee-length skirts are $85; sweaters with either square necks or standup collars are $120 and $130; large poncho-style wraps are $195; knitted tunics with long skirts and long sleeves are $180; and fingerless gloves are $18. These pieces may be combined in a variety of ways and combined with black or gray boots that have Louis-style heels and wrinkles round the ankles ($190), and with a soft felt hat like a dunce's or a clown's, designed to be worn punched in on one side of the head ($120).

Margaret Howell, the London designer known for elegant, bandbox, feminine-style tailoring, has also opened up in the Westbury, at No. 840. A pair of Katharine Hepburn-style wool trousers has a pleated, high-waisted front and comes in gray flannel, black, gray herringbone, or a small black-and-white houndstooth check; $175. Three-inch-wide patent-leather belts in black, royal blue, navy, gray, or red are $75. V-necked, dolman-sleeved sweaters with wide ribbed waistbands come in black or white cashmere ($300), and in red or charcoal lambswool ($135). A floral lace fabric goes into high-necked, dolman-sleeved, back-buttoned blouses, in a choice of white, gray, cream, or black; $150. A trim-fitting waist-high "mess jacket" (the officers' mess, that is) has many ornamental buttonholes but fastens with a single button; in black or ivory barathea, in blue or beige Harris tweed, or in tan herringbone, it's $295. A calf-length wool and cashmere duffel coat is $600.

And Kenzo, the Paris-based Japanese designer, has opened his new boutique, at 824 Madison (69th). Kenzo's fashions are far removed in tone from the Zen austerities of Comme des Garçons, being inclined to the jolly, the colorful, and the folkloric. Elastic-waisted cotton pants with elephantine folds around the ankles are $75, and they may be worn under blue or red kimonos, worn one atop the other. These are $140 in cotton and $235 in wool. A knee-length knit dress with a single sleeve and shoulder and with



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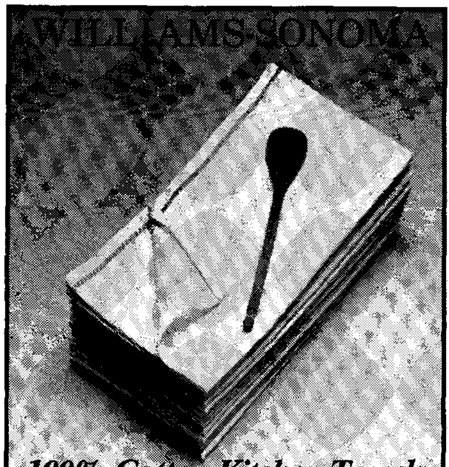

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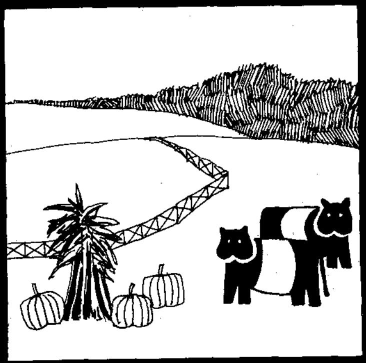

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awning stripes of brown, red, and green ($395) may be worn over regular, double-sleeved sweaters with patterns of a big, droopy-legged flying crane ($340) or gaudy flowers in pink, yellow, and purple ($600). There is something to suit most tastes, though, including quiet ones. Wide-bodied, softly gathered, quite conventional blouses come in foulard-patterned dark-green, dark-red, or black challis ($140) or in sea-green, off-white, or burgundy taffeta ($235). Characteristic Kenzo touches are small-scale satchels to hang from diagonally worn long shoulder straps ($55) and fifty-four-inch peasant-style shawls in wool-and-silk challis ($100).

Elsewhere on the East Side, we noted at Giovanna, the Italian leather-goods shop at 202 East 60th, a half-moon-shaped clutch of matte-finish black snakeskin, for $350, and a double-handled suède-lined overnight bag of the same material, for $650. At the Korean designer Troa Cho's shop, 22 East 66th, simple styles include her *voluminous ankle-length evening coat* made from a full six yards of lightweight wool-and-mohair and fastening with a single large button at the six-inch-deep round collar; in a choice of charcoal, burgundy, camel, or a festive scarlet, it's $700. And at the Manhattan Art & Antique Center, 1050 Second Avenue (56th), several galleries—including Eva, No. 2, and Terry Rodgers, No. 3—have selections of antique jewelry. Mrs. Rodgers also has a selection of antique photograph frames dating back to the eighteen-seventies and up to the nineteen-thirties, and ranging in price from $50 to $350.

The store named Sils Mara has moved into new quarters, at 995 Lexington Avenue (72nd), and has pullovers ($251) or cardigan sweaters ($273) in hand-knitted wool with patterns of penguins, lambs, Scotties, or poodles. Here are also turn-of-the-century brooches with ladylike hand-painted violets, irises, roses, or daisies, for between $56 and $85; small clip-on bow ties in a variety of plain or fancy silks, for $9; socks ranging from cotton sports socks, for $5.50, on up to Missoni-striped creations, for $35; hand-knitted Aran-style mittens in bright wool, for $27; and padre-style felt hats, for $44.

San Francisco, at 975 Lexington (71st), has some modest, slender-looking sweater ideas, and bulkier and more homespun notions as well. Sweaters hand-loomed in England of chest-

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nut, burgundy, indigo, sky-blue, or black wool have a square bib-style yoke opening and fasten on one side with four small pearl buttons, a dressmakerly detail that also turns up on the cuffs; $125. This would go nicely over a shirt in the style that the store calls Sophia, which has a high round neck with a tiny turnover collar and buttons down the back; in white-on-white V-textured cotton, for $65, or in off-white silk, for $95. C. C. Wilson, across Lexington Avenue at No. 1028, has minklike fake-fur jackets in mauve or gunmetal, for $270; hand-knitted sweaters, by Charlotte Lumley, in lacy waffle-stitch mohair, trimmed with small crystal beads, for $160; and a cowl-necked, full-sleeved, loose-fitting dress from France, in either white or black four-ply cashmere, for $330.

THE most dramatic aspect of the quaint toy village that is the restored South Street Seaport is the spectacle it affords, each weekday lunch hour, of workers from nearby offices descending on the elaborately orchestrated, attractively presented ethnic-food counter in the Fulton Market hall. When the well-earned meals of chicken tikka, yakisoba and *gelato* have been consumed and the crowds have vanished again, visitors may profitably browse in some of the stores. Patrick Sheeran, at 16 Fulton Street, emphasizes countrified chic for both men and women, and provides clothing of the peppy-preppy variety from such names as Basco, Paul Costelloe, Lynn Novak, and British Khaki. Paul Costelloe, a designer based in Ireland, sends a blazer of covert-colored tweed that would enliven the world of shooting sticks and Asprey picnic hampers. Cuffs and lapels are made of a very soft tan-colored lamb shearling; $260. A matching skirt, complete with suède-bound watch pocket and Miss Marple kick pleats, is $110. Lynn Novak's hand-knitted tabardlike, extended-shoulder wool pullovers come in Donegal tweeds ($85) or in solid navy or ivory ($100), either of the latter with hornlike buttons and a front edging of crochet loops.

Down the alley named Cannon's Walk, a store named Nicole has a stock of a thousand handmade sweaters, many of them beautiful, some domestic and some imported, and in every style from fragile and crepuscular to ruggedly sporting. In the former category are hand-knitted cashmere cardigans in gray, black, ivory, or taupe, starred with tiny seed pearls

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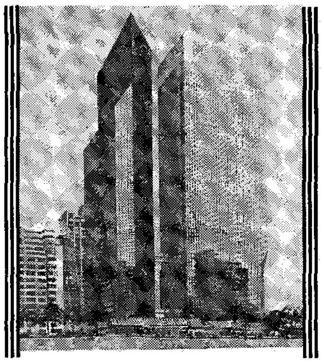

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($355), and boat-necked silk-and-angora sweaters with diagonal stripes in dawn-pink fluff and burgundy mohair, or else in the hazy-brown and pale-green tones of early spring (from $320 to $370).

Pirjo, another boutique on the Walk, also carries hand-knitted, hand-loomed, or hand-crocheted sweaters, but the style is all its own: graphic, brilliant-colored, and in bold and simple shapes. The store's home base is in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and a branch may also be found in the Seaport's sister playground, Faneuil Hall, in Boston. Soft, cowl-necked, hand-loomed angora sweaters in magenta, mauve, white, or scarlet are $350. Handsome ribbed sweaters with cowl necks and rolled wrists come in magenta, blue, green, turquoise, violet, hot pink, and scarlet and are $85; matching solid-color leg warmers are $12. Capacious and warm hand-crocheted sweaters labelled "Monet," for their pebbly color harmonies in blue, dark blue, and grape, are $225; matching sou'westerlike hats are $45. Here are also hats, scarves, and knee socks in wool or cashmere, and white or black wool-knit gloves, from Yugoslavia, with cross-stitch flower-pattern embroidery on the back of the fingers and the hand ($35).

A shop named Staple & Fancy Goods, in the South Street Seaport Museum Block, has, among vaguely nautical knickknacks, some objects fit to stuff the stocking of a Nantucket sea captain's wife. Here are handmade heart-shaped Victorian-style miniature bandboxes, for $47 and $70; mauve or peach satin jewelry rolls, for $6; apple-shaped, lace-and-moiré-covered boxes with pincushion tops, for $33; Chinese-silk boxes with tapestry scenes of pagodas and weeping willows, for $12.50 and $17.50; and sets of adolescent shark jaws, for $1.50 apiece.

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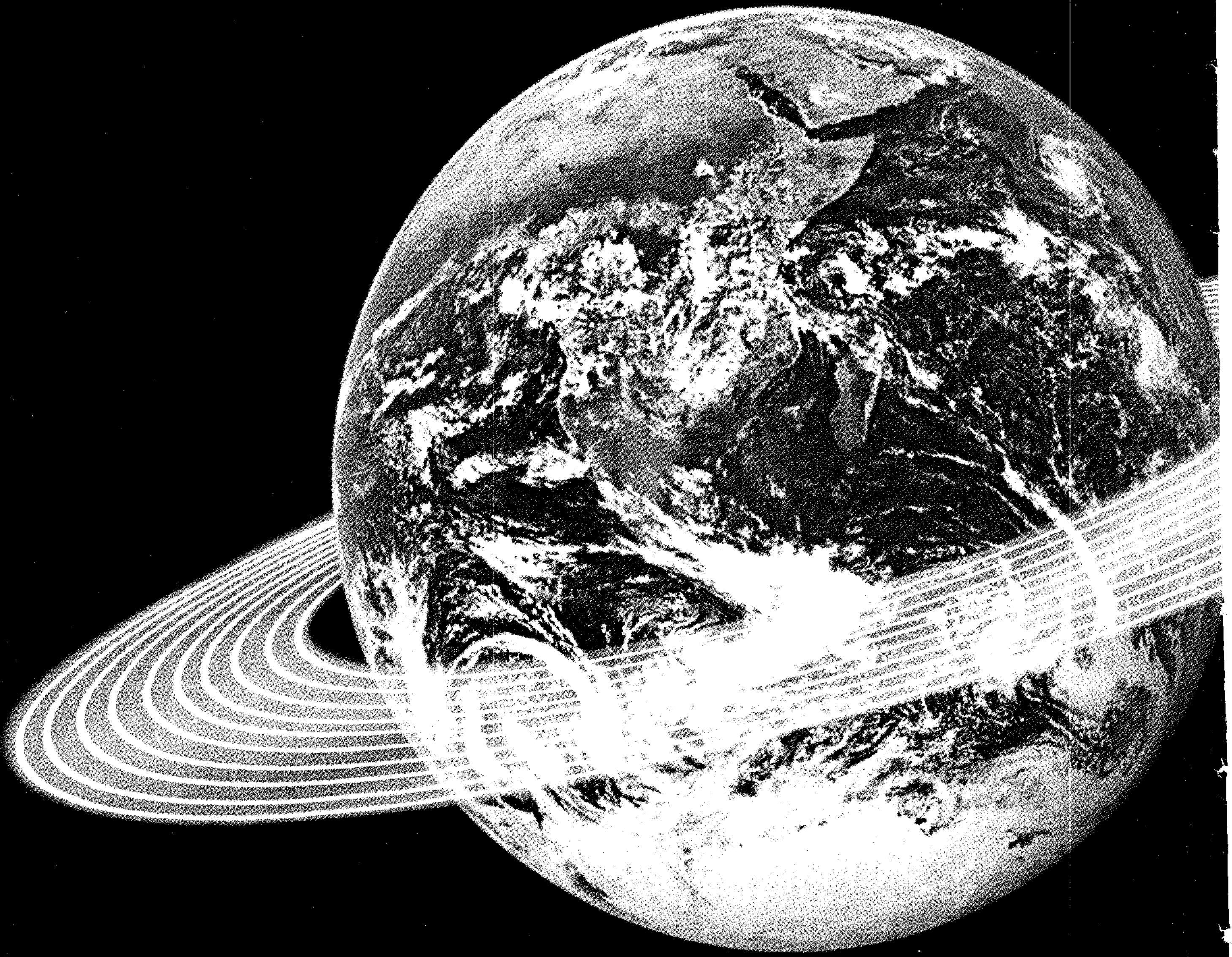

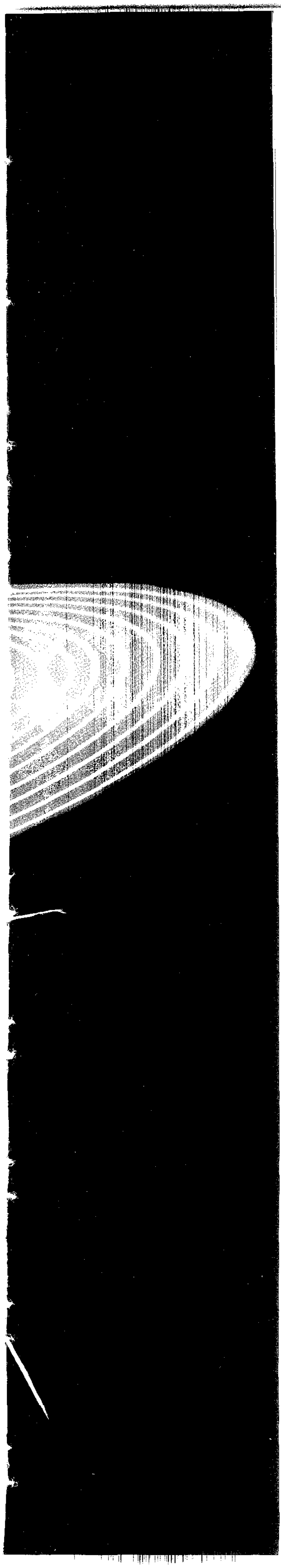

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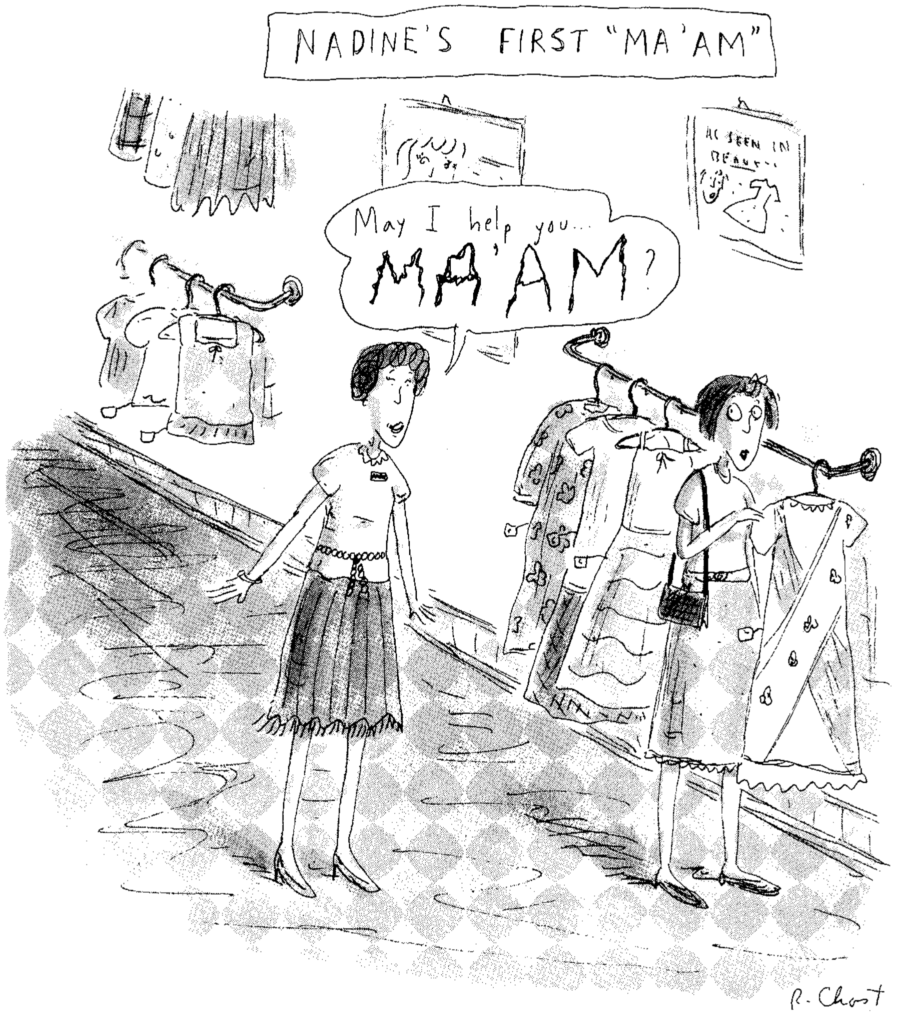
A POLITICAL JOURNAL

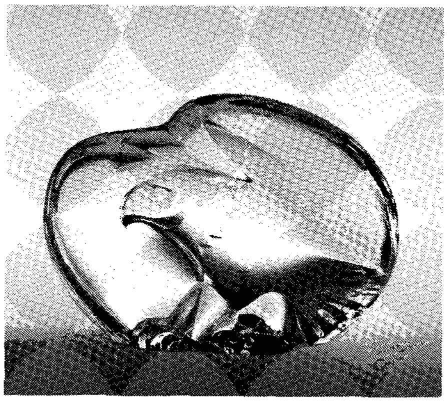
WASHINGTON, NOVEMBER 10

IN one important respect, the race for the Democratic nomination is very far along, and in that respect it is different in nature—as it was designed to be—from any previous nomination contest. The structure of the race plays into the hands of the front-runners—as it was designed to do—and therefore the front-runners in this particular race are, at least as of now, in a different position from those in previous races; that is, there appears to be more supporting their front-runnerness. However, the current front-runners, Walter Mondale and John Glenn, are in quite different positions from each other: in fact, the composition, nature, style, and relative strengths of their campaigns and candidacies are so different that comparisons are almost impossible. But in another very important respect the race for the Democratic nomination remains unformed: the public is just beginning to tune in; and both Glenn and Mondale have some way to go in defining their candidacies—defining them, that is, in the way that they want them defined. Much of what has been going on in the past month or so has been an effort on the part of both men not only to define themselves but to define each other in the voters' minds.

The two reasons the contest seems to be so much further along in sorting out the candidates are that it was intended to be, and that the Mondale campaign has methodically and, so far, successfully taken advantage of the new shape of the contest—a shape the Mondale people had very much to do with. In collusion with the forces of Edward M. Kennedy, who was then expected to be a candidate, and with the coöperation of other forces within the Democratic Party who wanted no more long-shot candidacies (that is, another Jimmy Carter), the Mondale people had a large hand in writing new rules that were to work in the favor of the strongest candidates. The primaries and caucuses were bunched more closely (ostensibly to shorten the process but actually having the opposite effect), which put a premium on establishing a national campaign early. There was to be less opportunity than before to parlay an early victory into a winning streak. The rules also allocate delegates to victors in a way that rewards the strongest, and they reinstate Party officials as a major presence. It was the strategy of the Mondale campaign to make the other candidates run on terms it defined: they would have to run national campaigns, thus making their ability to organize well in a state with an early contest more difficult and also less valuable than before. Events that occurred in other places—straw polls and the like—or that did not occur (the candidates' failure to catch on elsewhere) would affect their chances in the early states. Having to run national campaigns this year, and to enter straw polls to try to establish their viability, put a premium on fund-raising, and three candidates—Alan Cranston, Gary Hart, and Fritz Hollings—are in debt. Another purpose of forcing a national campaign on the other candidates was to subject them to national scrutiny early, to give no one a free ride. It was because the Mondale people feared that Glenn was getting by without being looked at very carefully—was coasting along on his celebrity as a former astronaut—that they opened fire on his record this fall.

Perhaps some combination of events will upend the current assumptions. One factor that makes any campaign unpredictable is the unknowable chemistry of the campaign itself: the interaction of the candidates with the voters and with each other, and the unforeseeable events. Another factor is math: how the candidates divide the vote—which ones draw from which others' potential supporters. It is often forgotten that in 1976 Jimmy Carter won the New Hampshire primary with twenty-nine per cent of the vote, only five percentage points ahead of Morris Udall; then there were Birch Bayh, with sixteen per cent; Fred Harris, with eleven per cent; Sargent Shriver, with nine per cent; and other candidates with a scattering of votes. It is generally accepted that Bayh, Harris, and Shriver all drew from Udall. Within the Mondale camp, there is some mixed opinion on how much to worry about the math of 1984. While Mondale could be hurt by several candidates vying for the same voters he is after (though there are conservative candidates who could pull voters from Glenn), the prevailing view seems to





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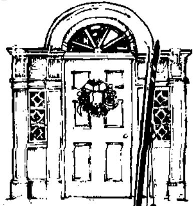

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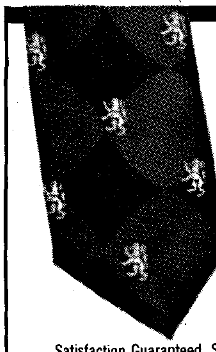

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be, consistent with the campaign's over-all strategy, that few of the other candidates will be viable long enough to do much damage. Therefore, the thinking goes, even if the math should lead to a reversal in one of the early states the other candidates will not have enough resources to carry on for very long. The campaign-finance law itself will help to eliminate candidates: any candidate who fails to receive ten per cent of the vote in two consecutive contests he enters is cut off from federal matching funds thirty days later, and can qualify for funds once again only by getting twenty per cent of the vote in a subsequent contest.

There is as yet some uncertainty about the calendar—Iowa and New Hampshire are still struggling to maintain the momentary, and lucrative, glory of holding the first two contests, and some other states are still working out where they will come on line. But it remains the case that there will be much less time in 1984 between the Iowa caucus and the New Hampshire primary (there were five weeks between them in 1976 and 1980) and between New Hampshire and other states. As of now, Iowa will hold its caucus on February 20th or 27th, and the New Hampshire primary will be held on February 28th (the Democratic National Committee has not yet agreed to these dates), and then, only two weeks after New Hampshire, on March 13th, there will be eleven contests; twenty-one contests in all will be held within the eight days from March 13th to March 20th. By April 3rd, more than half of the three thousand nine hundred and thirty-three delegates will have been chosen (it takes a majority to win).

Of the eight Democrats now in the race—Reubin Askew, Alan Cranston, John Glenn, Gary Hart, Fritz Hollings, Jesse Jackson, George McGovern, and Walter Mondale—Glenn and Mondale started out with the most advantages. Both were nationally known to begin with; both have strong assets as candidates; and both represent a broad spectrum of the Party. Askew, who is running as the "different" candidate, will have more money than some of the other minor candidates come January and, it is believed, could possibly carve out a slice of the conservative vote in the early states: he has come out against the unlimited right to abortion, and against the nuclear freeze. Alan Cranston has ridden the nuclear-freeze issue—presenting him-

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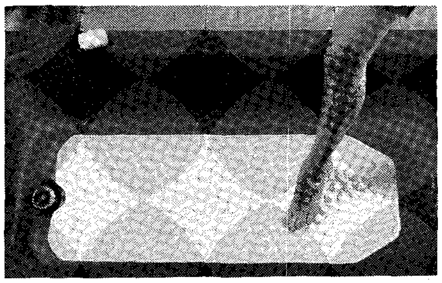

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self as the candidate who cares most about arms control—with some success, but there appear now to be limits on how far he can take this. Cranston on occasion conveys a certain naïveté about dealing with the Soviet Union; he has also been criticized by some liberals for his support of the B-1 bomber and other weapons systems, and for his support of certain tax breaks for business. Moreover, Cranston is being crowded now by George McGovern, who entered the race on September 13th. For McGovern, the candidacy is a way to get some attention to what he has to say; before he was a candidate he couldn't get anyone's ear. McGovern seems never to have recovered from his devastating loss to Richard Nixon in 1972; he can tell himself that he was right in his opposition to the Vietnam War, and that he was defeated by a corrupt Administration using illegal means to defeat him. So McGovern, with nothing to lose, can take uncompromising, politically unconventional positions: even before the recent events in Lebanon and Grenada he said, "Let's get out of Central America. Bring the Marines out of that religious war in Lebanon." He has called for the United States to engage at least temporarily in a unilateral weapons freeze. (The nuclear freeze that is being widely espoused is always carefully described by its supporters as "mutual.") Thus, for those who want to make a certain kind of statement McGovern is a vehicle, and he seems to arouse a degree of sentimental support among Democratic audiences. Gary Hart has tried to present his campaign as one of the "new generation" and of "new ideas," but he hasn't seemed to have been able to catch on. One problem may be that his ideas aren't so different from those of others; moreover, ideas have to be conveyed through an appealing persona—position papers don't win campaigns. Hart's political persona does not seem to be going over—it appears too cold and withdrawn. He has recently decided on the new tack of reaching for the women's vote. At a forum on arms control at Harvard, in mid-October, he said, to great applause, "I think those of us who happen to be men ought to begin finally to listen to the women of this society." Fritz Hollings has had trouble establishing himself as a national candidate. He is trying to present himself as a fiscally responsible, reasonable man, who will keep the Democratic Party from making what he sees as its old mistakes. He is a

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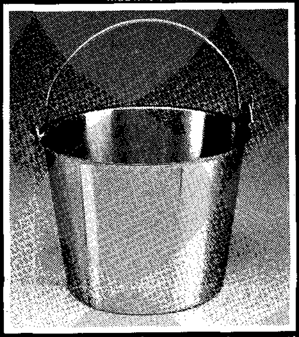

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smart man, and a witty man, but sometimes the wit spills over into meanness and is at someone else's expense; sometimes it gets Hollings himself into trouble. At the moment, the effect of the candidacy of Jesse Jackson, who entered the race on November 3rd, is the subject of much speculation and little consensus.

Throughout the year, there have been rumors of others' possibly entering the race—rumors usually fanned by those who are dissatisfied with the current field (there has seldom been a field that people haven't been dissatisfied with). Inevitably, the name of Edward Kennedy keeps floating about; others whose names have come up are Mario Cuomo, the governor of New York (but Cuomo has now endorsed Mondale), and Senator Dale Bumpers, of Arkansas, who came very close to entering the race earlier this year but then, in early April, backed off. Bumpers attributed his decision publicly to a lack of time to raise enough money and build an organization, but there seemed also to be a strong element of ambivalence on his part about running. Eugene McCarthy is talking about running. It would seem now, however, that the requirements for making the race are so formidable that, barring a set of unpredictable events, and except for some symbolic candidacy, the list is closed.

The potential candidacy of Jesse Jackson had divided black leaders from the time it was first considered. It grew out of an interest on the part of some black leaders in the idea of having a black candidate in order to press the concerns of blacks on the Democratic Party and perhaps act as a broker at the Convention—and Jackson was the person most interested in making the race. Many black leaders were opposed—some privately, some publicly. Among those publicly opposed have been Coretta Scott King, the widow of Martin Luther King, Jr., to whom Jackson was once an aide; Andrew Young, the mayor of Atlanta; Coleman Young, the mayor of Detroit; Julian Bond, a former civil-rights leader and now a member of the Georgia senate; and Benjamin Hooks, the executive director of the N.A.A.C.P. Jackson also has some prominent black supporters, among them Richard Hatcher, the mayor of Gary, Indiana, and Representative John Conyers, of Michigan. The controversy surrounding Jackson's candidacy has to do with the tactical implications of his making the race and

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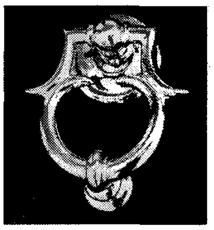

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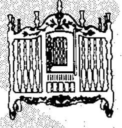

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with Jackson's personality. The concern of a number of blacks has been that Jackson's effort could be counterproductive—that by drawing votes from Mondale it could help nominate Glenn, who is more conservative. One of the earlier arguments for having a black make the race was that if there was a brokered Convention a black candidate with delegates would be in a position to make demands; but a brokered Convention, while theoretically possible, is not, on the basis of recent history, probable. There are of course other rationales as well: several blacks who back the idea of the candidacy feel that the Democratic Party has been taking their support for granted, and that the presence of a black candidate, particularly one as articulate as Jackson, will force more attention in the course of the campaign to issues of concern to blacks.

It is, in fact, the longer-term dynamic of the race which has a number of people, including several sympathetic to Jackson's making the race, worried. The rationale of the Jackson candidacy must be that he offers blacks more hope, is more attuned to their problems, than the other candidates—though he is running, he says, as the candidate of a "rainbow coalition" of blacks, Hispanics, women, Indians, Chinese, Philippine-Americans. No one doubts that Jackson's charismatic personality will attract a following during the campaign, whether or not he does well in winning votes or delegates. There then comes the question of what happens next: at the Convention, Jackson will inevitably be a center of attention as the press seeks to learn whether he will back the nominee and what demands he will make in exchange for his support. This is a position that a number of people love to be in at Conventions, and there is no reason to think that Jackson will not make the most of it. Jackson, to carry out his rationale, will have to make some demands that cannot be met. Then there will be the problem of Jackson's trying to transfer the loyalty of his following—assuming he chooses to do so—to the Democratic nominee, of whom he will presumably have been critical. For those blacks who believe that the defeat of Ronald Reagan is the highest priority, this is a real worry. Jackson's candidacy may not, of course, last all the way to the Convention, but that doesn't mean he will not be a force there.

The personality issue that a number of prominent blacks have with Jackson

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is that they consider him unreliable and demagogic, a self-promoter. Some of this feeling may well, as Jackson and certain of his backers say, stem from jealousy and from the fact that many established black politicians have arrived at their current prominence in the world as it is and do not want the status quo disturbed. This sentiment does exist, but it may not be as cynically based as the Jackson forces feel: several black mayors have won election by putting together a coalition of blacks and whites, and they feel that a polarizing force, which many see Jackson to be, would make such a coalition impossible. There is also a sense on the part of several black leaders that while a key part of Jackson's mission is to get more blacks registered, black registration has been increasing dramatically since 1980, and a Jackson Presidential candidacy is not necessary to keep that going. Jackson, it was argued, could have mounted a registration drive without running as a candidate. Jackson and some of those sympathetic to his making the race suggest that objections were being raised to his candidacy—in contrast to that of, for example, Cranston, Hart, or McGovern—because he is a black. Jackson asks, "Where is the division sign on my forehead?" But the same arguments would not have been made if, say, Coleman Young or Tom Bradley, the mayor of Los Angeles, had entered the race. Both are men with solid political credentials; Jackson is a flamboyant, if engaging, character who is running to make a point. There is no question that Jackson's point is a serious one, and that his bringing more blacks into the political process—if he does it in a way that does not end in their disillusionment—could, as Jackson puts it, "liberalize the process." Yet there is also the question of precedent: what would happen to our political system if leaders of various causes entered the Presidential contests—within both parties—not for the purpose of winning the nomination but in order to gain the votes of a certain faction for negotiating purposes?

A number of elected black leaders have endorsed Mondale. They include Bradley, Bond, and Coleman Young, and Mondale's people believe that other black leaders are prepared to endorse him. Harold Washington, who became mayor of Chicago in a bitter election in April, has not endorsed Jackson, who played a prominent role in the Chicago contest. Jackson's role

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is said to have been considered not constructive by a number of people, including Mayor Washington. Jackson, who runs an organization called PUSH—People United to Serve Humanity—in Chicago, is a controversial figure there, and his saying on the night of Washington's victory in the primary, "We want it all," embarrassed the Washington people, who didn't want to drive away the white vote. Washington has said publicly that he has made no decision to support Jackson and has told a number of people privately that he expects to support Mondale. (Aside from Washington's own misgivings about Jackson, he is not enthusiastic about the idea of having Jackson, rather than himself, head the delegates from Chicago's black districts.) But the political atmosphere in Chicago these days is not unlike that of the Middle East, and Mondale already has the support of the white-dominated Cook County Central Committee, which is at war with the Mayor. Negotiating its way through this mess may be beyond the skills of the Mondale organization, which is very skilled. The Mondale camp tried, through various emissaries and in meetings with Jackson, to dissuade him from making the race. Recently, the Mondale staff did an analysis of the possible effect of Jackson's candidacy on the actual distribution of delegates in twenty-one of the states that will have held their contests by March 20th. The analysis assumed that black registration and turnout would be high, that white registration and turnout would be normal, and that Jackson would receive nearly a hundred per cent of the black vote and no white votes. It concluded that Jackson would win between fifty-eight and sixty-four delegates, out of the thirteen hundred and seventy-three to be chosen in those states. But this comforting statistical analysis does not deal with Jackson's effect on the vote percentages in these states—or with the dynamics of the race, which could show Jackson as the one stirring excitement among blacks, especially the young ones, and make him a volatile force throughout the election campaign.

I had a long talk with Jackson a couple of weeks ago. He was soft-spoken, thoughtful, and charming—and clearly, despite his public ambivalence at the time about whether he would enter, keen to get in the race. Jackson's private conversation is marked by the same sorts of rhymes

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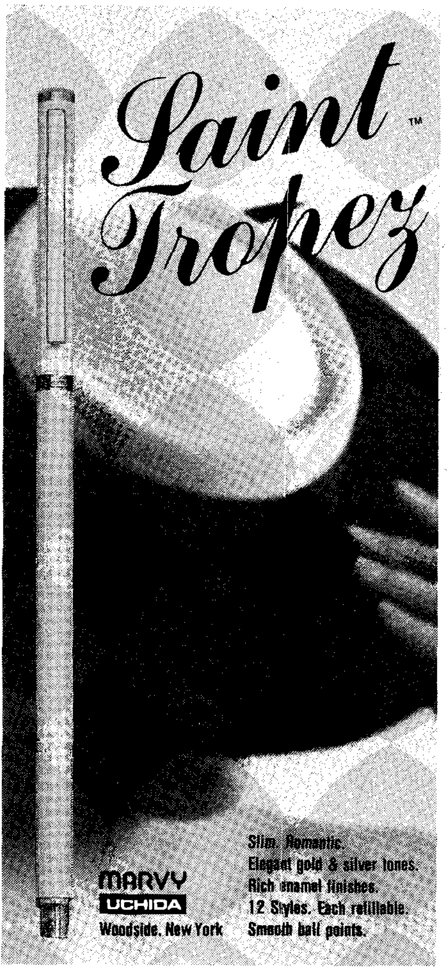
that he uses in his public speech. ("From the outhouse to the White House." "From slave ship to championship.") When we talked, he said, "Society is moving from the gutter of the racial battleground to the economic common ground." He continued, "When a steel mill in Alabama closes and moves to Korea, interests converge." Jackson said that his campaign would be about redistributing political power not just within the federal context but all the way down to local elections, and he said that the other candidates, and their elected allies in the Southern states, want to preserve the status quo. "So," he said, "the Party is going to have to make some fundamental change in the negotiation, have to make room for blacks and women and Hispanics. It's fundamental, because if we get our share of power we'll get our share of health and housing. Those are programs. The candidates are focussing on employment; we had that in slavery—everybody had a job." There is no question that Jackson will enliven the dialogue in the Democratic race; he is imaginative, and he can afford to be bold. He talks of job creation through rebuilding the slums, and criticizes the labor unions for running apprenticeship programs that do not provide enough slots for blacks. He pointed out that in nine Southern states, where more than a third of the blacks live, there are no black congressmen; that Texas and Tennessee have only one black congressman each; and that there are only three Hispanic congressmen from Texas. Jackson attributes the lack of minority officeholders to roadblocks thrown in the way of minority participation: dual registration requirements (in Mississippi, people must register in both their county and the nearest city); gerrymandering; requirements for runoff elections, which prevent a black who wins a plurality from being elected; and other methods of diluting the minority vote. He said that the movement for an Equal Rights Amendment, which he would embrace in his campaign, should be seen not as an upper-middle-class movement but as one working for "the emancipation of a lot of poor women living without a husband." He said, "It's somewhat academic to discuss roles when only one lives in the house." He pointed out that more than half of all poor children live in households headed by women.

In our conversation, Jackson listed, as he does in his public appearances,



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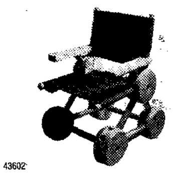

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the Southern states that Reagan carried by small margins, thus indicating that new black registration could make the difference. He pointed out that Reagan won eight Southern and border states, where there were almost two million unregistered blacks, by a hundred and ninety-two thousand votes. (In his public appearances, he calls these unregistered voters "rocks just laying around.")

I asked Jackson if he thought it mattered whether Glenn or Mondale was nominated.

He paused, and then said, "Not fundamentally. Blacks tend to prefer Mondale—they know him better and think his record is better. But our focus is not from the top down but from the bottom up. We're interested in state and local elections as well as the Presidency. Three or four more blacks and Hispanics on the tickets would liberalize the process." Jackson pointed out that there are eleven million blacks registered, out of almost eighteen million, and he said that if fourteen million blacks are registered, and two million more Hispanics are registered, "Reagan cannot win—and no one can ignore their demands."

I asked Jackson what he would do about encouraging his supporters to back the Democratic nominee in the general election.

He replied, "How the candidates treat us and the issues we raise will determine our response. We must have a reciprocal relationship. The issues that are crucial to us—dual registration, integrated slates, and so on—cannot be put on the back burner. Anyone who doesn't work on those takes our support for granted and is at risk. Never again can the ticket write us off. If we have just expanded the number of Democrats without expanding our role in democracy, we will have failed." He added, "There are a lot of by-products of what we're doing. We're changing the American consciousness. The minute I step on the stage with those seven guys, it's a psychological change. It'll affect not only blacks but women and Hispanics. They'll think, If he can argue about Euromissiles and industrial policy, I can do that, too."

JOHN GLENN's candidacy took off in the polls shortly after he announced—in a picture-book ceremony, on April 21st, in his home town of New Concord, Ohio—that he was running, and by mid-May the fashionable thought in Washington was that

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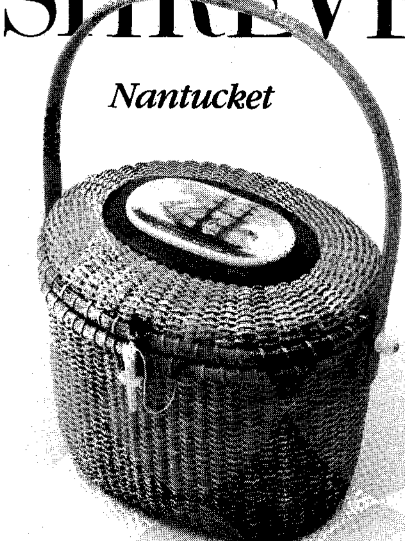

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the nomination was Glenn's, that Mondale was finished. The Mondale campaign had expected Glenn to enjoy a surge, but not so soon. Even at that time, as it happens, there was a wide disparity in what the polls showed. The major change in the relative positions of Glenn and Mondale was indicated in the polls taken by the Los Angeles *Times*, which in early April had shown Mondale ahead of Glenn by seventeen points and a month later behind him by two points. In June, the Los Angeles *Times* showed Mondale ahead again by four points, and the New York *Times*–CBS News poll showed him ahead by only two points, but other polls taken during June showed Mondale ahead by fourteen points (Gallup) and thirteen points (Harris). Glenn has not led Mondale in the polls since, and recent polls have shown Mondale anywhere from two to twenty-eight points ahead of Glenn. The Gallup poll published November 2nd showed Mondale leading Glenn by nineteen points—an increase of ten points over Gallup's September poll—and a Washington *Post*–ABC News poll just released showed Mondale leading Glenn among registered Democrats by twenty-eight points, an increase of fifteen points over its poll of a month before. The new poll included Jesse Jackson and showed him coming in third, and it showed Mondale increasing his lead over Glenn in the South and the West. McGovern came in fourth, with six per cent, and no other candidate received more than two per cent. (The disparities among the polls have to do with the samples they use and the questions they ask. The only guide, then, is the change in the standing of the candidates as measured by the same polling organization.) The polls are not predictive, of course; they are snapshots of the moment. But candidates—especially if they are ahead—set great store by them, because polls affect their ability to attract backers, to raise money, and to convey a sense that they are on the move. Until recently, the polls have consistently shown Glenn doing better against Reagan than Mondale does (the latest Gallup survey showed Mondale doing better against Reagan than does Glenn), though there are strong differences of opinion here over which man would be the more effective general-election candidate. However, the election is so far off, and so much can happen between now and then, that such speculation is essentially futile.

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The straw polls that have been held this year not only have tended to favor Mondale but have helped him with his strategic objectives. These events are often written off as meaningless, but they in fact can have an important effect on the nomination contest. The 1980 election was preceded by attention-getting straw polls in Florida and Iowa, and this year a number of other states picked up the idea. A straw poll is usually held in connection with a fund-raising dinner or a state party convention, and it is a good way for a state party to raise money and get the candidates to pay attention to the state. The Mondale campaign figured that Mondale, as the front-runner, had to enter most of the straw polls to validate his position, and it also saw these contests as a way of forcing other candidates to use up their resources, and of demonstrating that they did not have real strength. Other candidates, by contrast, saw the straw polls as a way of establishing themselves. Glenn passed up some of the straw polls—his campaign preferred to save its resources for next year—but he did make either real or token efforts in a few places; sometimes the passing up occurred after an initial effort was made and the prospects did not look good. Moreover, the straw polls have reverberations in both the pre-primary and the primary periods. In the pre-primary period, victories or losses in one state affect attitudes about a candidate's chances not only in that state but elsewhere—and thus his ability to raise money and attract supporters. And they can lay the groundwork for the real contests in those states the following year. After Mondale, Cranston got the most out of the straw polls, by coming in first or second in several places. The first straw poll—in California, in January—was won, as expected, by Cranston, since this is his home state, and he had worked hard not to be embarrassed at the state convention; but Mondale came in second, and also was the most effective speaker at the state convention—showing that he could excite a Democratic audience. (Mondale had demonstrated this before, but the word that he is a dull speaker follows him, so he has to keep proving he can rouse an audience.) Glenn and Hart, who also attended the California convention, ran a poor third and fourth. (Since then, Mondale has overtaken Cranston in California polls; a Los Angeles *Times* poll published quite recently showed Mondale leading Cranston forty-three

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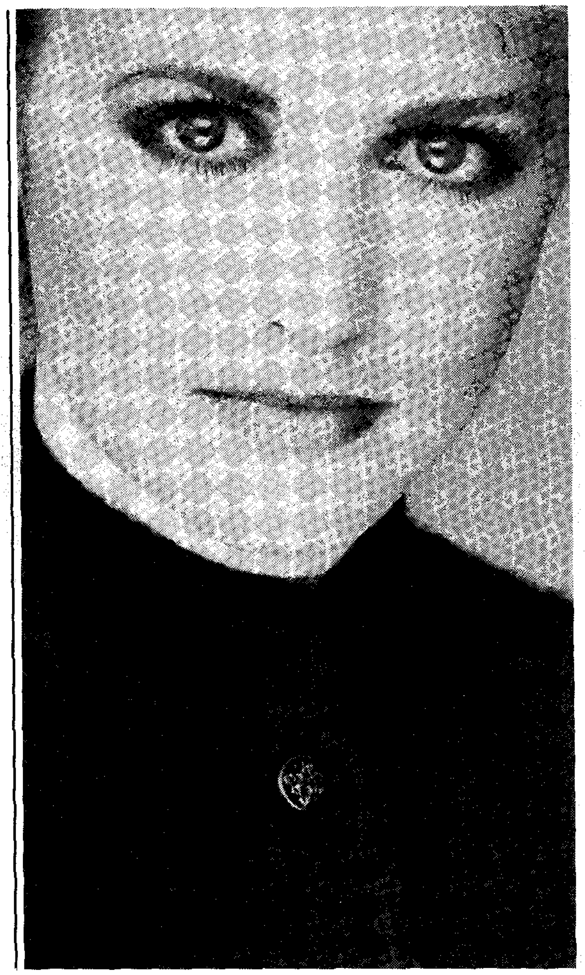

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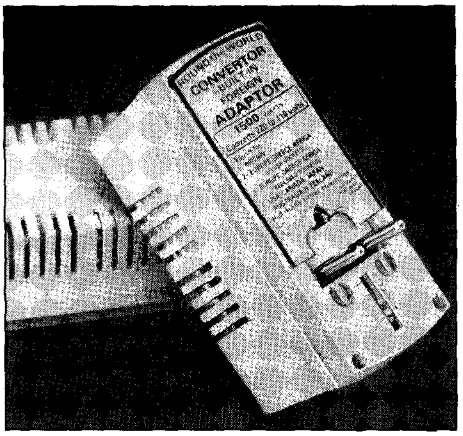

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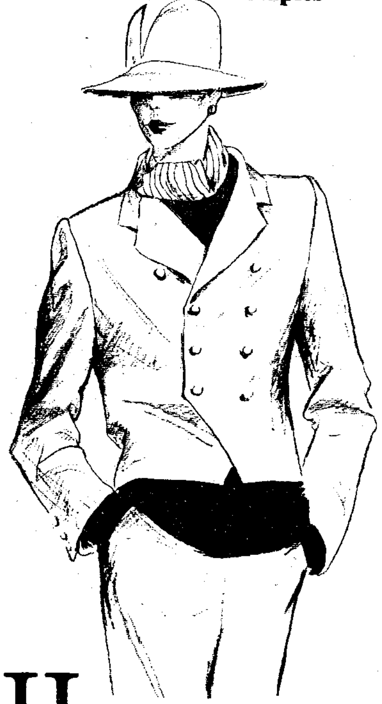

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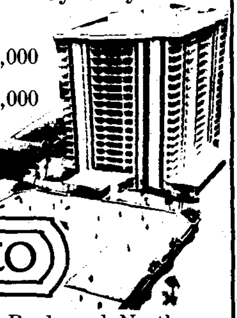

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per cent to eighteen per cent, with Glenn at fourteen per cent. McGovern received eight per cent. The poll said that in a two-way race Mondale would defeat Glenn sixty-five per cent to twenty-six per cent.) In the Massachusetts straw poll, on April 9th, Mondale came in first, Cranston second, Glenn third, and Hart fourth. This was a big defeat for Hart, who was then vying with Cranston to be the third man in the race, after Mondale and Glenn. The Mondale forces suffered a setback when, much to their surprise, Mondale lost the Wisconsin straw poll, in June, to Cranston. Cranston and his supporters had simply worked harder, and Cranston won by thirty-nine per cent to Mondale's thirty-six per cent. Hart was third and Glenn was fourth. One irony of the event in Wisconsin was that the Mondale people had essentially cooked it up, in the hope that Cranston would do better there than Hart, whom they then saw as the stronger rival of the two. Hart did try hard there, and his poor showing affected his campaign elsewhere. (A poll taken by the Milwaukee *Sentinel* a week after the straw poll had Mondale coming in first, with forty-nine per cent; Glenn second, with twenty per cent; and Cranston third, with nine per cent.) Cranston then won a meaningless straw poll among a hundred and twenty-four Alabama Young Democrats attending their state convention; the only other candidate who contested this particular event was Hollings. (For good measure, Cranston had chartered a riverboat to take delegates on a cruise the night before the vote.) In September, Glenn beat Mondale at a New Jersey state party convention—Glenn appeared before the convention and Mondale did not. The Mondale people essentially did pass that one up, but still they were not happy with the outcome. There were larger stakes in a Maine state-convention straw poll, held October 1st, because Mondale made a major effort and spent quite a bit of money on it, and would be seen to be in big trouble if he lost. And Hollings also made a major effort in Maine, to try to demonstrate that he was a national candidate; in the days before the event, there were a number of news stories indicating that he might do well, or even win—and that this would show the flimsiness of the Mondale lead. Cranston, too, worked hard and spent quite a bit of money in Maine. Mondale won, with fifty-one per cent of the vote;

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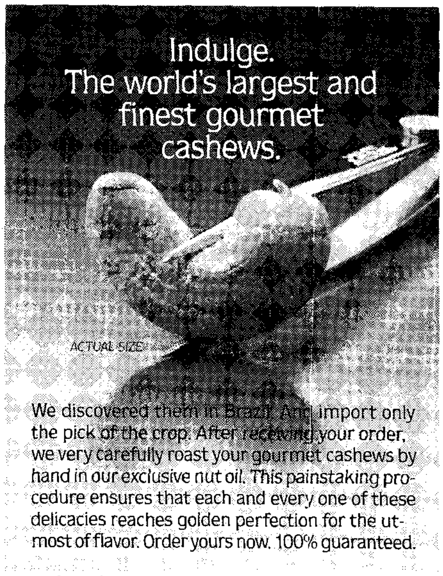

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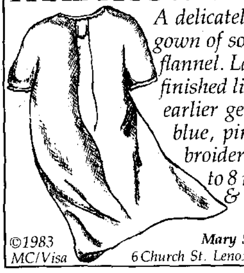

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Cranston came in second, with twenty-nine per cent; and Hollings came in third, with eleven per cent. Glenn, who had made an initial effort in Maine and then pulled back, came in fourth; he did make an appearance at the convention, and argued that he was the Democrat most likely to defeat Reagan. The Mondale campaign expects its work in Maine to carry over into 1984 in two respects: in the course of the exercise about a hundred campaign workers were trained there, to be then farmed out to other states; and the Mondale people felt that they had made such a thorough effort in Maine that it was hard to see how any other candidate, especially Glenn, could get very far there next year. In early October, Mondale won a straw poll at a Jefferson-Jackson Day dinner in Des Moines, Iowa, and at the same time a poll of Iowa Democrats by the Des Moines *Register* showed that Mondale led Glenn, forty-six per cent to twenty-seven per cent, and that Mondale did as well as Glenn against Reagan (both beat him by about ten percentage points).

The last straw poll of the year took place in late October, at the Florida state convention. Askew won, as he was expected to, since he is a former governor of the state, but the significant news out of the occasion was that Mondale came in second, with thirty-five per cent, while Glenn, who also attended—and again made an initial effort to do well—came in third, with eighteen per cent. At the same time, a poll by three Florida newspapers showed Mondale as the first choice of registered Democrats in Florida, with Askew second and Glenn third. The significance of Florida is that the South will be a major area of combat between Mondale and Glenn, and three Southern states—Florida, Alabama, and Georgia—will hold contests on March 13th. It has been an assumption of the Glenn campaign that Glenn, the more moderate of the two candidates, and the one with a stronger pro-defense record, would do better than Mondale in the South. The Mondale people have been arguing that this is not necessarily the case: that with some black support (even with Jackson in the race) and the support of organized labor, Mondale could beat Glenn—and, later, Reagan—in the South.

In some instances, the differences between the Glenn and Mondale approaches to the campaign may arise more out of necessity than either camp

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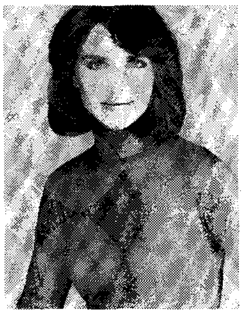

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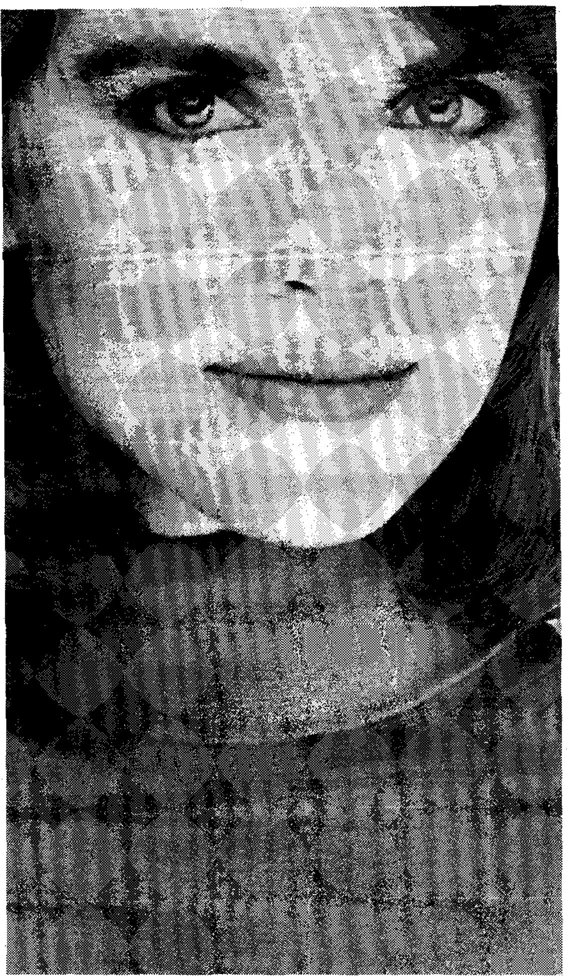

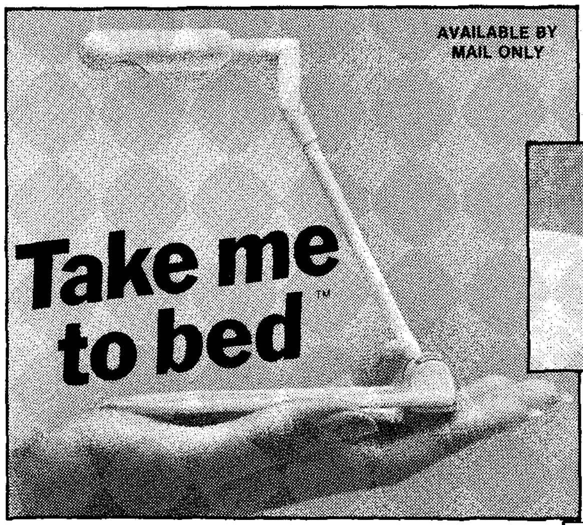

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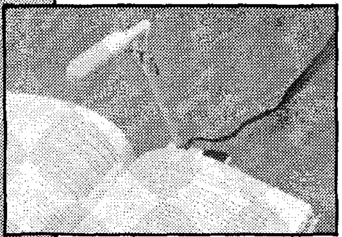

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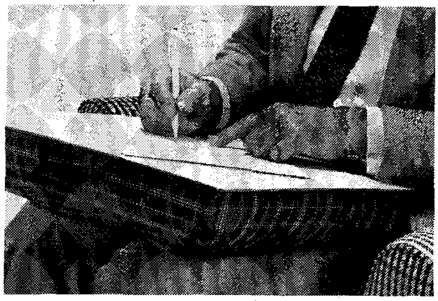

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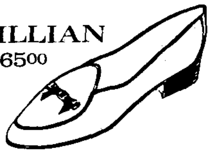

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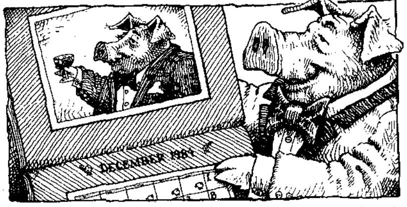

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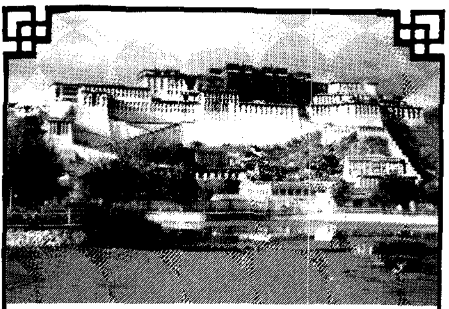
would admit. The so-called special-interests issue—the fact that an important part of Mondale's strategy has been to seek the support of major interest groups in the Party—is a case in point. There is some validity to the issue, and there is also some phoniness to it. The valid issue is whether Mondale, having courted and won the support of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., which endorsed him on October 1st—the first pre-Convention endorsement ever made by the federation—and of the large teachers' union, the National Education Association, and having sought the support of other major constituency groups of the Democratic Party, would be able to govern. Implicit in this is a question about Mondale's inner strength. The question is how he would, once in office, deal with the groups that had given him support—whether he would shape the compromises that must be made among the competing interests in this country, or would be paralyzed. But governing is a process of working out accommodations among competing interests, and another question is whether or not one is better able to do that if one has had the support of and close relationships with major groups. It is natural for the other candidates to try to use the special-interests issue against Mondale—and through that to convey that he may be weak—but the fact is that others would have been happy to have the support of the Democratic constituency groups. Both Cranston and Glenn tried for the A.F.L.-C.I.O. endorsement, or at least tried to block Mondale from getting it. It is altogether possible that some adroit moves by the Glenn campaign could have warded off the endorsements of Mondale by the A.F.L.-C.I.O. and the N.E.A. All the candidates complied with a request by the N.E.A. to supply videotaped addresses to its June meeting—and they went before other interest groups, submitting themselves to often humiliating tests of fealty. Most of the candidates have made strong pitches to environmental groups, women's groups, and so on. (Cranston even told the National Women's Political Caucus that as President he would withhold federal funds for bridges and the like from states that did not endorse the Equal Rights Amendment.) When Edward Kennedy challenged Jimmy Carter in 1980, one of his devices was to appeal to the liberal interest groups on the ground that Carter had not done enough for them. Ronald



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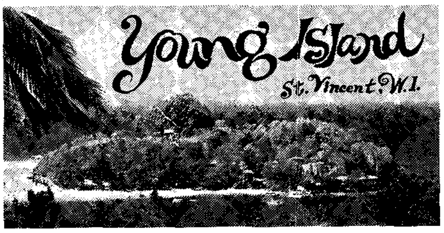

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Reagan routinely appears before interest groups whose support he is seeking to maintain—signing bills and making promises. The question is not whether a politician has appealed to the interest groups but which interest groups he has appealed to, and then how, having received their support, he deals with them.

THE thesis of the Glenn campaign is that Glenn represents what most Democrats—as opposed to most Democratic activists, those who normally turn out for caucuses and primaries—are looking for, and that if the Democratic turnout is increased Glenn can win the nomination. The corollary is, as one Glenn adviser put it, that "if there is not a large enough turnout, we lose." The Mondale strategists say that the Glenn people are deluding themselves if they believe that there is a large pool of new Democratic voters who will be drawn to the more conservative candidate. The largest group of new voters that will participate, says a Mondale strategist, is made up of those most likely to vote for a liberal candidate—blacks, Hispanics, and women. Besides, he adds, Mondale has a stronger motivating force—Reagan—for bringing in his new participants than Glenn has.

Glenn's people believe that Glenn is uniquely well positioned as a candidate in 1984: that he is not too associated with the past, that his identity as an astronaut conveys the idea that he is modern and capable of dealing with the technological future, and that his centrism and moderation are what both the Democratic Party and the nation are looking for. They also recognize that there are hazards in his approach to trying to win the nomination. The Glenn people's thesis that Glenn represents what most Democrats are looking for grows out of their survey research—polling, open-ended interviews with small groups, and so on—and as they describe it one can see how the research and the campaign are being made to fit. One thing that struck the Glenn people was that their research indicated that most Democrats felt that the Reagan economic program had been necessary—that the Democrats had let things get out of hand. One important Glenn strategist says that he was, in fact, surprised by the degree to which Reagan is still held in high regard among Democrats, and he added that the more tolerant Democrats were of Reagan, the more sym-

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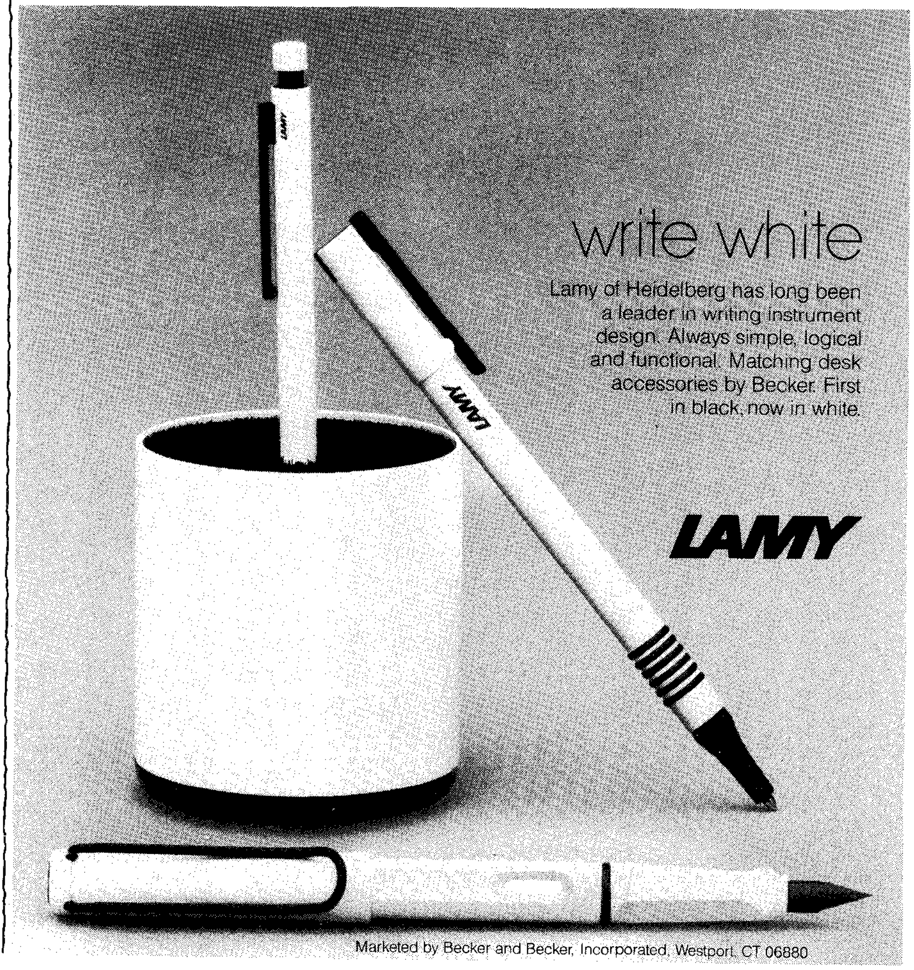

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pathetic they were to Glenn. Another thing that struck the Glenn people was that when they asked which former President could best handle the situation in the world today the most frequent answer was John F. Kennedy (actually, this should not have been very surprising). In crass political terms, one adviser said, this helps Glenn, because of his past association with the Kennedys. John Kennedy associated himself at once with Glenn's earth-orbiting space shot, in 1962, and Glenn and his wife, Annie, soon became friends of the Kennedy family. It was the Kennedys who encouraged Glenn to go into politics, hoping that his status as a hero would help the Democrats hold a Senate seat in Ohio. Robert Kennedy, who admired people who had faced great physical challenge, also became a friend of Glenn's, and asked Glenn to campaign with him during his race for the Presidency in 1968. (Relations between Edward Kennedy and Glenn are cool.) "The Kennedy thing jumped out at us," says David Sawyer, Glenn's media adviser, "and we realized that what people connected him with were things we could connect with: the future, excellence, getting the country moving, a sense that we can do it together, goals. Kennedy said we could put a man on the moon in ten years, and we did." The Glenn campaign tries to evoke the Kennedy ethos in a number of ways. A five-minute ad that it ran on CBS in mid-October, on the night before the première, in Washington, of "The Right Stuff," the movie about the astronauts, showed Glenn riding in a car with John Kennedy after the space flight. Glenn summons up the can-do spirit of the Kennedy era, advocating, for example, a "ten-year plan" to make all Americans literate, thus evoking Kennedy's moon program.

The Glenn people say that their research shows that Glenn is associated with positive qualities—bravery, honesty, strength, an understanding of the future, an association with technology—and that people view Mondale as a politician and as representing the past. One Glenn adviser says that the ongoing controversy between Glenn and Mondale, which began this fall, was not helpful, because it was important for Glenn to live up to the positive attributes associated with him and not be seen as another brawling politician. (The Mondale people also saw that if Glenn the hero was lured into a political brawl he would look less heroic—particularly if he didn't take it very well.) The Glenn advisers also say that their research indicates one major problem for Glenn: no one knows much about him other than the fact that he was an astronaut (many think he walked on the moon). One adviser said, "The crucial thing for us is to go out there and fill the tabula rasa about him." The problem, as the Glenn people see it, is that Glenn is not associated in the public mind with contemporary issues. They want to present Glenn as a figure of the future and Mondale as one of the past, and they see Mondale's efforts to engage Glenn in debate about his voting record in the Senate as an attempt to center the discussion on Glenn's past rather than on his vision of the future. A number of Glenn's advisers talked to me about the need to "fill in the blanks" about John Glenn in the public mind. One said, "People don't have any handle on what he's been doing for the past twenty years, or what he's all about. Our problem is to define that before anybody else does. And that's what Mondale is trying to do. His polling is as good as ours. He's trying to define for the electorate that John Glenn is a Republican; we're trying to define that he's their kind of Democrat." Another Glenn adviser said he thought that the argument had helped Glenn draw the contrast between himself as representing the new and Mondale as representing the old, but that there was a danger if the battling kept going. "If the heat stays up for very long, my guess is that Mondale will get his constituency aroused one hundred per cent," he said. "If the heat doesn't stay up too long, there's going to be a lot of his constituency available to us."

Because the Glenn people are so concerned that Glenn will be seen as simply an astronaut, and not as a man who has any connection with issues that are of importance to Democrats, they have been putting out position papers and having Glenn give speeches about education, the environment, the Middle East (this is in part to deal with Glenn's problem with Jewish voters, many of whom have found him insufficiently supportive of Israel; in the speech, Glenn proposed that the American Embassy be moved from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem—a litmus-test issue for many backers of Israel). They have devised their five-point programs on a number of subjects. One of Glenn's closest aides said to me in early November that the problem that Glenn would be seen as running as a hero, a celebrity, had dogged the campaign all along, and was more virulent than they had expected. "This period is critical to us," he said. "We always knew that this fall was when Glenn would become known to more people, and that if we failed to show that he has positions on the issues and a vision of the future and a concept of the Presidency we wouldn't make it." Therefore, the Glenn people decided to make a major effort to get Glenn on network television programs, talking substance. But another adviser said at about the same time that they plan to attack Mondale with even more intensity as a figure of the past.

The Glenn campaign appears to have run into the substance problem for two reasons: it has tried to have it both ways on the matter of his celebrity as an astronaut; and Glenn has in fact been vague on issues and in several instances has betrayed something of a lack of grasp. The Glenn people were perfectly delighted that "The Right Stuff" opened this fall. William Hamilton, Glenn's pollster, told me, "The movie helps define him in terms of an era of history and it associates him with that era and its positive character traits." He added, "But it puts more pressure on us to show how he would put those personality traits into a style of leadership for the eighties." (According to a very good book about Glenn by Frank Van Riper, called "Glenn: The Astronaut Who Would Be President," one of the most famous scenes in the movie—the one in which Glenn tells his wife that if she doesn't want Vice-President Lyndon Johnson in their house during Glenn's orbital shot then he should not be there, a scene based on an episode in Tom Wolfe's book "The Right Stuff"—does not have it quite right. It is a fact that Mrs. Glenn, who until quite recently had a severe stuttering problem, was terrified at the idea of having Johnson, and the press corps accompanying him, in the house. According to Van Riper, however, the issue was not Johnson himself but the fact that the astronauts had signed over the exclusive rights to their story to *Life*, and Johnson was insisting that the *Life* reporter who was with Mrs. Glenn leave the house and let Johnson and his press contingent in. Glenn confirmed to Van Riper that the issue was not Johnson's presence but

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the *Life* contract. As told in Van Riper's book, Glenn simply asked the NASA people to do whatever his wife wanted and to stick to the terms of the agreement with *Life*. Glenn told Van Riper, "Did I object to the Vice-President calling on Annie? No, not at all.")

A Glenn adviser said to me, "If you gave Glenn and Mondale the choice of either an endorsement by the A.F.L.-C.I.O. or the movie, Mondale would pick the A.F.L.-C.I.O. endorsement and Glenn would pick the movie." The Glenn five-minute network ad shows Glenn in his space suit and then shows his space flight taking off as the voice from mission control says, "Godspeed, John Glenn." (The voice-over says, "They call him one of the true American heroes—hurtling through space at five miles per second, as the whole world held its breath.") Then it shows Glenn in the car with Kennedy. The Glenn people are disturbed that the press seems to have focussed on the space shot rather than on Glenn's discussion of the issues in the ad. However, one of them did say to me that though the scenes of the space shot and of Glenn with Kennedy took only twelve seconds of the actual four minutes and twenty seconds of the spot, they were the most dramatic. The ad stresses another theme: it says that "only one man is talking about the future," and reiterates that Glenn has "goals" for the future. In the ad, Glenn says, "We're just moving into a whole new time period that has tremendous advantages for the future, if we just set goals and go for it." ("Go for it" and "Thumbs up" are part of the Glenn lexicon.) The ad says that Glenn "doesn't play to the special interests, doesn't play the old political game," and stresses subjects that Glenn has tried to identify with in his campaign: education, research, a commitment to peace.

Glenn himself emphasizes his career as a Marine fighter-pilot—he was in both the Second World War and the Korean War—and as an astronaut as a political credential. His statement at a forum featuring all the candidates, in New York City, on October 6th, that he was no "celluloid candidate" was an echo of a familiar Glenn theme. He said that he had been in the Marine Corps for twenty-three years: "I went through two wars, and I know what it's like to be in combat. . . . I wasn't doing 'Hellcats of the Navy' "—a movie Reagan starred in—"when I went through a hundred and forty-nine missions. That wasn't celluloid; that was the real thing. And when I sat on top of that booster down there, getting ready to go, it wasn't 'Star Trek' or 'Star Wars,' I can guarantee you that. It was representing the future of this country." Glenn used a similar device in his campaign against Howard Metzenbaum for the Ohio Senate seat in 1974. (He had lost a primary campaign against Metzenbaum in 1970. Now both men are in the Senate, and their relationship is notably bad.) Glenn often says that he doesn't have to watch late-night movies to see what war is like, that he knows how it feels to tell the next of kin of the death of a loved one in battle. (He talks in this vein in the five-minute ad: "I've been shot at myself. My plane was hit on twelve different occasions.") His aides say that the point of this emphasis is to show Glenn's commitment to peace. Van Riper, whose book is not unsympathetic to Glenn and was recommended to me by the Glenn staff, says that Glenn really believed that his war record and career as an astronaut, and his decent family life, entitled him to the Senate seat and to a chance to lead the nation, and that his own staff has warned him not to convey this attitude in his race for the Presidency. The book also shows Glenn, for all his easygoing, pleasant style, as a fiercely competitive man: he went to great lengths to be chosen as an astronaut, was highly competitive with his fellow-astronauts (and was not very popular among them as a result), and went into a rage and then a depression when he was not selected for the first space flight.

Glenn has always been a bit of a loner in politics, and seems to have little taste for the political rough-and-tumble—factors that are relevant to the sort of President he might be. He tends to be unforgiving of people who have opposed him in campaigns or on issues. He is not one for palling around with his Senate colleagues—often a prerequisite for getting things done. His style in the Senate has been to take a position—he is often slow to make up his mind—and then wait for others to come around to it. His most notable accomplishment as a senator was sponsorship of legislation to curb nuclear proliferation—one of the most important issues of the age. Beyond that, his Senate career is a bit of a blur. One of Glenn's colleagues says that an important clue to understanding him is the fact that he grew up in an essentially Republican milieu and did not much think about politics until, urged by the Kennedys, he entered in—that this is why it is somewhat difficult to locate him. (Glenn has said that he used to be a Republican.) Two characteristics that emerge from conversations about him with other politicians, and with his staff, are his lonerness, and that he is a stickler for detail and tends not to see the larger picture. An analogy to the engineer's approach of Jimmy Carter is sometimes suggested. More than one Glenn adviser told me recently that a problem the campaign was facing was that Glenn wanted to be deeply involved in the development of the issues he would present. Actually, the problem may be not that he wants to be so involved—presumably a candidate should be involved in developing the issues he presents to the public—but that his positions on issues have not been developed by now. Several staff members felt that Glenn was spending more time in Washington this fall—as opposed to being on the road—than they would have liked. "He rebelled," one adviser told me. Another said, "He's a studier, compulsive. He wants to dot every 'i' and cross every 't.' That's good—you don't want somebody to go off the deep end—but, my God, it's hard to get a brochure printed."

Glenn has a lot of strengths as a media candidate—just as Mondale has weaknesses in this respect—and it is on television that most voters see the candidates. Glenn's wholesome, apple-pie face is an attractive television face. David Sawyer says, "You can put the camera right up to his face—closer than to Walter Mondale's or Ronald Reagan's—and strength comes through." Glenn has the strong physique and the bearing that people tend to associate with leadership. He appears calm and in command on television; he projects sincerity and confidence. Mondale, by contrast, still tightens up on television; his voice is reedy. Glenn's voice is warm and mellow. Still, Sawyer says, "Our greatest difficulty is, How do you convey excitement with moderation? It is more difficult to convey excitement around centrism." The hope, he says, is that people will respond to the intensity and straightness that Glenn conveys.

The Glenn people seem to have been unprepared for the enormous demands of running a national campaign—especially under the new timetable. And they were apparently unprepared

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for the pressures that the campaign put on Glenn. "This thing is playing out much faster than I thought it would," a key Glenn adviser said to me recently. Unlike Mondale, Glenn had to put together a campaign organization consisting of people who had not worked together before; unlike Mondale, Glenn was often going into a city, and meeting the local political leaders, for the first time. Glenn had not spent as long as Mondale marinating in the issues, and was less intellectually inclined to do so. Mondale is widely said to have the best political organization ever assembled—should he lose the nomination, its reputation for genius will end rapidly—and Mondale himself has had long years of political seasoning. A Glenn adviser said, "One of our weaknesses, and one of their strengths, is that, unlike us, they've all worked together for years, and Mondale is a consummate politician. He understands how politics works at the constituent level, at other levels. Glenn doesn't have the automatic political instincts that Mondale has." The group around Glenn has recently gone through some turmoil—the man with the most experience in political organization has left. The Glenn people say that the shakeup did not have to do, as was said in the press, with an argument over whether the emphasis of the campaign should be on organization or media, and that the result will be a tightening of the management of its organizational activities. The immediate result of the reorganization of the Glenn campaign staff is that, next to William White, the campaign manager—a forty-two-year-old Ohioan who has been with Glenn since 1969—the two most important figures in the campaign are major Washington lobbyists. One is Thomas Boggs, who is forty-three and is one of Washington's most famous lawyer-lobbyists. Boggs is one of the preëminent practitioners of the new art of winning influence among lawmakers by steering campaign funds their way. He has helped Glenn raise funds, and another of his major roles in the campaign, other than offering general advice, is to work on the five hundred and sixty-eight elected officials and Party leaders who will attend the Convention as unpledged delegates. These people can commit to a candidate before the Convention. In fact, one of the largest delegate contests will take place in January, when the House Democrats select the hundred and sixty-four House members to

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attend the Convention. The Senate will probably select its twenty-seven delegates in February. The Mondale people, also using Washington lobbyists, have been working for quite some time on lining up as much support among these groups as possible, and now Boggs will be making a major effort on Glenn's behalf. (As one Glenn aide explained, "These are the people he is in contact with anyway.") The other major figure in the Glenn campaign is Robert Keefe, a Washington lobbyist with longtime ties to the Democratic Party. The last two Presidential campaigns that Keefe played an important role in were those of Henry Jackson and Birch Bayh. The Glenn people say that a significant role will also be played by James Jones, a moderate-to-conservative young House member from Oklahoma, who is the chairman of the House Budget Committee.

Right now, because of the various states' filing dates, the campaigns have to be involved in, among other things, drawing up their delegate slates in Florida, Illinois, and Pennsylvania—and drawing up delegate slates involves dicey questions of allocating seats among one's various supporters, achieving racial balance, rewarding contributors, and so on. The Glenn people concede that the Mondale campaign is now in a far better position to do this than they are. Moreover, Glenn, like the other candidates, has had to spend a great deal of time on fund-raising. Since the candidates can raise funds in amounts of only up to a thousand dollars per individual contributor, and since they need to raise millions, this takes a great deal of their time. Of course, fund-raisers for the candidates aggregate, through various techniques, large sums of money. The Mondale people expect to have raised more than Glenn has by the end of this year, and to have raised more of it in small sums that will be matched by the government—which matches amounts of up to two hundred and fifty dollars. The Mondale people believe they will continue to have a substantial financial advantage over Glenn, because they have a much larger base of smaller contributors, whom they can resolicit next year. Mondale started with broader and deeper ties within the Democratic community of contributors; Glenn, after tapping his natural base of support in Ohio, has opened new sources of funding in some areas—in particular, Texas—and has had some help from Boggs and others in

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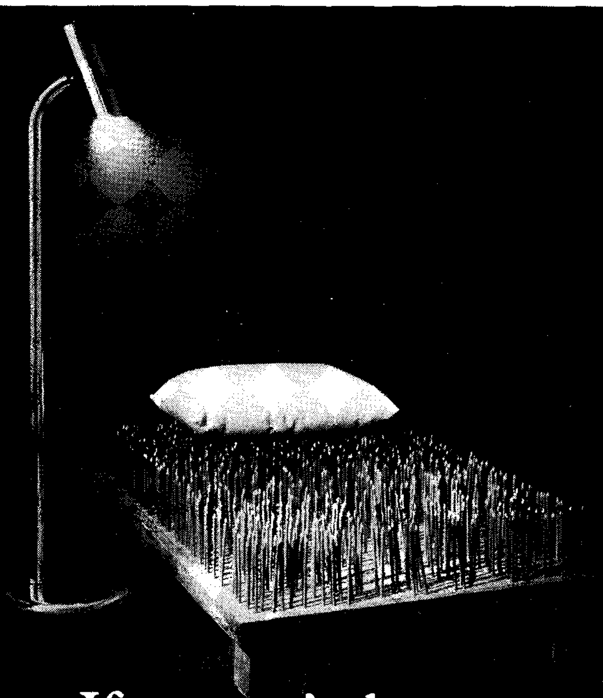

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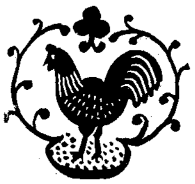
the District of Columbia. "The problem," a Glenn adviser said to me in mid-October, "is organizing the issues and ideas and the campaign in time."

Another thing that has clearly been worrying the Glenn camp somewhat is Glenn's lack of political surefootedness. He has already made a number of the sort of political errors that cause anxiety among campaign managers. In August, 1982, he walked right into one of politics' greatest danger zones by suggesting, at a breakfast with reporters, that Social Security might be made voluntary for younger people. This, of course, raises the question of how retired people would be supported. Sensing that he was in trouble, he backed off. Last summer, at an arms-control forum in Iowa, the candidates were asked under what circumstances they would use nuclear weapons against the Soviet Union. Glenn said that he would not "respond with hundreds of weapons" if the Soviet Union fired a single nuclear weapon at a remote area in the Western United States, but added that if there was a major nuclear attack "it would be inconceivable to me that a U.S. President wouldn't reply in kind." The latter comment drew gasps from the pro-arms-control audience, but it was on the first point that Glenn later reversed himself, saying, "I guess what I should have said is if they shoot us, we shoot back. That's it." This fall, he told the National Organization for Women, to their displeasure, "We all loafed on the E.R.A. too much." He apologized later. Even his argument in the New York City forum that he was not a "celluloid candidate" may not have been a very good move, since it was in rebuttal to a remark that had been made by Governor Mario Cuomo, who was at that point making up his mind whom to endorse. Part of the problem seems to come from a certain lack of political feel—or "polish" as one of his advisers puts it—and part from an uncertain grasp of substance. At the New York forum, for example, Glenn said that America used to be a capital-intensive country but is now a labor-intensive country—which got it backward—and he was vague in other respects.



In mid-October, Glenn's own staff was clearly concerned about how he had handled the contretemps with Mondale. Though Glenn had been saying that the Party would lose if it appealed to the "special interests," he had declined an invitation by Cuomo, in his appearance in Syracuse in late September, to specify where he differed with Mondale on the issues. Mondale welcomed the opportunity to cite such differences when he appeared at a forum in Rochester two days later. (Each of the candidates appeared alone at a forum in the state before all seven appeared together in New York City.) Mondale set himself apart from Glenn by saying that he had supported the SALT II Treaty, which Glenn had opposed, and that he had opposed Reagan's economic program, which Glenn had supported. The theory was that these are "voting issues" among Democrats, and that Glenn should be put on the defensive. Mondale then took to saying that he was the "real Democrat." Glenn came back at Mondale at the all-candidate forum by suggesting, in his closing statement, that the Democrats would lose if they "offer a Party that can't say no to any group with a letterhead and a mailing list . . . is against any weapons system . . . wants to replace the Reagan program of the twenties with programs of the sixties." Mondale took the next opportunity to fire back, at the Jefferson-Jackson Day dinner in Des Moines, on October 8th, when he delivered a blistering attack on Glenn's support of "Reaganomics" and his opposition to SALT II. Mondale called the Reagan economic program "perhaps the most radical measure of our time" and the most "comprehensive onslaught against social justice in modern time." He continued, "Of all the measures in modern political history in which the forces of special interests clashed with the profound public interest of our nation, I cannot recall a single instance where the issues were as clear. . . .That would have been a good time for a Democrat who's against special interests to stand up and vote no." Glenn's response to reporters, two days later, went further than his advisers had planned, saying that the Reagan economic program was a necessary antidote to the "disastrous, failed policies" of the Carter Administration. Mondale, scarcely able to disguise his glee, said he was amazed that Glenn would be running as a defender of Reaganomics. Glenn's problem was compounded when he could not tell reporters of any instances in which he had opposed Carter's economic policies—and, subsequently, statements Glenn had made in 1980 that the economy was improving came to light, as did the fact that Glenn had been a strong supporter in the Senate of Carter's programs. In the course of the campaign, Glenn had offered varying rationales for his support of Reagan's tax-cut program: that the economic theories behind it might be correct; that the Democrats could not put through a program of their own and the public had demanded a change in economic policy. Glenn's advisers were distressed that he had got himself tied to Reaganomics and had gone so far in attacking Carter. Carter may not be enormously popular these days, but he does have some support within the Democratic Party, and even Democrats who don't much admire him didn't like to see such an attack on him from within their own party. Glenn also complained to reporters that "some of our specific votes were . . . brought up for specific comment or ridicule or criticism." He was correct in pointing out that only seven Democratic senators had voted against the final form of the Reagan tax-cut bill.

This whole business overtook a substantive speech Glenn gave at the National Press Club, on October 12th, about arms control—but it may have been just as well, from his point of view. In an attempt to show that he favored certain new arms-control initiatives, he proposed a moratorium on the stationing of ground-launched cruise missiles in Europe, scheduled for this fall. Such a move would undermine those Western European nations that had already taken the politically difficult step of agreeing to accept the cruise missiles. It would also exacerbate the problem facing West Germany, which was being asked to accept Pershing missiles, which can reach the Soviet Union in a few minutes, and which are the sorest subject in the whole controversy about the intermediate-nuclear-force deployment; Germany has insisted that it would not accept the Pershings unless the other Western European nations accepted the cruise missiles. And the most serious arms-control problem in connection with cruise missiles involves sea-launched cruise missiles, which are scheduled to be deployed soon and whose location cannot be detected, and which might be armed with either conventional or nuclear weapons. Last summer, Glenn opposed proposals in the Senate for a moratorium on the deployment of sea-launched cruise

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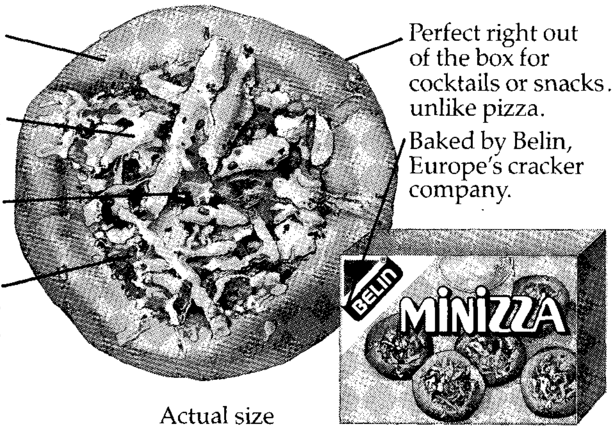

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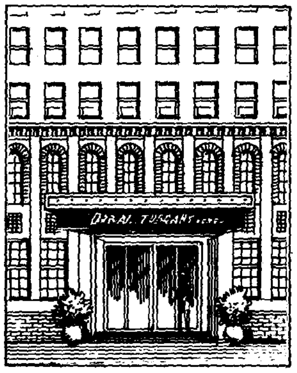

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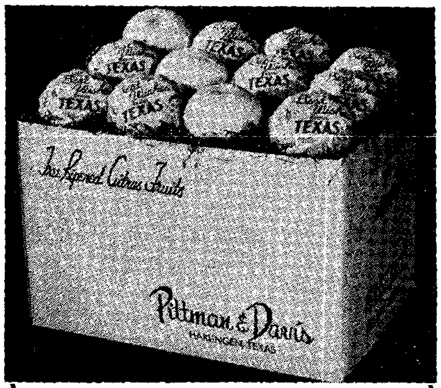
missiles subject to reaching a verifiable agreement on them with the Soviet Union. Glenn argued that the Soviet Union already had sea-launched cruise missiles; Charles McC. Mathias, Republican of Maryland, who proposed the moratorium, argued that the Soviet sea-launched missiles are inferior but that the United States would not be able to maintain its technological advantage. Glenn's opposition to the SALT II Treaty, in 1979, on the ground that it could not be adequately verified—in the face of assurances by the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the intelligence agencies that the monitoring stations in Iran, which had been lost, would be replaced in time through arrangements that were then being made with China—was seen by many of his colleagues as an example of his stubbornness. Intelligence experts say that the loss of the monitoring stations in Iran did not mean that, as Glenn has said, we were "blind." In 1981, when it was too late, since the Reagan Administration opposed the SALT II Treaty, Glenn announced that he was satisfied that the verification problem had been solved and that he supported SALT II.

NOT long ago, I had a conversation with Glenn. I wanted to explore his thinking about some of the issues that had come up. Last March, Glenn moved into the new Hart Senate Office Building, and as we sat in his large office, with its eighteen-foot-high ceiling, Glenn looked small. As always, his demeanor was unaffected and pleasant.

I asked Glenn what he had in mind when he said, as he had been doing lately, that "we have to bite the bullet and raise taxes."

He said that he would repeal the third year of the three-year tax cut (this cut went into effect on July 1st of this year) and would repeal that section of the 1981 tax-cut bill which indexed taxes to inflation from January 1, 1985, on. (Glenn and Mondale agree on these two points.) Beyond that, he said, he might impose a surtax, and he went back and forth on the question of whether he would favor a value-added tax. He said nothing about revoking some of the large tax breaks for business which were enacted in 1981, or about closing loopholes, but he did say that the tax code should be "simplified."

When I asked Glenn which of the nineteen-sixties programs he thought had gone wrong, he said that the prob-



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lem had been "our zeal to try and sort of do everything for everybody." When I asked him what he would not have done during that period, he replied that he had some problems with CETA (the Comprehensive Employment and Training Act). CETA, which grew out of nineteen-sixties job-training programs, was in fact enacted in 1973. Glenn said that the program had got out of hand—that city governments had used funds that were supposed to go for hiring unemployed poor people to rehire laid-off municipal employees. A number of people had agreed that this was a problem, and, in fact, the program was amended a couple of years later to prohibit this. Glenn also said that "food-stamp programs got expanded far beyond anything we foresaw at the outset," but he added, "I'm not saying that I would reduce food stamps now—probably would not—but programs like that got all carried away." The major expansion of the food-stamp program occurred during the Nixon Administration, under the prodding of the Democratic Congress. Glenn also mentioned a higher-education program that allowed parents who were not in financial need to borrow from the government. This came about in 1978, in part because it was argued that loans were preferable to grants in the face of rising tuition costs. Glenn's complaint was widely concurred in, however, and the program was changed in 1981, to make families earning incomes above a certain level ineligible. Glenn also said he felt that welfare programs could have been streamlined, especially in the costs of administration.

Later in the conversation, I asked Glenn what his concept of a special interest is.

He replied that he believes this country has a "constituency of the whole." He continued, "Now, within that, you have an awful lot of special-interest people who want you to promise a lot of things to them, whether it be a certain minimum wage or a certain health benefit or a certain something else. You have only so much money and you only have certain things you can promise up to a certain level before you start then having the constituency of the whole have to take more from *that* to support the special interest with whatever it is they want. Now, that's where you have to draw the line, it seems to me, and what I try to do is think whether it's going to be in the best interest of all the people in

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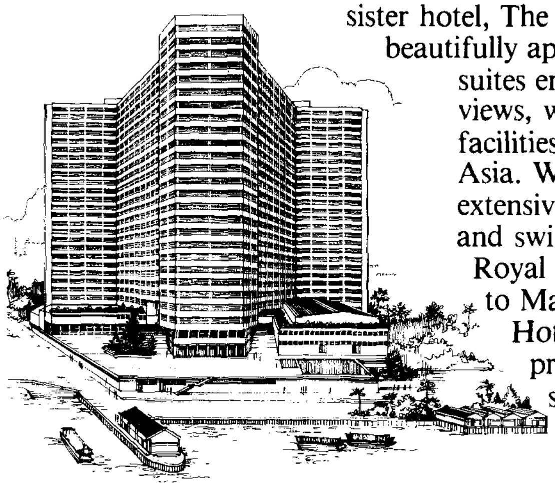

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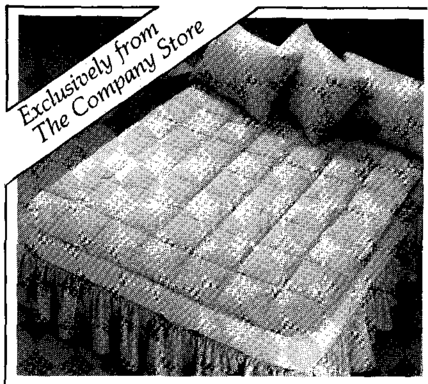

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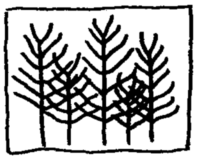
the country. If you get beyond that and then start—I guess the current word would be 'pandering'—start promising beyond what is going to be best for most of the people in the country, then I think that gets into special interests."

When I asked him what role he saw for the interest groups in this country, Glenn said that he recognized that these groups often had items on their agenda that were for the good of the greatest number of people in this country, and that those were matters everyone could agree on. "But then you get to where—are you being asked to promise too high a minimum wage? Are you being asked to guarantee too high a corporate profit, on the other hand? And so you have a balance that has to be set between all these different groups, and that's the role of leadership—not just to advocate a new program but to say no." He continued, "That's most evident between business and labor, where government's role is to set the proper balance. It's obvious that if we enforced every single environmental law right to the hilt immediately, now, we put millions of people out of work, probably. So it's a balance there, how fast you put these things in and what it's going to do in destroying jobs. So there are balances across the board in our society, and that's the balance you have to hit. And if you go overboard on one side, then is it in the long-term best interests of our nation or is it not? I don't think it is. I think you have to be careful to continually set that balance. Now, that means everybody is going to be a little bit unhappy with you a lot of the time, probably, but I think that's in the best long-term interest of the country."



When I asked Glenn how he would, as President, work with the constituency groups of the Democratic Party, he talked about the need to work with all the elements of the Party and all the elements of our society. When I asked him whether he saw a distinction between broad-based interest groups, such as the A.F.L.-C.I.O., the Wilderness Society, the N.A.A.C.P., and the National Council of Senior Citizens, and the interests that line up outside the Senate Finance Committee when it is writing a tax bill, seeking some change in the tax code, he responded, "If you have something that is going to be a drastic change in income-tax policy for everybody in this country, obviously that's more important and should take priority over the Wilderness group wanting two square acres to be added to a park someplace." And he continued, "Do I see them any differently? No, I see them all as having a particular view on whatever the legislation is. I have found their efforts useful, as a matter of fact; sometimes you have things brought up that are of particular interest to their particular group that have not been brought out adequately until they come before a committee or come for an office visit here and we're able to explore some of these things." But, he said, "the more narrowly focussed the group's interest is, the less impact it normally has—not always, but normally has—on all the people of the country. But do I look at the groups as having less credibility because they represent a more narrow field, a more narrow view on a particular interest area? No, I certainly don't. They're all very valid—it's people getting together and expressing their view on things by joining an organization or supporting an effort, and that's something I would not try and alter at all."

One issue that Glenn had raised against Mondale was Mondale's acknowledging his own disagreement with various decisions taken during the Carter Administration—many of them decisions Mondale had defended publicly at the time. I asked Glenn what his concept of the role of the Vice-Presidency was. He replied at first by saying that he was against the idea of selecting a Vice-President in order to provide an ideological balance to the ticket. (Glenn, by the way, was one of five candidates whom Carter had considered as a running mate, and was said to have been very disappointed that he was not chosen.) I then asked Glenn if he would expect his Vice-President to agree with him on all questions. He replied that not only would he "absolutely not" expect such a thing but "if it was something he felt so strongly about, that he thought was really an error—why, I would assume he would feel free to speak out if it was that important."

When I suggested to Glenn that having a Vice-President speak out in disagreement with his President would cause quite a furor, he replied that "the option would be to keep quiet if you really had a serious disagreement." He continued, referring to his argument with Mondale, "What I disagree with strongly is saying one

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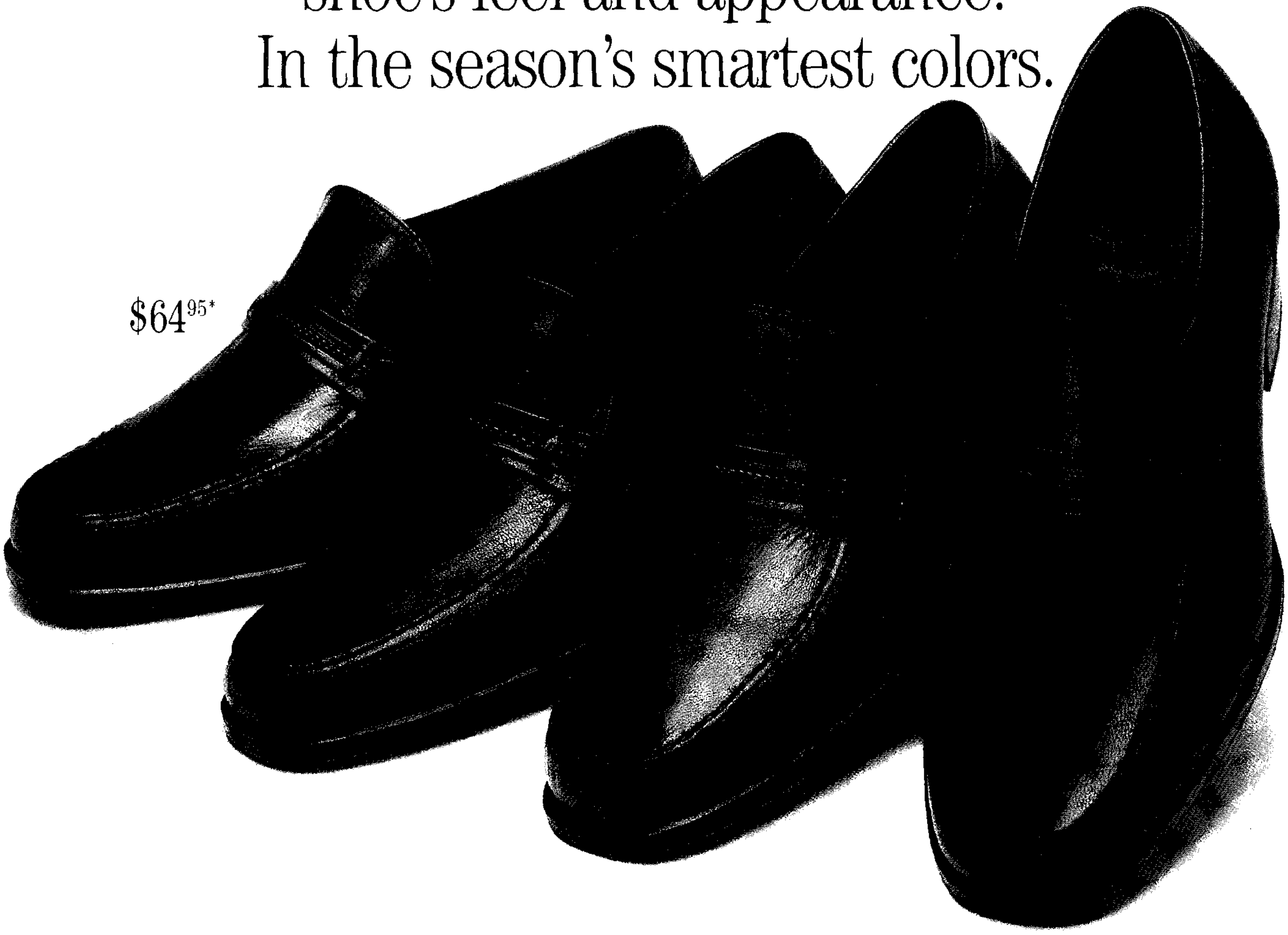

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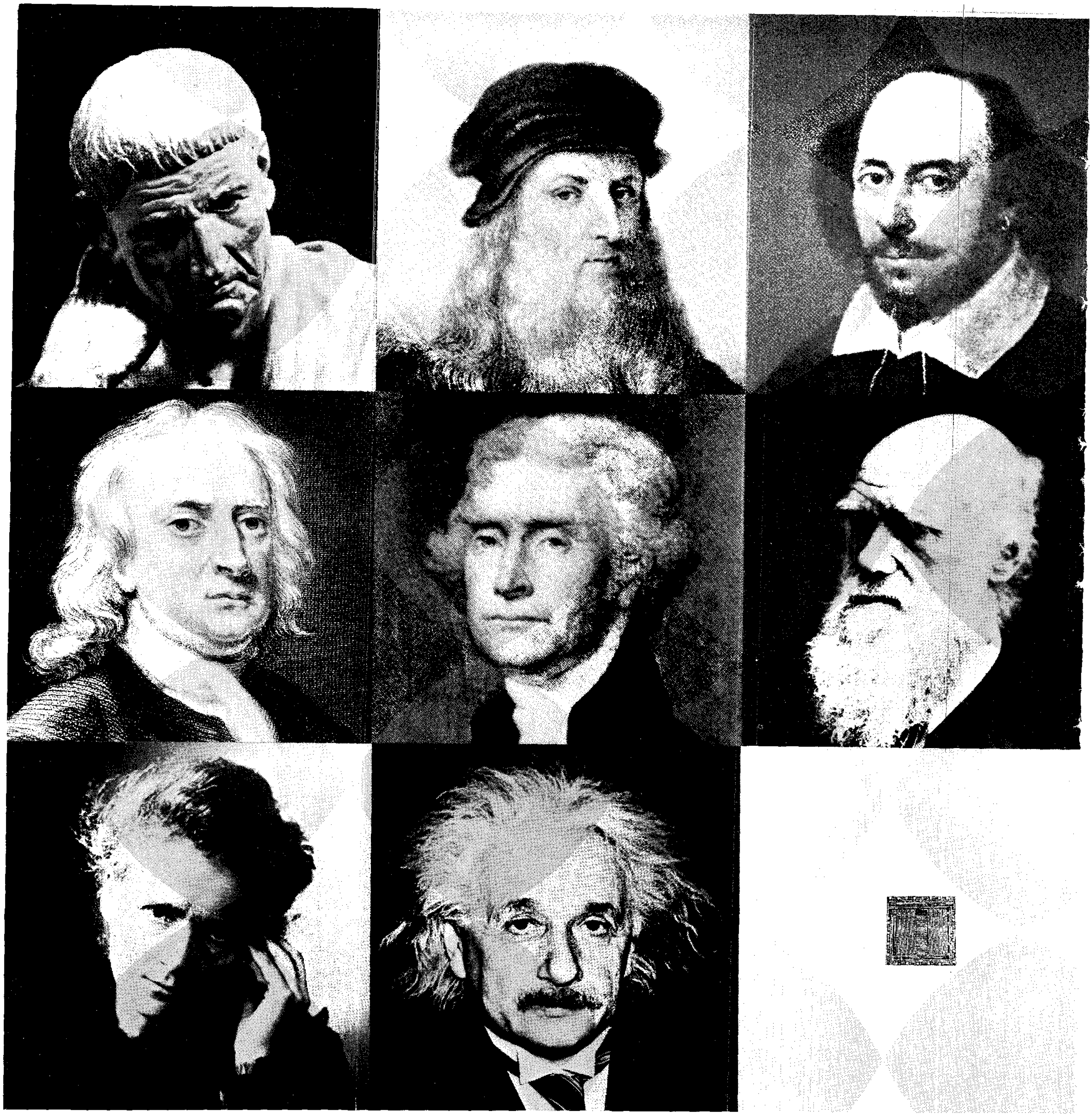

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GLENN and Mondale had different reactions both to the events in Lebanon and to those in Grenada. On the Sunday of the attack on the Marines' headquarters in Beirut, which killed, by current count, two hundred and thirty-three American servicemen, Mondale said that it was a day of mourning; after conferring with advisers on Monday, he said the following day that the Administration should clarify the role of our forces in Lebanon, and raised the question of whether they had been adequately protected. He said that his policy would be to present the Gemayel government with a timetable for Lebanese takeover of primary responsibility for the security of the Beirut airport, which the Marines had been protecting, and to work to get the United Nations forces (UNIFIL) now in southern Lebanon transferred to the Beirut airport, and he would rely more on sea and air power than on "small contingents of ground forces that can neither fight nor keep the peace." He criticized the Administration for not having had a high-level negotiator at work on the problem of Lebanon, and listed specific steps he would take to put pressure on the Syrians to withdraw from Lebanon. He added that he would forge a greater strategic coöperation with Israel in Lebanon. This is a subject of deep controversy: whether the United States should join with Israel to bring pressure on Syria (and whether both countries have the will and the resources to do so), or whether the United States should be a more neutral force in trying to negotiate a settlement in Lebanon. Glenn, on the day of the attack, said that the President should make clearer what the role of the Marines is, and in a conversation we had some time after the attack he, too, said that the UNIFIL forces should be moved from southern Lebanon to Beirut, but he warned against taking steps that might lead to a growing confrontation between the United States and Syria. Rather than work more closely with Israel, Glenn said, "we should do whatever we're doing on an international basis."

As for the invasion of Grenada, on the day after it occurred Mondale raised questions about whether American citizens had really been in danger there—saying the evidence was "unpersuasive"—and about whether all diplomatic remedies had been exhausted. (The five hundred and fifty medical students who were eventually evacuated from Grenada were recently brought to the White House, where, before the television cameras, they waved little American flags and praised the President. There has been an argument in Washington over the value and purpose of the Soviet and Cuban weapons found on the island, and the estimate of the number of actual Cuban combatants on the island has been lowered again, from about seven hundred and fifty to roughly one hundred. And the governor-general of Grenada, Paul Scoon, has asked that the airport—which Reagan has said was being built for military purposes—be completed, as it is needed for tourism. This is what the late Prime Minister of Grenada, Maurice Bishop, had said the airport was to be for. However, most of the House Democrats who recently toured Grenada said they had concluded that the invasion was necessary—that Americans there had indeed been in jeopardy. And House Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill, reversing course, said that the invasion was "justified." Polls were showing strong public support of the President's action. Meanwhile, Administration officials said they could not predict when American troops would leave the island.) Just after the invasion, Mondale said that it did not appear that the President had adequately consulted with the Congress or with our allies before the invasion, and he asked how, if American citizens were not in danger, the invasion could be justified under international law. He suggested that the United States would pay a heavy price for the action, saying it had undermined "the high ground this nation needs as a leader in the world." When I talked to Mondale about this a few days later, he said that the evidence was building that the Americans had not been in danger and that there had been no real diplomatic effort to get them out. He also raised the question of whether the Organization of Eastern Caribbean States,

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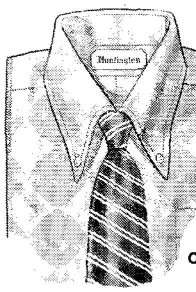

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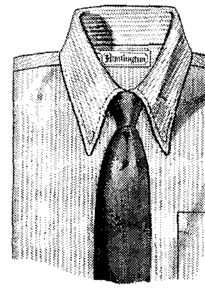

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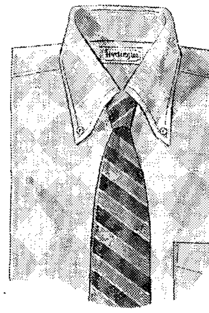

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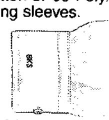

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whose request for help had been one of Reagan's rationales for invading Grenada, had been requested to make the request. Mondale also said that he was not drawing final conclusions about Grenada, because the severely restricted press coverage during the invasion limited his access to the facts. Glenn, by contrast, said in a phone conversation at the same time that "the more that's come out, the more it indicates that the rescue was warranted." He also said that the rescue issue should be a separate one from the issue of invading and occupying the island, and that the Administration would have to provide evidence of the Soviet-Cuban threat it said it had found. He added, "I hope the invasion won't be used, except for rescue, as a precedent."

THE Mondale people, for all their confidence, which is considerable, know that one important thing that remains to be done is to define Mondale more clearly in the public mind. Mondale has stressed and, according to the polls, got across that he is experienced—Mondale argues that he is the most qualified of the Democratic candidates to be President—but there are other impressions about him that his people feel they have yet to get across. They want to show him as a man who has a core of beliefs and has fought important fights in the past—for social justice and for arms control—and then project the kind of leader he would be. They want to show him as an activist leader—in implicit contrast with Glenn. Part of the problem is that the acceleration of the campaign has left the establishment of the candidates' themes behind—but the Mondale people say that there is still time. And part of the problem is that Mondale is long on specifics about what he wants to do, and he understands the complexity of the issues, but he hasn't established overarching themes. Mondale is not a simplifier, and he is not theatrical. He can talk knowledgeably about issues and raise the roof in partisan assemblages, and he can impress people in small groups, but he does have the problem with television. The Mondale people recognize that his opponents' attempt to paint him as an old pol, a captive of special interests, a figure of the past, a man somewhat lacking in strength, could cause trouble. But this is where the strength of the organization that the Mondale people have built is expected to come in; as one Mondale adviser put it, "As attacks are increas-

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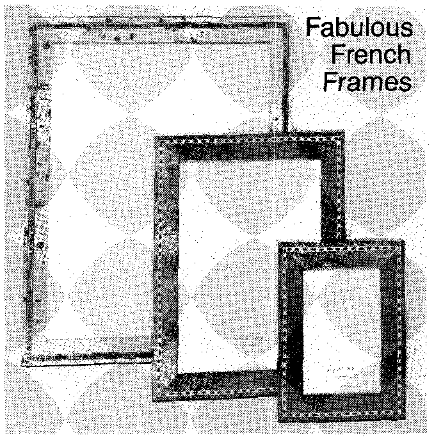

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ingly focussed on issues and character, the campaign is there to support us." Of course, if Mondale continues his tough political fight, and starts actually winning, then he could acquire in the public eye the attribute of "winnerness," which will affect the over-all impression of him. So will the extent to which he can show an ability to maintain his equilibrium and roll with events. The big question about Mondale is whether, if he does succeed in putting the pieces together to win the nomination, and perhaps the election, he will also establish the chemical relationship with the American public that will enable him to lead.

When Mondale appears on interview programs, he is earnest and responsive but does not appear in command. He looks worried and wary. Mondale is a funny man, but he keeps this trait well hidden in his television appearances. He has his moods, and when he is fatigued he can come across as flat—as he did at the forum in New York City. He does fatigue at times—so, as a matter of fact, does Glenn—and sometimes forgets that that one appearance may be the only time some interested voters will see him in person. Roy Spence, a thirty-five-year-old Texan, has been hired to work with Mondale on his media appearances, and Mondale is said to be more willing than before to take advice. Spence is an advertising man who in 1982 worked in Texas on the successful gubernatorial campaign of Mark White, who defeated a well-financed Republican incumbent. Spence says that Mondale's themes will stress that he would be a President who starts from strength and not from scratch, and who has fought important fights—fights that should tell people what kind of person he is and what he cares about. Another focus will be on the "three 'E's" (the economy, education, and the environment)—stressing Mondale's plans for the future. And another will be on arms control and weaponry—stressing the need to be prudent in arms expenditures. The Glenn people feel that Mondale can be depicted as having opposed too many weapons systems, while the Mondale people feel that they can show that Mondale has supported a number of new systems but that he would not go as far as Reagan, or Glenn. The Mondale people say that the danger of Mondale's being painted as a figure of the past will be overcome by his emphasis on what he will do in the future. The Mondale people also feel that the arguments

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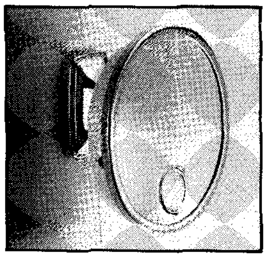

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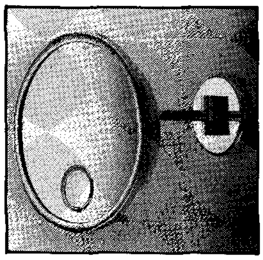

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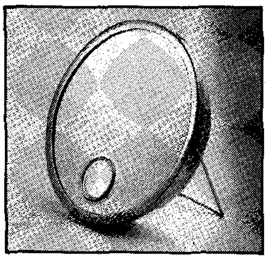

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between Mondale and Glenn have redounded to Mondale's benefit: that they have shown a clear differentiation between the two men, and have highlighted what the Mondale people believe to be "voting issues" among Democrats—Reaganomics and SALT II. They believe that the recent polls showing Mondale increasing his lead over Glenn bear this out, and validate their strategy of getting attention focussed on Glenn. Mondale's people insist that the special-interests issue is not a "voting issue"—they cite polls taken for them in Iowa, New Hampshire, and Georgia which indicate that the endorsement of Mondale by these groups is of no great concern to Democrats.

The Mondale people are confident that they have accomplished the goals they set for themselves this year: accelerating the process (which included pushing Glenn out of his orbit as a hero and forcing him into political combat); nationalizing the campaign; defining the size of the job of being President; emphasizing the consensus within the Party and showing that Mondale is most in tune with that consensus; and keeping the focus on the future—making sure, as a defensive measure, that there is no "new ideas" gap. James Johnson, Mondale's acting campaign chairman, lists seven other objectives for 1983 which, he says, have been met (Johnson has a very systematic mind): to raise substantially more money than anybody else; to get the A.F.L.-C.I.O. endorsement; to get the N.E.A. endorsement; to lead in Iowa both organizationally and in popular support; to lead in New Hampshire both organizationally and in popular support; to pay enough political attention to Georgia, Florida, and Alabama to be seen as competitive with Glenn there; and to have substantially more black support than any other candidate with the possible exception of Jesse Jackson. By nationalizing the campaign, the Mondale people have prevented a third strong candidate from emerging thus far; first they concentrated on diminishing Hart's and then Cranston's standing. They have wanted a two-way race all along, on the theory that Mondale would be stronger than any other single candidate (including Kennedy). Hart had begun the year by organizing well in Iowa and hoping to make a splash there. Johnson says, "Gary Hart lost out in Iowa because he lost in Massachusetts and then failed to save himself in Wisconsin. There was no event in Iowa that hurt him in Iowa."

The Mondale people would love to coax Glenn into an ideological fight, figuring that there is no way Glenn can win such a fight within the Democratic Party. Similarly, they are convinced not only that rounding up the support of the most important constituency groups within the Party is the way to win the nomination but that the intense support of these groups can be of great value in a general election. (Some people within the Reagan camp think the same thing.) And the Mondale people argue that, as opposed to what some people have said, the A.F.L.-C.I.O. endorsement is not a burden in the South. They point out that several Democratic governors in the South were elected with labor and black support. The importance of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. endorsement is that there are about fourteen million members, and the federation has committed itself to doing everything in its power to persuade them to vote for Mondale: through mailings, phoning, organizing. This relieves the Mondale organization of having to make that effort. (The Glenn people say that such help is worth about twenty million dollars; the Mondale people refuse to put a figure on it, saying that it would be impossible to come up with one.) The extent to which the unions' help will materialize into actual votes will depend on the effectiveness of the campaign run by Mondale. The N.E.A. has a million seven hundred thousand members and is a highly active group politically. Mondale has long been popular with it because of his many years of championing the cause of education, and because he fought hard as Vice-President for the establishment of a Department of Education—an idea of questionable merit. Mondale also has the support of the American Federation of Teachers, which has five hundred and eighty thousand members, many of them highly activist (and many of them black).

If Mondale does have a political problem as a result of these endorsements, it would be because he would be seen as a bit too eager to have them, and as perhaps too grateful to deal with the groups from strength. This will be tied up, then, with the total impression that Mondale makes as the campaign proceeds. The impression that Mondale may be too eager to please may be reinforced by the particular issues that he has said that he disagreed with Carter on: a number of them—such as the imposition of a grain embargo on the Soviet Union after the invasion of Afghanistan (actually, Carter first revealed this difference in his book about his Presidency) and the sale of F-15 planes to Saudi Arabia—are issues of interest to important voting blocs. (Other differences he has cited—in response to a question put to him by Glenn at the Harvard forum on arms control—were over the decisions to deploy the MX missile and to sell nuclear fuel to India. He had told me in the summer of 1979 that he felt that the diagnosis of the nation as suffering from a "malaise"—which led to Carter's famous speech in July of that year about the country's "crisis of spirit"—was "crazy.") Mondale's critics have challenged him to cite differences with the groups that support him, or to go before one of the groups and challenge it on an issue; but, of course, even if Mondale were of a disposition to do that, it would now be written off as a stagy bit of business to show how independent he was. Mondale does have some differences with these groups: he is readier to endorse a form of merit pay for teachers than the N.E.A. is, and he and labor differ on certain defense issues, such as the B-1 bomber and the MX, which labor has supported. But Mondale has no interest in dampening the enthusiasm of his supporters, and it is part of the catechism of the Mondale campaign that "we do not emphasize differences with our friends." The Mondale people also complain that Reagan and Glenn aren't urged to go before groups and cite their differences with them.

The endorsements of Mondale by various politicians have been well timed and carry with them more than a pat on the head. The simultaneous endorsement of Mondale by Governor Cuomo, a liberal, and New York Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, a centrist, took place on October 13th, during the week that "The Right Stuff" had its première amidst much hoopla. This was followed by the endorsement of Michael Dukakis, the governor of Massachusetts, who has a powerful organization and access to political funding (Glenn had been endorsed by Massachusetts Senator Paul Tsongas), and by that of Leo McCarthy, the lieutenant-governor of California, who is, after Cranston, the highest-ranking Democrat in the state. Several

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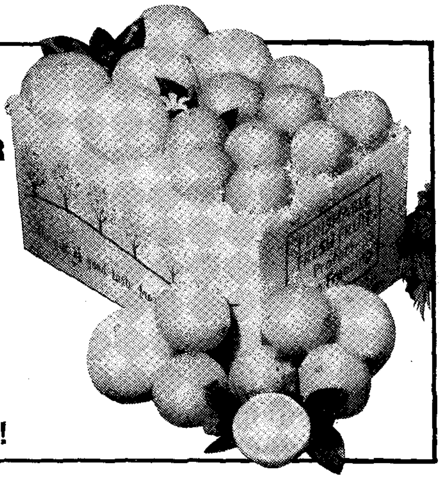

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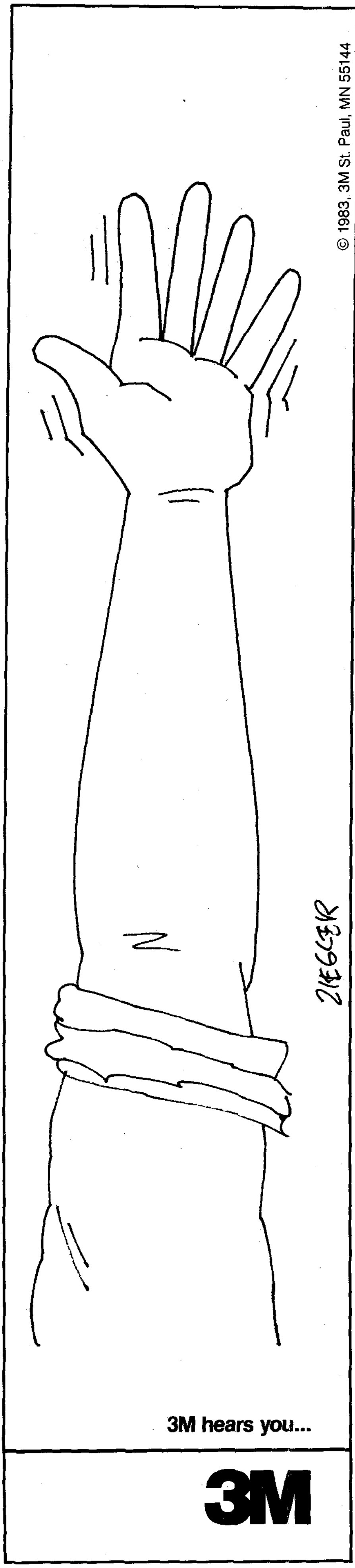
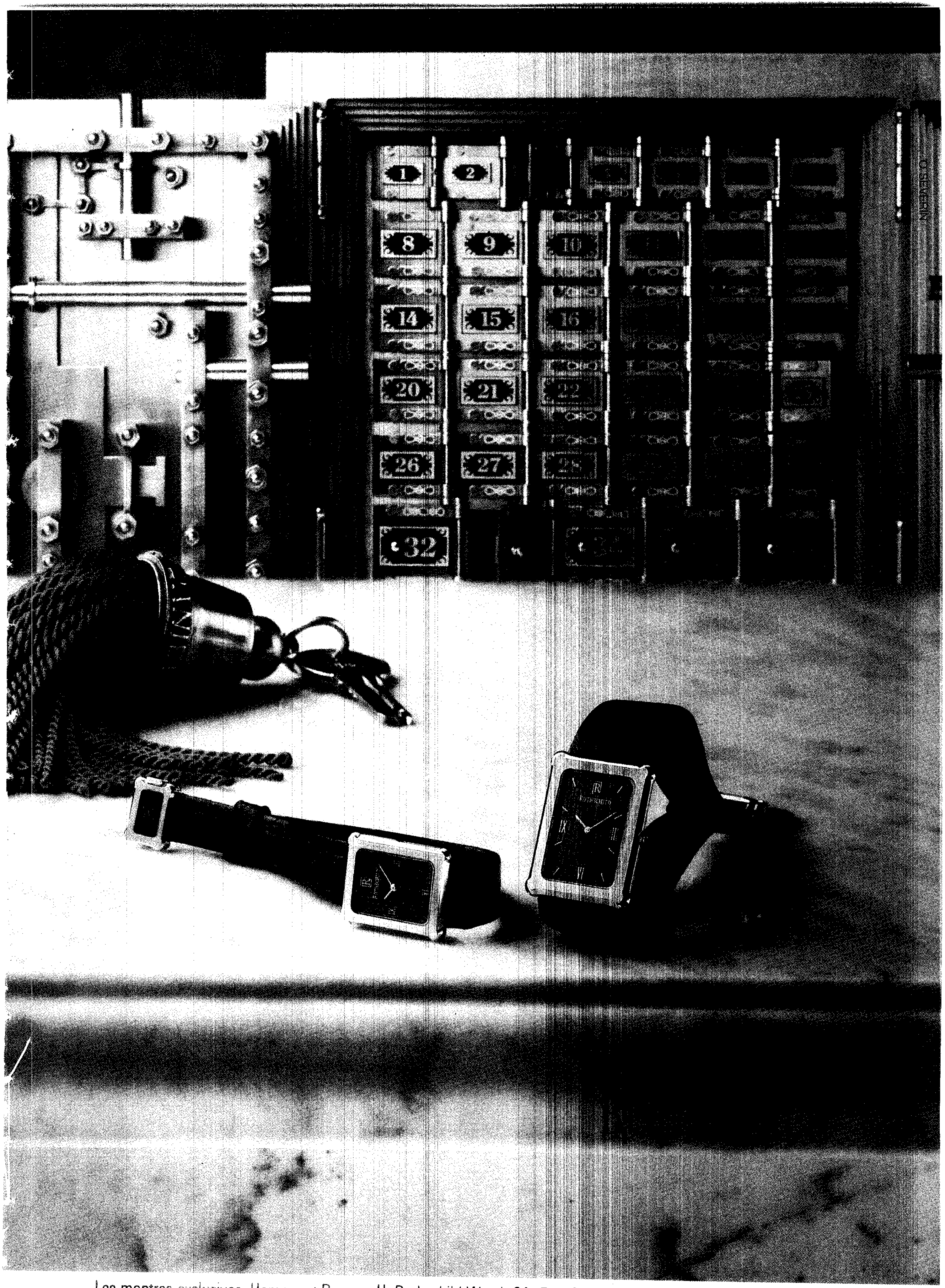


House members have already endorsed Mondale as well (and some have endorsed Glenn). The endorsements of Mondale carry with them pledges to put organizations to work for him and, in many cases, to help raise money.

Since the Mondale organization is so highly praised, I asked Jim Johnson what having a good organization actually meant. Johnson, who is thirty-nine, has a long history in politics: he worked for the McCarthy campaign in 1968 and the Muskie and then the McGovern campaign in 1972, and he worked on and off for Mondale from 1972 until 1976, when he joined his Vice-Presidential campaign and, after Mondale went to the White House, became his executive assistant. Johnson and Mondale are both Minnesotans of Norwegian extraction, and they are very close. (Johnson, by the way, has taken the title of acting chairman to save the slot of chairman in case the campaign wants to fill it with some prominent figure whose chairmanship could be of political importance.) Johnson said, "The most important factor in being organized is understanding in a public dimension and a political dimension what's going to happen. A good organization anticipates. It's understanding what the game is. After our defeat in Wisconsin, I said it would never happen again; being good organizationally means that you learn as you go along. The Wisconsin straw poll, four months afterward, is a very minor matter for Cranston, and a very minor matter for Mondale, and when we went to Maine we took every word of what we'd learned in Wisconsin and we killed the competition. The biggest strength of our organization is the number of things we can do at once, because we have a depth of political pros that goes way beyond our payroll—people around the country Mondale met ten, fifteen, twenty years ago, able people we've worked with for years. That's what's deep about our organization. Walter Mondale can go into Rock Island, Illinois, and not only do the best and the smartest political people know him but he knows them. So it's feel, history, anticipation, flexibility, organizational vitality, and the ability to change and move. The idea of organization is to be appropriate to the challenge. Resources in Presidential campaigns are severely limited. Allocating them effectively is a significant part of the organizational challenge, and effective allocation means using not one dollar more, or one person more, than is needed to accomplish the task." For example, Johnson said, the Mondale people knew that Askew would win the straw poll at the Florida state convention, so they put in enough resources to meet their objective of coming in a strong second. And he continued, "In Michigan, where we have very substantial organizational and political allies—the A.F.L.-C.I.O., the U.A.W., the teachers, the governor, the mayor of Detroit, and a number of county chairmen and legislative leaders—we will expect to spend fewer resources and put in fewer outside campaign people than in other states, because of the strength of what's there."

In a conversation I had with Mondale recently, he said he thought that the arguments between him and Glenn were useful. "I thought it was inevitable that we would all be required to define our differences—on issues, not on personalities," he said. "I think the American people have a right to know our differences. I didn't want it to happen too soon, but I think the American people were getting irritated that we weren't doing that." Mondale's opening up of the differences between him and Glenn may have had as much to do with what Mondale saw as the political advantages of doing so as with any sense of civic duty, of course. And the three issues that Mondale stressed when we talked—Reaganomics, SALT II, and what Mondale calls "poison nerve gas"—are all, as he sees it, good political issues for him. The nerve-gas issue stems from a vote that Glenn cast last summer to end the moratorium—which had existed since the Nixon Administration—on development of new nerve gas. The argument in favor of developing the new form of the gas was that it would be safer to store; the Senate approved authorizing funds for it when Vice-President George Bush broke a tie. The Senate has just voted to appropriate funds for the nerve gas—again with Bush breaking a tie and again with Glenn voting in favor. Mondale also said that a point he stressed in Rochester about "the commitment to social justice" was "a personal question of where one's spirit and drive will be found in the Presidency"—and, obviously, a difference from Glenn he wants to emphasize. And he said he felt that the controversy "has had an effect." He added, "I know it has; it gives Democrats a view of



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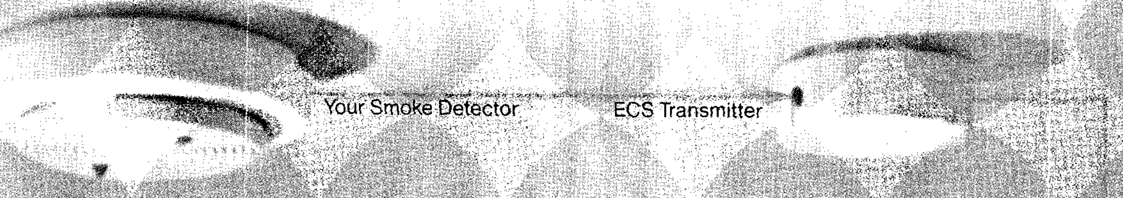
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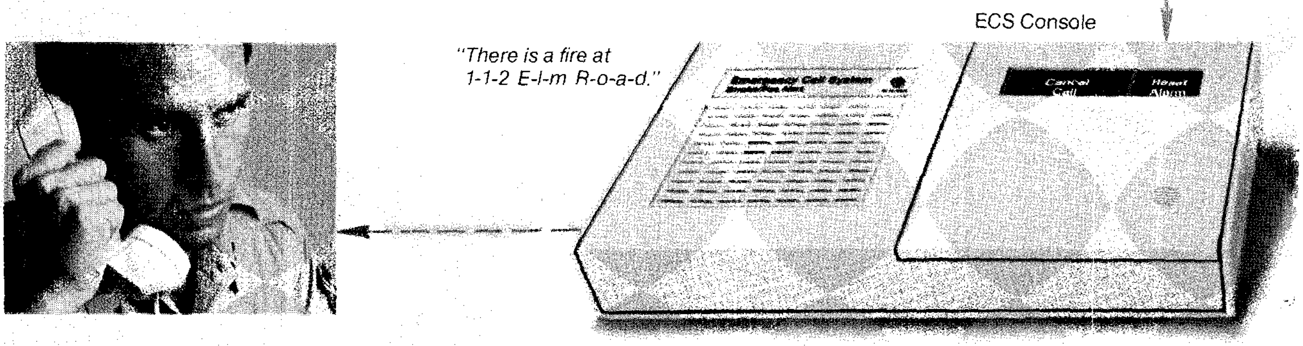
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us on things about which they feel deeply.”

A couple of days before my talk with Mondale, Glenn had given a speech at the Florida state convention in which he attacked the notion that Democrats should be subjected to “litmus tests” and questions of “ideological purity.” I asked Mondale about that.

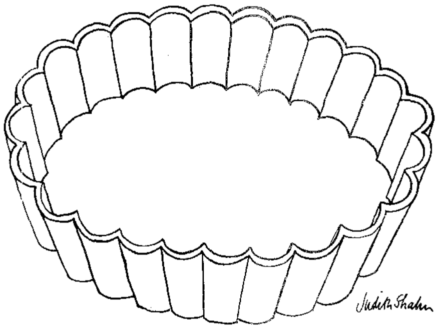
He replied, “It doesn’t bother me a bit. It’s a straw man. I’m not talking about driving anybody out of the Party. I’ve always had an ecumenical approach. But I think people should see where we stand on our future.” One would have thought that Mondale was raising questions about the past, but he turned these into questions about the future: “Reaganomics bears on the future of our economy; failure to ratify SALT II has undermined arms control; on the question of nerve gas, are we going to escalate where every President since Nixon has held back? Glenn started with the special-interest salvo—asking if we were able to say no to any group with a letterhead and a mailing list. I said that’s right. Let’s talk about Reaganomics; that was full of special interests.”

I asked Mondale what the biggest challenge to his candidacy was now.

He replied, “There are several. Some are organizational and some have to do with policy. Organizationally, we’re ahead of the others, but we have to raise money and handle a million local problems. It’s hard to explain how many things you have to do. On policy, we have to get the debate focussed on the future, so that Americans are looking at me as President. I think we’ve made the issues with Glenn clear, and we may have to do it again, but I have to get across what I would do as President, and I have to get back to that as the focus of the campaign.”

I asked Mondale what his themes would be.

“I think I’ve got the experience theme across,” he replied. “I’ve talked about getting America’s edge back. Making America work again—things like that. I haven’t settled on three or four words that will be my theme—it’s a little early yet—but I’m hopeful I will at some point.”



I asked Mondale what he felt was the greatest danger to his campaign.

He paused and then he said, “That circumstances will prevent me from doing what we just talked about. The day-to-day pressures to do the minor things, and the need to raise all that money—there’s a dinner coming up in New Hampshire, a fund-raising event in Chicago; it’s limitless. You have to find a way to get up through all that and make that speech.”

I asked Mondale if he was trying to have it both ways on the matter of the Vice-Presidency: asking people to support him because he had had such an important job, and separating himself from the Carter Presidency where it was politically convenient to do so.

He replied, “I believe that as Americans focus on that they will think that my position is exactly correct. I would expect my Vice-President to be the same way. In exchange for unlimited access, I would expect loyalty—you can’t have any other guidelines. Then, should the Vice-President run for President, I don’t think it would be acceptable for him to claim that the record of his Vice-Presidency was off limits. We had issues that are now relevant; I believe that I should answer questions about them. There are some instances where confidentiality must be protected. Otherwise, I think I should answer questions.”

I asked Mondale if it might have been more advisable for him simply to say that his relationship with the President had been one of confidentiality, and let it go at that.

“I don’t think that would have been acceptable,” he replied. “First, some of it comes out. Second, charges are made. Third, if the issues are deep enough the public has a right to know.”

I asked him about the distinction that Glenn made in my conversation with him between simply disagreeing internally and disagreeing and then going out and lobbying hard in public for something one has disagreed with.

“I think he’s dead wrong,” Mondale said. “If I were the principal in my own right, he’d have a point. But I occupied a different constitutional position. I was Vice-President; I was speaking for the Administration, and I tried to do it honorably and effectively. I can’t believe he wouldn’t want his Vice-

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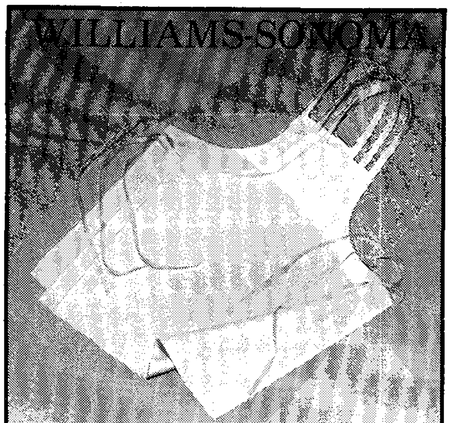

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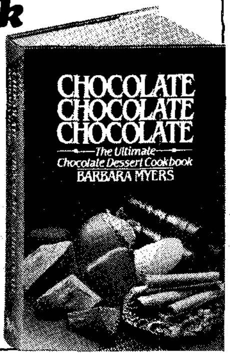

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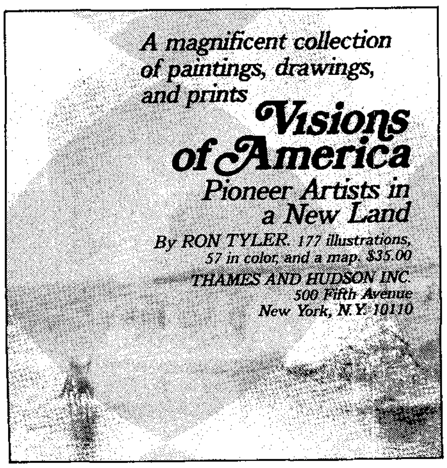

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President to behave in the same way."

I reminded Mondale that in a conversation we had had earlier in the year he had said that if he was elected he would want to be elected with a mandate, and that he could then go to the interest groups that supported him and say, "This is what I was elected to do." I suggested that there was no evidence that Mondale was asking for a mandate to do anything different from what the groups supporting him wanted.

He replied, "I said in my speech before the A.F.L.-C.I.O. what I expected everyone to do. I didn't dwell on it, but it wasn't a litany of what they wanted." (In the speech, he said that, as President, "to workers I will say, 'Let's put quality and productivity first.' ") He continued, "I said to the N.E.A. that we had to have higher standards—we've all got to do better." (He told the N.E.A., "I will ask our teachers to insist on higher standards for your students and yourselves.") Mondale said, "I told a group of my business supporters that we all got more tax relief than we deserved. Lane Kirkland"—the president of the A.F.L.-C.I.O.—"never asked me for one thing. They know what I'm saying about getting deficits down and about macro-economic policy. I think the strongest case I can make is getting these parties to the table and being able to get all of them to make concessions for the national interest—in a respectful environment. That's very important: at different times in this country, labor is up and management is down, or management is up and labor is down. I want to get past that, to long-term strategies to get this country's edge back. I think I'm winning this argument."

I asked Mondale why his campaign was so insistent on not talking about differences with friends.

"Let's be frank," he replied. "I want to win this campaign and I want to unite people and I want to be positive. Plus, I don't apologize for a moment for having the support of labor and senior citizens and teachers and women and farmers. These are groups that have been pounded by this Administration. I'm proud to have their support, and I've gained it by legitimate and honorable means. There hasn't been one deal made, and no one has charged that there has." Of course, deals are not necessary; these groups know where Mondale stands on questions of importance to them. He continued, "And we're working

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against what I think is one of the most special-interest Administrations in modern times."

I asked Mondale about Glenn's charge that if the Democrats offered the public a party that represented the policies of the sixties, it would lose.

"He's absolutely right," he replied. "And that's why I've spoken of the future. We have to get ready for the eighties. We can't do it with a trillion-dollar debt, and we have to be specific about how we bring that deficit down." (Mondale has proposed scaling back the tax cuts for both individuals and businesses; imposing cost containment on medical care; saving money by changing the management of agriculture programs and improving international trade in farm products; and cancelling the Clinch River breeder reactor. These actions, he says, would lead to lower interest on the debt and would justify a more relaxed monetary policy, which would, in turn, cause a drop in unemployment. He would not ask for any across-the-board tax increases at this point, "because I'm so offended by the lack of progressivity in the tax code.") Mondale said that the difference between the sixties and now is that the priorities are different: that now, unlike then, we have an energy problem; a problem of losing our competitive edge, and a need to save our industrial base; problems of international trade and currency misalignment; a need for a renaissance in education and science; a need to face a new generation of complicated environmental issues. "It's not that civil rights and social justice aren't important—they're very important—but we also have a new agenda," Mondale said, and he continued, "We have to be specific about how to restore our edge in science and technology; how to restore a sense of fairness in American life; how to reassert American leadership internationally, in a way that shows understanding of the complexities of the world. It's a homily to say that we should prepare for the future. The question is how do you see the future, what are your qualifications, and what does your record instruct about your qualifications and capacities?"

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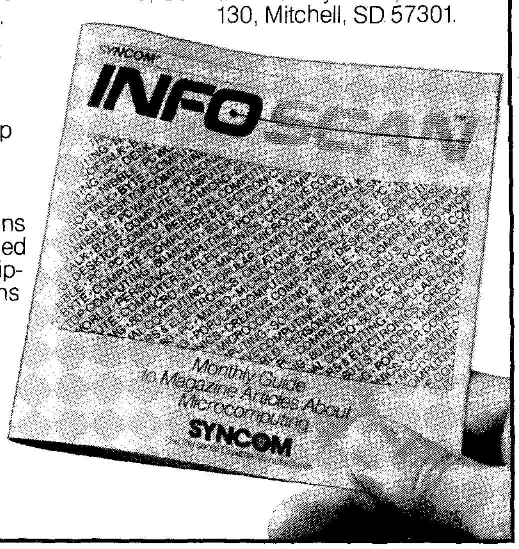

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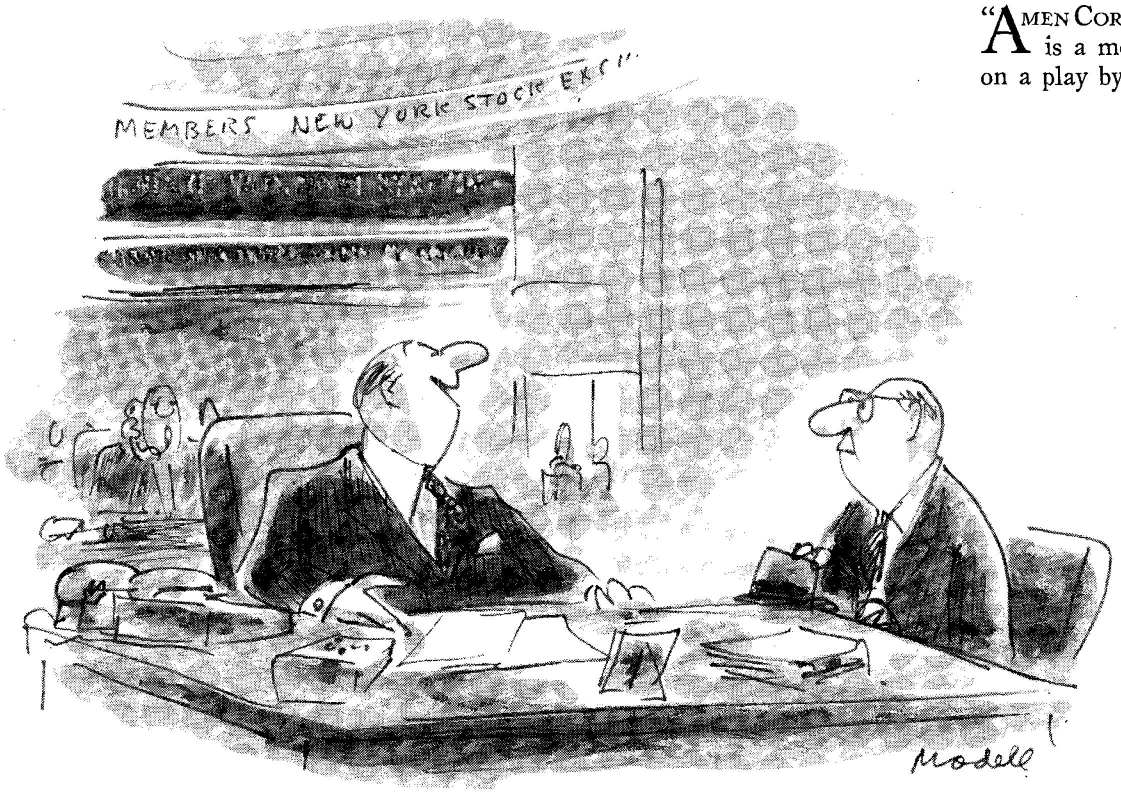
THE THEATRE

Waifs

THERE are weeks on Broadway that are so obviously occasions for feeling despair that we do well to remind ourselves, with good humor, if not with optimism, that Broadway serves many functions only nominally related to the composition and performance of first-rate plays and musical comedies. Broadway's first purpose is vulgarly and vehemently entertainment—is whatever can be encompassed within the mildly derogatory term "show biz," from live sex to pie in the face—and a season as unsatisfactory as the present one has been so far tells us little of importance about the state of American theatre as a whole. Almost everywhere except on Broadway, our theatre appears to be in robust health; it is our local bad luck that at the moment there are probably more plays worth going to see in Seattle than in the tinselly reaches of Times Square. So much the better for Seattle (and for the country), so much the worse for us!

That heartfelt exclamation has been wrung from me by a couple of shows that arrived on Broadway last week as if through some accident of entrepreneurial absent-mindedness. The first of them was "Brothers" (at the Music Box), a play that wisely elected to close immediately after it opened. Its author, George Sibbald, had read his Ibsen, or perhaps only his Arthur Miller, and he chose for his subject matter a big bowwow moral predicament, which he wrestled hard with, and which kept pinning him to the mat in defeat. The predicament was this: A young man was afflicted with kidney disease, and unless somebody would make him the gift of a kidney he was sure to die. The young man had a tyrannical old father and three brothers—one a noisy braggart, one a scholarly alcoholic, and one a successful lawyer. For a number of reasons, only the lawyer was in a position to give away a kidney; he had promised to do so, but on the evening before the kidney transplant was to be carried out he arrived at the family house to announce that he had changed his mind. After all, he had much to live for, and he saw no reason to put his life in jeopardy for the sake of a brother who might in any event die soon, and whom the lawyer had decided that he didn't love. Over many years, the father and the brothers had neglected to maintain those bonds of affection which would have kept the lawyer a close member of the family; now they must suffer the consequences of their neglect.

It would take much talent and much skill in the art of writing plays to fashion a successful work of art out of this unpleasant situation, and Mr. Sibbald failed on both counts. Nor was his failure mitigated by the cast, which was headed by Carroll O'Connor and included Frank Converse, Dennis Christopher, Gary Klar, and Pat McNamara. Though employing, for reasons that did nothing to further the plot, a Scottish accent, Mr. O'Connor was still the embodiment of the gross and bigoted Archie Bunker whom he made familiar to us for so many years on TV. As the director of the play, he saw to it that his starring role kept him where a star ought to be; namely, onstage as continuously as possible and as close to front and center as the action of a play will permit. The back yard in which the unhappy family conversations about diseased kidneys took place was well designed by Thomas A. Walsh and adroitly lighted by Craig Miller. The costumes were designed by Merrily Murray-Walsh. Many women have first names that are adjectives, but an adverb is a rarity, and I am grateful to encounter one.


MEMBERS NEW YORK STOCK EXCH
Modell

"Oh, come, come, Mr. Bryant. It went down a few points, yes, but I wouldn't say it plummeted."

"AMEN CORNER" (at the Nederlander) is a modest little musical, based on a play by James Baldwin that was performed here back in the mid-sixties; why it has come to Broadway is a puzzle. Rhetta Hughes plays the pastor of a church who, for all her virtue, intelligence, discipline, and devotion to God and her family, undergoes a series of ordeals as unexpected and seemingly unjust as Job's: a vagrant husband comes back to her to die; her hitherto dutiful son gets drunk and runs away from home, perhaps forever; and she is threatened with the loss of her pastorate. The book of the musical, by Philip Rose and Peter Udell, is downright operatic in its ambitions, and the music, by Garry Sherman, and the lyrics, by Mr.

Udell, are unable to sustain the heavy burden placed upon them. Miss Hughes is an extremely gifted performer, and she contrives to give the show the appearance of a happy ending by the sheer force of her voice and person as she belts out a hymn called "Rise Up and Stand Again." Roger Robinson is excellent as the dying husband; he sings with touching conviction a song, "Everytime We Call It Quits," that attempts the impossible: there is simply no way to complete a lyric with that harsh, unsingable monosyllable "quits."

The scenery for "Amen Corner"—an exiguous apartment and a still more exiguous church—is by Karl Eigsti, who must have had a very small budget to work within; the costumes are by Felix E. Cochren; and the lighting is by Shirley Prendergast. The rudimentary direction is by Mr. Rose.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

East and West

"SOUND AND BEAUTY" is the portmanteau title of a pair of enthralling, mysterious one-acters by David Henry Hwang, at the Public. Mr. Hwang, who is also the author of "FOB" and "The Dance and the Railroad," both of them about Chinese immigrants in America, is himself of Chinese background. His two new plays, however, are set in Japan. The first of them, "The House of Sleeping Beauties," is based on the novella of that title by Yasunari Kawabata, who won the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1968 and committed suicide four years later. The play is, according to a note in the program, "a fantasy which attempts to explore the relationship between his suicide and his novella." It takes place in a large house in Tokyo, to which come men—old men, mostly—for the purpose of sleeping (literally) with girls. An old woman with white hair is seated on the stage when Kawabata enters; she admonishes him to be careful and chaste, so that "no harm comes to my girls," who are virgins. She gives him tea and a sleeping potion, and then, sliding aside one of the screens at the rear of the stage, she helps him to undress and shows him to his room. On his next visit, Kawabata tells her that he is a writer, and she protests that any report on the house would destroy her and the girls. Again she gives him a sleeping draught, and this time puts him in a room with two girls, one of whom is

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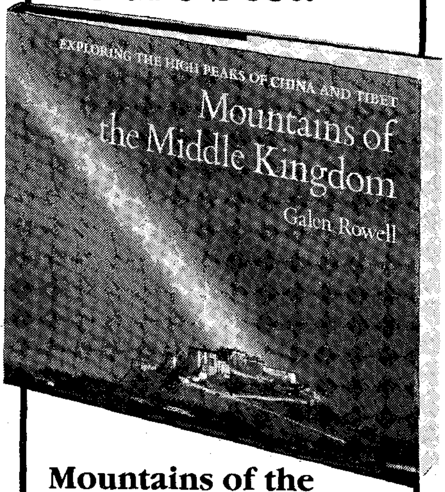
dead. In a symbolic, though not in a literal, way, he violates the other girl. He continues to visit the house, and the last time we see him he and the old woman, whom he openly loves, talk of dreams and suicide in a private, Oriental fashion. After their conversation, he takes a double dose of a more potent soporific and, with his head in her lap, presumably dies. The play indeed "explores" the relationship between writing and suicide, but whether it solves the puzzle I cannot say. The charming Ching Valdes does well as the woman, and Victor Wong gives a fine performance as the elderly Kawabata.

The second, and stronger, of the plays, "The Sound of a Voice," is a satire of sorts, whose gently mocking tone is often concealed by its ritualistic mood and movements. A young samurai comes to an isolated house in a wood where a beautiful young woman lives alone, two miles from the nearest village. She persuades him to have tea and food and then to stay for the night. When she leaves the room, he stalks around suspiciously, plucks a flower from a large pot, and puts it in his pocket. She tells him that she is grateful for the sound of a human voice "that moves the air," and he admits that he, too, is unable to sleep in silence. He stays on and chops wood for her, and eventually they become lovers. But she cannot allay his fears and his superstitious mistrust of her. He takes out his sword and goes through impressive samurai exercises; they duel with poles—he with great solemnity, she with tongue in cheek, at one point just kicking him in the pants. As his sexual attraction for her increases, so does his alarm, and again and again he resorts to the rituals of his samurai training. He stands his sword upright and leans forward, resting his chin upon its point. Furiously, she pulls the sword away, and eventually she forces him to admit that he had heard that she was a witch and had come to kill her. She cannot bring him to earth or defeat his terror of deep sexual partnership. He cannot trust his heart, and he didn't have much head to start with. He cannot kill her, and, in defeat, he leaves. We last see her hanging by her neck, with flower petals drifting about her—surely the first heroine ever to commit suicide out of sheer exasperation.

As with "Sleeping Beauties," the performance is all one could hope for. Natsuko Ohama, a very pretty actress, combines warmth, simplicity, and irony in just the right proportions. As for John Lone (the dancer of "The Dance and the Railroad"), he is so strong, his acting is so credible, and his movements are so beautiful that it seems rude to laugh at him, foolish though he may be. Mr. Lone, who directed both plays, is also responsible for the musical direction and the choreography. The delightful music was composed by Lucia Hwong. The effective scenery was designed by Andrew Jackness and lighted by John Gisondi; the effective costumes were designed by Lydia Tanji.

CHRISTOPHER DURANG, whose "Baby with the Bathwater" opened last week at Playwrights Horizons, is one of the funniest dramatists alive, and one of the most sharply satiric. This time, parenthood is the target, as the Catholic Church was in "Sister Mary Ignatius Explains It All for You," and the parents under consideration—the replacements, so to speak, for Sister Mary—are a slapdash pair indeed. In the opening scene, the baby is lying in a cradle, and the father calls the infant his "little baked potato," whereupon the mother becomes furious: she doesn't want the child to overhear and consequently grow up insane. "It doesn't speak English," the father replies. When the subject of toilet training comes up, the mother asks first for a divorce, then just for help. The scenery revolves, to reveal help, in the form of Nanny, who has brought the child a lethal toy. The parents refuse to decide upon the child's sex, but they agree to name it Daisy, after the song "Daisy, Daisy." The play tells the story, event after event, joke upon joke (all of them both funny and unfunny), of Daisy's life—most of it by report, since we don't meet Daisy directly until the second act. In a playground, with the mother and two other women looking on, Daisy lies inert and unbudgeable, then makes a wild dash, to fall beneath the wheels of a bus, as the mother explains that this behavior is just a foolish habit and administers a mild scolding. Throughout, the parents are studies in thick-skinned obliviousness; the mother's heart belongs to her career as a novelist, the father's to his vodka bottle. Later on, when a worried teacher reads aloud an essay by Daisy that is actually a suicide note, the school principal simply dismisses the teacher.

All this time, as I say, Daisy is invisible—wrapped in swaddling clothes or buried in a bundle of laun-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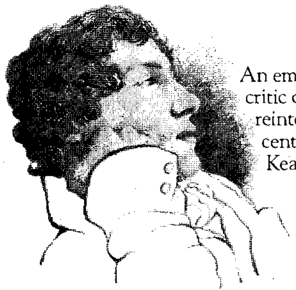

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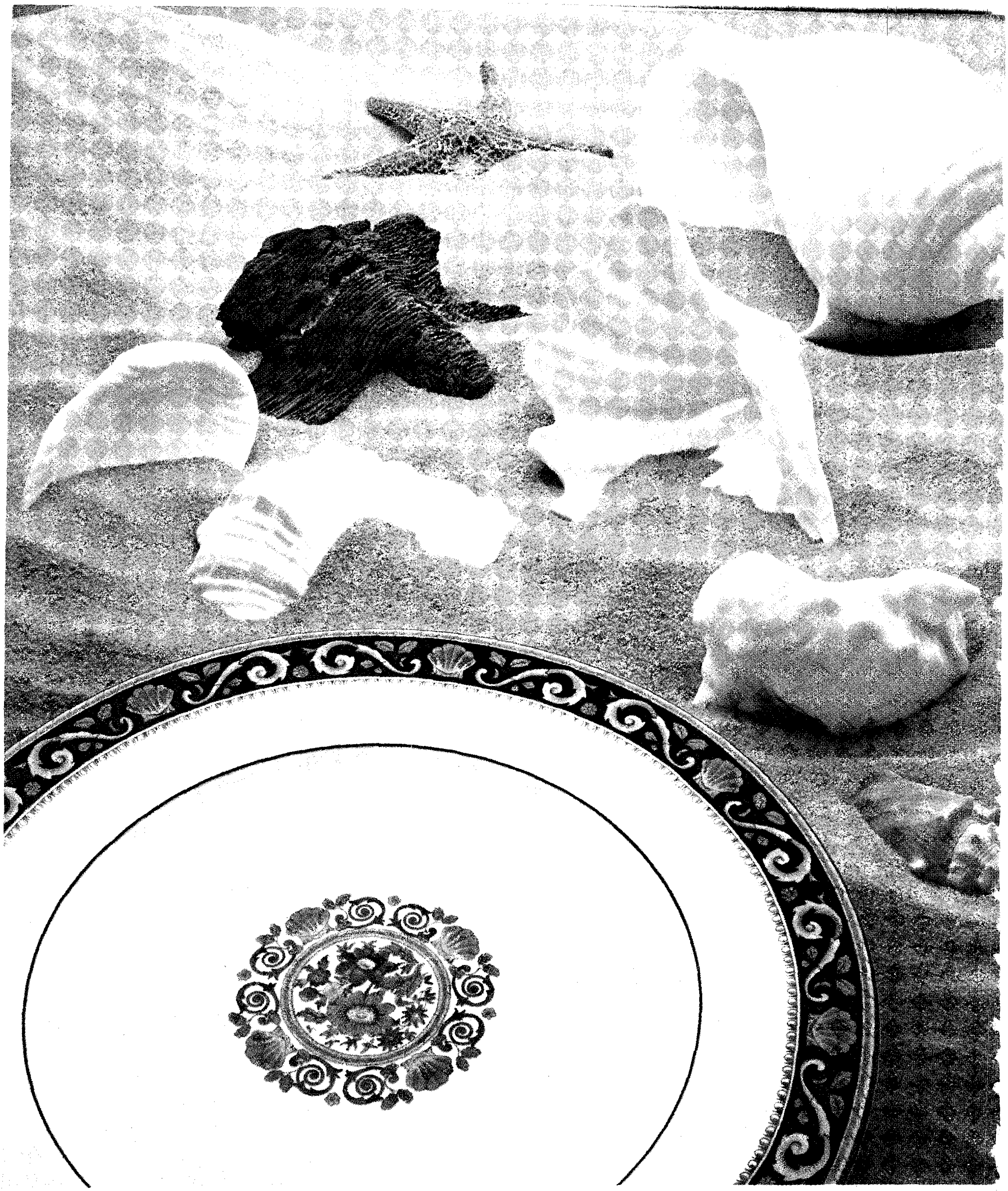

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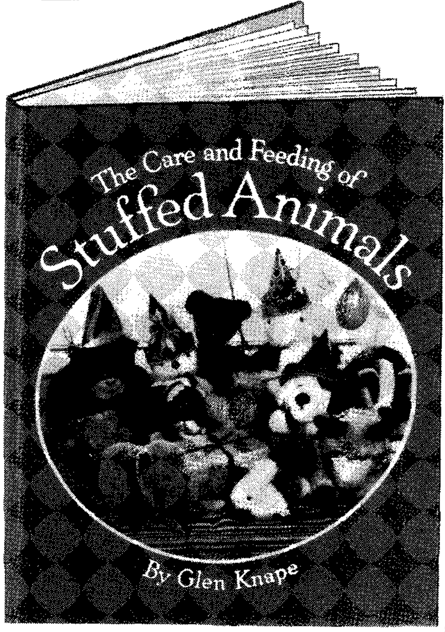

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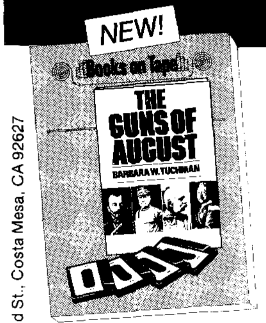

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dry, legs dangling. When we meet Daisy in the second act, she turns out to be a he—a young man of seventeen, talking to his analyst. His sex has been male the whole time, though his parents, out of grisly delicacy, or maybe just absent-mindedness, have never bothered to examine him. He is now in college and is unable to finish an essay on Jonathan Swift; after ten years and innumerable sessions with the analyst, he does so. The scenes with the invisible doctor are truly funny, unlike most stage psychiatry. There is, of course, a bleak undertone to this comedy, but it is not nearly as acrid as that in "Sister Mary" and other Durang satires, and the ending, for once, is hopeful. Keith Reddin, as the former Daisy, is the perfect Durang leading man, puzzled and gravely polite, until he finally asserts himself. Dana Ivey, a dandy actress, is excellent—first as Nanny, then as the tough school principal. The parents—rattlebrained mother, and father coping with the D.T.s—are also played to perfection by Christine Estabrook and W. H. Macy. Leslie Geraci does well, too, in a number of roles. Jerry Zaks was the nimble-witted director.

FRANK MARCUS'S "The Killing of Sister George," at the Roundabout, was first done here in 1966. It is a matter of scenes from the home life of a lesbian actress whose role in a BBC radio soap opera is cancelled. The play is as thin and fake as the show it makes fun of, and I cannot imagine why it was revived. Nevertheless, Aideen O'Kelly gives a believable performance in the title role, and Tandy Cronyn is very good as her simpering, duplicitous lover. —EDITH OLIVER

•

FAMOUS "WHAT IF"S OF HISTORY

[*From the Chattanooga* (*Tenn.*) *Pulpit Helps*]

In 1915 Leon Trotsky—noted leader of the 1917 Bolshevik Revolution in Russia—attended Sunday School in Chicago with a friend.

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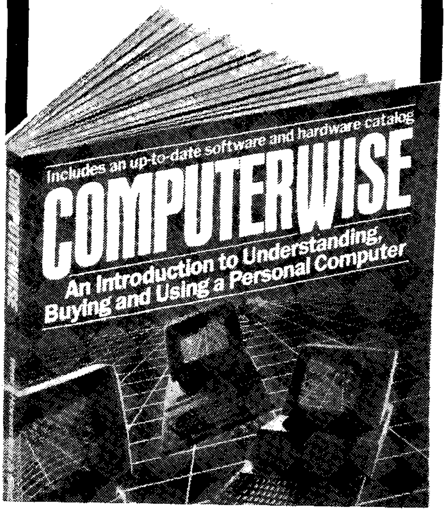
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Grand Design for Futility

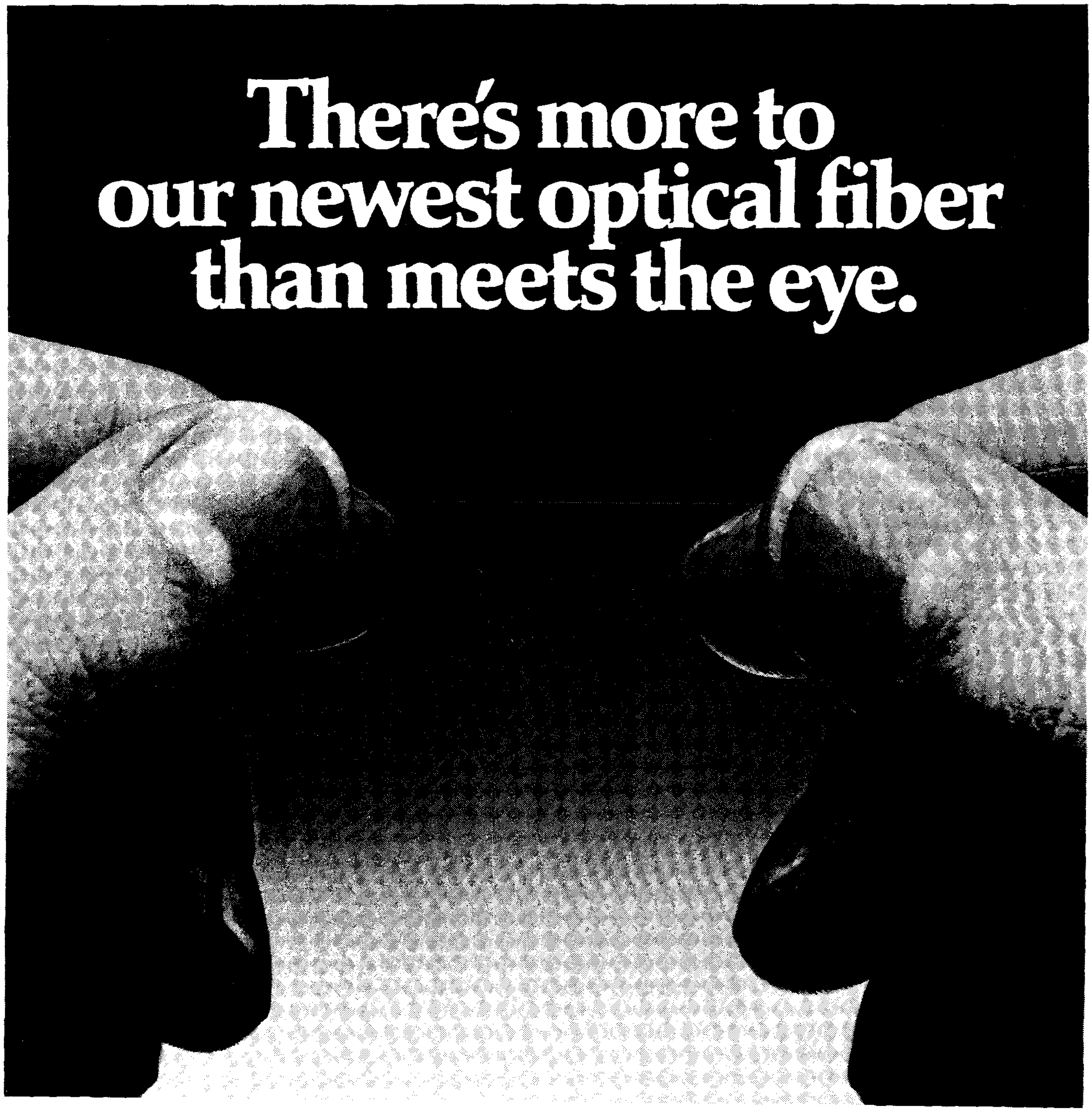
THE mighty work for which Edward Hallett Carr is mainly known, his fourteen-volume history of the Soviet Union from its foundation until 1929, now has an afterword in "Twilight of the Comintern, 1930-1935" (Pantheon; $22.50), which turns to the Communist International—the agency through which the Russian Communist Party and government managed the Communist Parties of the rest of the world until midway in the Second World War. The book is a big, thick, immensely detailed account of three executive committee meetings of the Communist International, and of what happened during the early thirties to the principal foreign Communist Parties—notably the German. Germany, where the Nazi Party came to power, was the country where, by orthodox Marxist standards, Communist revolution should have taken place even before the revolution in Russia. It was a mature industrial society with a developed proletariat. Russia in 1917 was immature, and Lenin himself had feared that the Bolsheviks could not survive unless revolutions followed in Germany and elsewhere in Western Europe. "Our backwardness has thrust us forward," he wrote, "and we shall perish if we are unable to hold out until we meet with the mighty support of other countries." The Communist International was founded in 1919 to obtain that support. Its manifesto demanded that "proletarians of the whole world" support the Soviet revolution and the dictatorship of the proletariat, and that they struggle against not only capitalism but the rival non-Communist labor movement—specifically naming the German Social Democratic Party, the French Socialist Party, the Russian Mensheviks, and the British Independent Labour Party.

The politics of Europe, at least since the French Revolution, had been largely a matter of dynastic or economic interest and conflict. The purpose of foreign policy was to bend another government's will or action. It was not to overthrow another government in the name of an abstract principle or to instigate the people of another country to rise against its rulers. This, however, is what the Soviet Union attempted to do by means of the Comintern, and it is why Soviet policy was so radically disturbing to European governments after 1917. Communism declared them—all of them—illegitimate. Only workers' states were legitimate, and there was only one of those. All other governments usurped popular power, and therefore had to be overturned—and, the doctrine promised, inevitably would be. This, to the disaffected and the romantic of the Western countries, was an intoxicating notion, whereas, to those who held power, possessed property, or even believed in the liberal political institutions of the West it was a frightening one (though plenty of people had given up on such institutions, leaving their defense mostly to the propertied and established).

The Comintern introduced the contemporary world to effective international revolutionary propaganda. It purported to be an independent international movement of like-minded parties of which the Soviet party was merely a single member, but the successful and therefore exemplary one. In reality, the Comintern was an instrument of the Soviet government, and this gave it money and magnetism. The fact that collaboration with the Comintern involved secret work and conspiracy added to its glamour. The discipline it imposed, sterner as one became more deeply involved, created another kind of appeal—which drew intellectuals.

THE nineteen-thirties were the years of the Comintern's greatest activity and influence, and of its fateful implication in the rise to power of Hitler by splitting the German left (which, in the Reichstag election of November, 1932, had a tota

"It was good of them to ask us and good of us to accept. I figure we're even."



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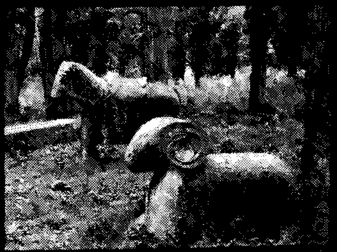

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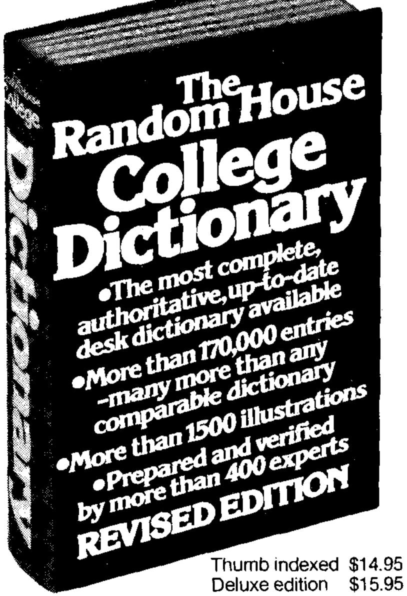
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number of deputies, if they had combined, greater than the number of Nazis). The Comintern finally reversed itself at its Seventh Congress, in 1935, no longer treating the Nazis as a mere phenomenon of capitalism in penultimate crisis and the Socialists as "Social Fascists," and called for a "united front." The Comintern offered to "enter into negotiations with the [Socialist] Second International" and promote unity of left-wing action against "the offensive of capitalism, Fascism, and the danger of imperialist war." It was too late. The united front failed, and in 1939 Stalin chose the course of *sauve qui peut,* reversing himself again and making an alliance with Hitler. He remained blindly faithful to the alliance until Hitler attacked the Soviet Union, two years later.

Opposition to the Comintern had meanwhile become the formal basis for the alliance of Nazi Germany with Japan—the Anti-Comintern Pact of 1936, intended to counter the Communist "world conspiracy" (to quote the language of the treaty). Later adherents were the other wartime allies of Germany, as well as Denmark and Spain. Opposition to the Comintern, as Alan Bullock writes in "Hitler: A Study in Tyranny," gave the alliance of Germany and Japan "a universal character which a straightforward agreement aimed against Russia could not have had." He says, "People in England as well as in France, who would have looked askance at a blatant German nationalism, were impressed by Hitler's anti-Communism; it served the same purpose as Russia's own peace campaign and similar moves after the Second World War."

THE Comintern never held another congress after the Seventh. During the war, it proved an irritant in Soviet relations with the Western Allies, and it was dissolved in 1943. Its postwar successor, the Cominform—an "information" bureau—was never more than a shadow of its formidable predecessor.

Formidable, yes, but what a futile enterprise it all was! Nothing constructive came out of it. Much that was destructive did. The Comintern spent the nineteen-twenties and nineteen-thirties mainly in an attempt to destroy its rivals on the left. The rise of Fascism was neglected—even welcomed, as evidence of capitalism's crisis. Events were regularly misjudged, and revolutionary developments that were confidently predicted never arrived. Hitler's dictatorship "will hasten Germany's progress towards the proletarian revolution," the Comintern's presidium resolved in Moscow in 1933. (One supposes that it did, for the East Germans.)

Serious men and women, even noble ones, gave themselves to the enterprise. Notable Comintern figures included Georgi Dimitrov, post-war leader of Bulgaria, who made a world reputation by his brilliant and successful defiance of Hermann Göring at the Reichstag fire trial. A Prussian court acquitted him and his co-defendants of complicity in the crime. Willy Münzenberg was the "gray eminence and invisible organizer of the anti-Fascist world crusade," as Arthur Koestler called him: the man who invented "fronts," counter-trials, international committees "of relief," "of inquiry," "of protest"—in fact, invented modern propaganda, being at various times director of theatrical and film companies (producing Eisenstein), of newspapers and publishing enterprises (nineteen magazines and papers in Japan alone, and, in Germany, two mass-circulation dailies and an illustrated weekly and other magazines), and financier of the Communist underground in Germany. He was the discoverer and exploiter of that unparalleled resource of Communist Russia, the progressive fellow-traveller.

The movement was obsessed with ideological deviation—enforcing a sterile conformity, routinely issuing anonymous denunciations ("police spy," etc.) of those who supposedly deviated. This strategy was dictated from Moscow, and enforced by murder on occasion. Trotsky ended with an ice axe in his head. Münzenberg left an internment camp in France in 1940 to walk to Switzerland with two young German socialists who had attached themselves to him in the camp, and was later found, his face battered, hanging dead from a tree. The story of the Comintern is, in all, a squalid and even frightening one.

Figures in Carr's account include Jacques Doriot, who ended as a Fascist after being expelled from the Communist Party (for prematurely supporting a popular front with the Socialists!), Otto Kuusinen, Maksim Litvinov, Nikolai Bukharin, Mao Zedong and Zhou Enlai, Karl Radek, Maurice Thorez, Palmiro Togliatti, even Earl Browder (although Americans don't count for much in the story). Some ended as rulers of their countries, some beyond the Arctic Circle, or with a bullet in the neck. In the shadows, emerging from time to time to correct the course, administer a rebuke, is Stalin, dealt with by his fellows with increasing, and steadily more fearful, reverence.

Yet in Mr. Carr's prose they are all dead, dead. Grotesque, comical, disastrous, a huge attempt to remake history and a huge swindle, an exemplary moral drama; and it all came to nothing! Carr goes over these six years inch by inch, and the story comes out an interminable affair of resolutions, reports, delegations, speeches at congresses, ideological formulations and reformulations, adjustments in the Party line, as if the whole thing were just an affair of words. Carr is lost in words. But these words, under Stalinism, expressed an invented world as often as they described the world actually there—an invented world that the inventors themselves knew they were inventing even as they did it. They understood the double language they were using. Carr records the invention. A passing example: Describing the struggle between the Chinese Communists and Chiang Kaishek's Guomindang in the summer of 1933, Carr writes that Chiang had gathered around him at Nanjing foreign military advisers, notably Germans, "but there were also Americans, including the famous aviator Lindbergh. Arms and munitions reached Nanking from all over the world, being furnished by American and British loans; 850 airplanes were said to have been ordered in the United States, of which 150 had been delivered." This seems a rather large number of airplanes for China in 1933, considering that the operational strength of the British Royal Air Force when the Battle of Britain began was only four hundred and sixty-seven. The biographers of Charles Lindbergh also say that during the summer of 1933 (the year following the kidnap and murder of their baby) he and Mrs. Lindbergh were surveying Atlantic air routes for Pan American, which was planning commercial air service. One looks, then, at Carr's sources. They are the proceedings of the Comintern Executive Committee's 13th Plenum and a book by a German Comintern adviser to the Chinese Red forces.

Koestler tells of the time when he was working on a publication for Münzenberg on atrocities committed by Franco's forces in the Spanish Civil War. Münzenberg's position was that

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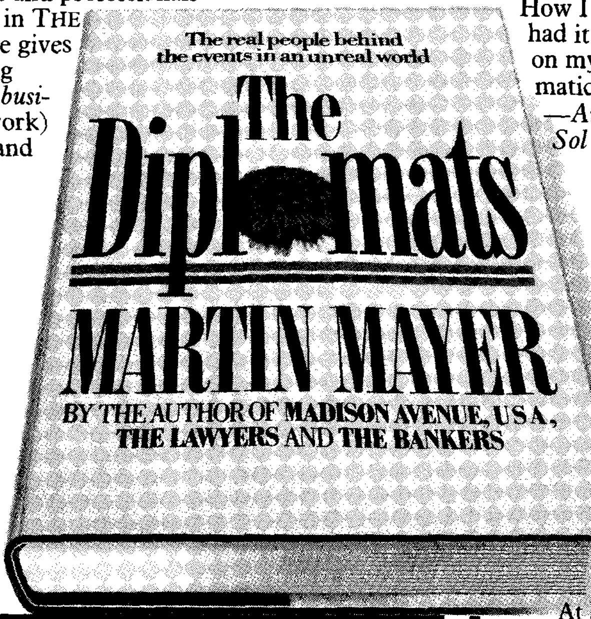
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"as we both knew the allegations to be true, the details did not matter and had sometimes to be 'interpolated.'" Similarly, since the support of conservative Americans and international bankers for Chiang was well known at the time, details might permissibly be interpolated. Carr writes not the history of what was happening but the history of what the Comintern thought was happening, or wanted to think, or wanted believed. This, undoubtedly, is itself interesting, but the distinction deserves to be emphasized.

The outcome, in any case, was failure. The movement overthrew no governments, did nothing to stop Hitler—even helped him, after the Ribbentrop-Molotov Pact of 1939. The only Communist Parties of the nineteen-thirties eventually to come to power by their own efforts (and then in the ruins left by war) were the Chinese, the Vietnamese, and the Yugoslav, and only the first was of sufficient consequence to the Comintern in the nineteen-thirties even to be discussed in this book. (Tito is mentioned in a footnote. He was present at the Seventh Congress, "but did not speak," it states. "The leader of the Yugoslav delegation was Gorkić, who made a colorless speech.") The Chinese revolutionaries succeeded by deliberately turning away from what Comintern advisers were telling them, abandoning the doctrine that only the industrial and urban proletariat made revolutions, and attaching themselves to something much more traditional, a peasant uprising against misrule. Then, of course, the victorious Chinese turned against Moscow, and the Vietnamese turned against the Chinese. The "international" was well and truly finished.

THIS book has been the occasion for an unpleasant attack upon Carr. Another distinguished Trinity College Cambridge historian, Norman Stone, has published (in the *London Review of Books* last January) a long and bitter attack not only against Carr's writings but against his private conduct. The attack upon the work has several elements but is mainly the same as others have made: that Carr sought to demonstrate by his history, tautologically, that those who were successful were right, as is proved by their success; history is going somewhere, and those who make it go are justified in whatever they have to do to accomplish it; those who get in the way deserve what happens to them. Stone ends by saying that although he is tempted to conclude of Carr's history "that no more useless set of volumes has ever masqueraded as a classic," he will say merely that because of its abstraction and "autism" it is "a trail of devastation." There were angry replies from Carr's friends.

Carr's 1961 book called "What Is History?" was an attack upon all those who had lost their sense of a world in motion, regarding change "not as achievement, as opportunity, as progress, but as an object of fear." He defended "the possibility of unlimited progress—or progress subject to no limits that we can need or envisage—towards goals which can be defined only as we advance towards them, and the validity of which can be verified only in a process of attaining them." By implication, the verdict is not yet in on Stalin (or Hitler, one then must add; and Carr in 1939 was an appeaser). This belief is at the core of the controversy over his work. He went on to say that he did not understand "how, without some such conception of progress, society can survive." He defended social revolution as part of the same process as the technological revolution and the scientific revolution, and was convinced that what had occurred in the Soviet Union was beyond doubt the great social revolution of our time. The price may have been monstrous, but "seldom, perhaps, in history has so monstrous a price been paid for so monumental an achievement." He believed that "the great land-mass of Eastern Europe and Asia, with its extensions into Africa" was newly "calling the tune in world affairs." He expressed regret that the English-speaking democracies, because of their mistrust of "radical and far-reaching ideas . . . may lag behind the general advance" as the world changes "more rapidly and more radically than at any time in the last four hundred years."

In short, Carr was a secular progressive of a kind more familiar in the Edwardian years of his youth than since the two world wars. In "What Is History?" his attack was directed against the conservative English historians of the postwar period, and the philosophical pessimists, notably Herbert Butterfield and Michael Oakeshott (the latter responsible for the much quoted comment that historical existence is "a boundless and bottomless sea" and statecraft the skill "to keep afloat on an even keel . . . using the resources of a traditional manner

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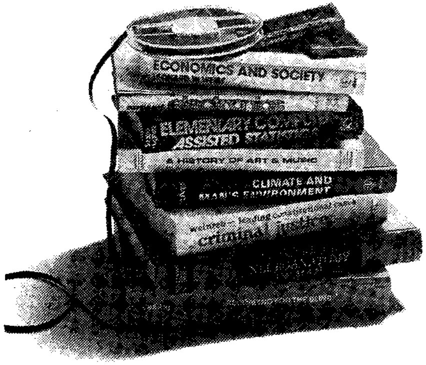

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of behaviour in order to make a friend of every hostile occasion"). Their beliefs seemed to him absurd, defeatist.

He survived from a time (he was born in 1892) when education, energy, scientific discovery all seemed to be making a better world, in which men would grow wiser and their institutions more nearly perfect. But then there occurred, "just when the enlightenment should have reached its noontide, in the coming to power of the first government to be consciously based on rationalism," as John Strachey has put it, "an eclipse of human reason."

Carr chose to spend his time from before 1950 until his death, last November, studying and writing about exactly that event, while resisting acknowledgement of the catastrophe that had actually occurred. This is no doubt an explanation for what Stone calls his "autism"—the emotional distance, the affectless tone, the clogged and trite prose of his later work. The history of the Comintern is a spectacular affair of outstanding personalities, self-sacrifice and generosity, cruelty, colossal folly, and, ultimately, waste, murder, and defeat. E. H. Carr looks for another meaning, rustling through the records, ignoring the people and instead writing down what they said, treating the Comintern as if it had led to something important and been part of "the general advance." His is, I think, in the end a sad story.

—William Pfaff

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SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Northfield (Vt.) News*]

John Silano is visiting his grandparents Mr. & Mrs. Jack Woolley.

Benjamin Silano is not visiting his grandparents Mr. and Mrs. Jack Woolley.

•

Programmer/Analyst

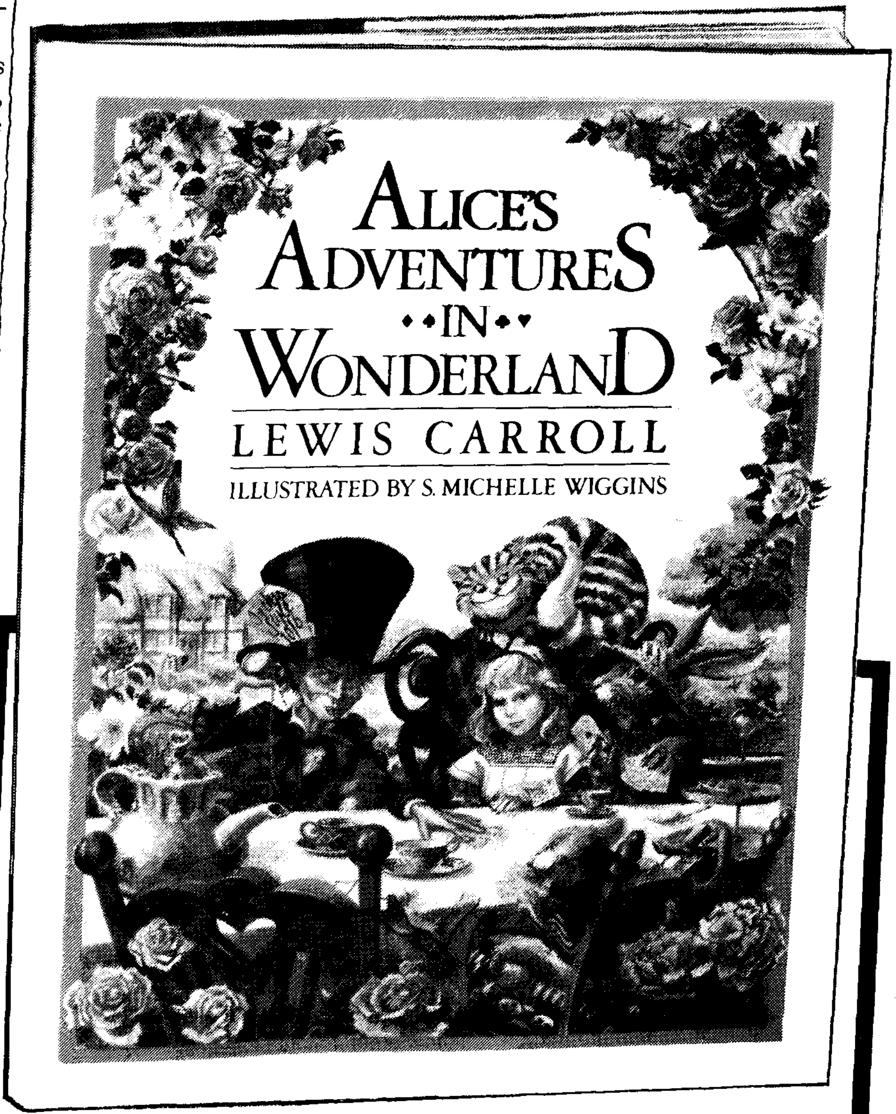
American Kennel Club, the national purebred dog registry located in N.Y.C. registers over one million dogs annually and employs over four hundred.—*Adv. in the Times.*

Down, staff, down!

•

Knick Notes—Knicks open regular season on the road against Cleveland on Oct. 28, then are home the following night against Washington, during which time Sen. Bill Bradley's uniform number 24 will be retired. Bradley will join former teammates Willis Reed, Dave DeBusschere and Walt Frazier in hanging from the Madison Square Garden rafters.—*Newark Star-Ledger.*

A sort of warmup for the circus.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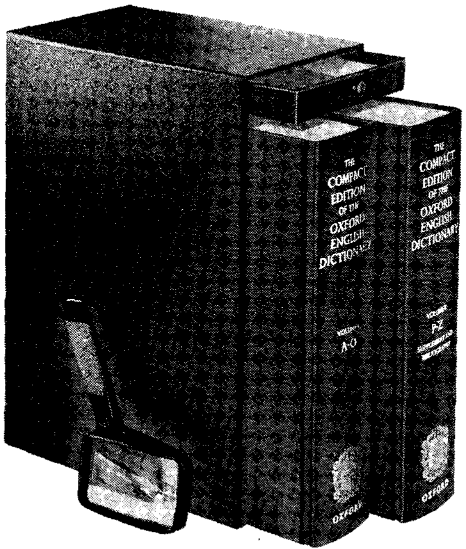
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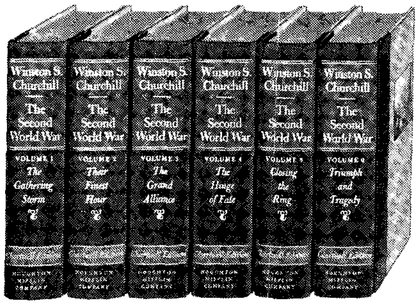
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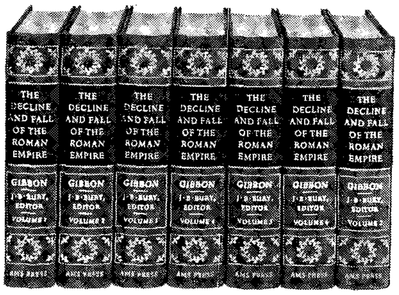
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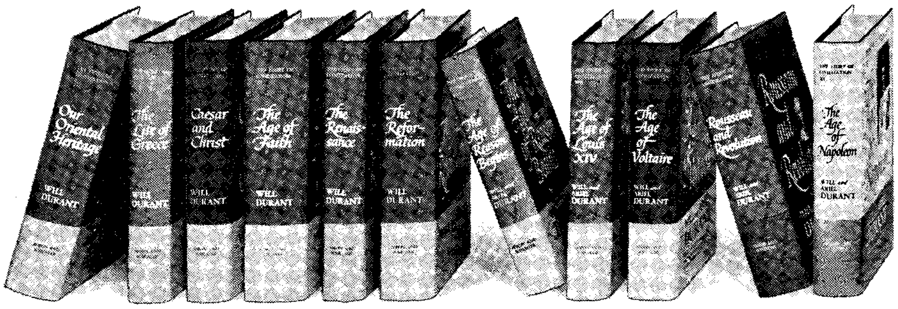
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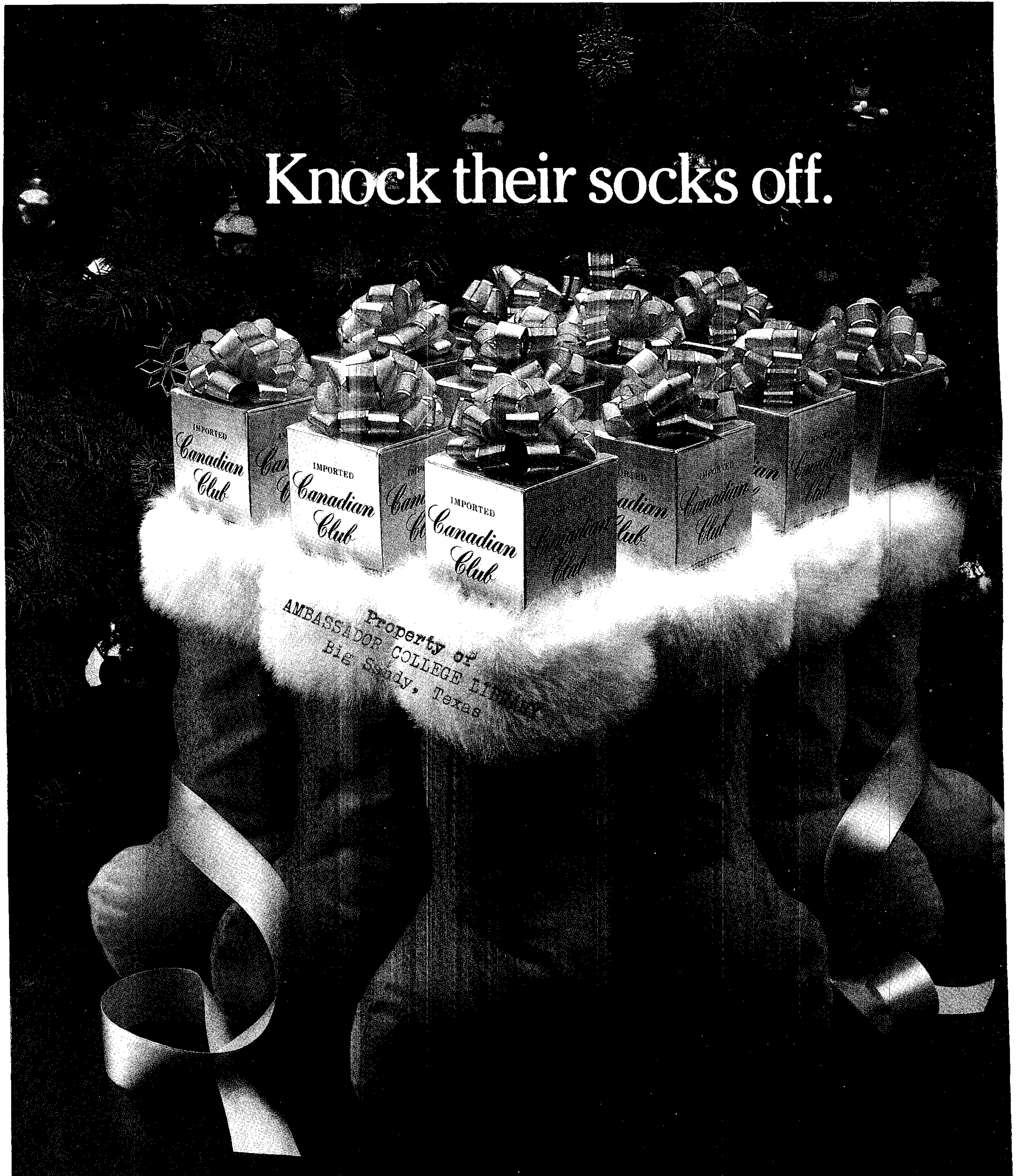
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